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THE NEW AGRICULTURE

REMARKABLE RESULTS FROM EXPERIMENT STATION WORK

By W. S. Harwood

IT is quite like turning the pages of a book of magic to look over the work in progress by the Experiment Stations of the United States, so remarkable are the achievements of these powerful adjuncts of modern agriculture. The word station ill fits them; they are not stations, but powerful institutions, exerting an important influence upon state, indeed, upon national, life.

Nearly a thousand trained men, scientifically practical men, command these stations. Most of them are men who have won their degrees by dint of insistent and sane study; and all of them are picked men. The national government so values these institutions that it gives nearly a million dollars each year for their maintenance. They are of large economic importance, and are in immediate and constant touch with the sources and the developing of our national wealth. In direct increase of this wealth, they show marked results; indirectly, their influence is still more significant.

For convenience the stations are mainly attached to, or connected with, the agricultural colleges of the States. There are fifty-six stations, embracing all the States and Territories, Hawaii and Alaska. The national congress in 1887 passed an act authorizing their establishment, and, in 1890, another act was passed, appropriating fifteen thousand dollars annually to aid in their maintenance. As one definite return for maintenance, the stations are required to issue a certain number of bulletins each year, for free distribution, embracing descriptions of the more important work under way or accomplished, and discussion of the results attained. Several hundred bulletins are issued each year and more than five hundred thousand names are on the mailing lists, mainly, of course, American farmers. While the stations, in a sense, are wholly independent of the national government, each one following out the line of research best suited to the needs of its particular constituency, yet they articulate closely with the government, particularly with the Department of Agriculture in Washington. Much co-operative work is carried on between the department and the stations.

These stations are not for the prosecution of study in the academic sense. Many interesting features are developed, discoveries and investigations are made, of honor to any post-graduate searcher, to any specialist in science, but, primarily, the entire work of these stations is for the benefit of the people. The results which are annually becoming more important, not only from the stand-point of science, but in actual, and enormous, increase in national wealth, are the property of the public.

To select from the activities of these institutions that which shall adequately set forth their power and scope is a perplexing task; indeed, so wide is the field, it may not unlikely be, in the limitations of this paper, that points have been omitted from extended consideration fully as im-

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portant as those which have been selected for larger notice.

In the prosecution of the work of each station one question is always before the director and his staff, insistent, vital, paramount, ever answered and yet never answered:

How may we most help the state?

The answering of this question may lead forward through many avenues. It may be by the training of an ear of corn to grow for a particular purpose—to be food of man or food of beast at will, by the lengthening of a blade of grass, by the creation of a new wheat, promising magnificently to strengthen the harvests of the world; it may be the line will lead to the enlightenment of an oyster grower, or the protection of a farmer from fraud, or the development of the fragrance of a flower, or the enrichment of a fruit, or the curing of a disease in plant or animal; it may mean the installation of a new grass or fruit from a foreign land, destined to supplant native varieties, or the reclamation of vast stretches of arid land, or the betterment of a strain of cattle, or the restoration of an exhausted soil, or the revolution of the methods of handling a dairy product, or the solution of intricate problems and the establishment of vital laws for the feeding of man and animal, so that economy is conserved and health sustained—the lines reach far and deep into the heart of life.

It is, indeed, a matter of question whether any department of state or national life has taken a part so remarkable, so marvellous, in the development and the conservation of our national resources.

A Lesson in Winter Pruning Given at the New York (Cornell University) Station in Extension in Agriculture Work. In the peach orchard.

Naturally, there are many common lines which cross and recross each other. There are certain experiments, as, for example (to select but one of many instances which might be cited), the testing of soils and their needs, their adaptation to certain crops and fruits and their unfriendliness to others, which proceed upon certain well-defined lines; though, even in such a case, so enormous and so varied is the arable stretch of our country, and so diverse its products, the chemists in soils meet widely differing problems. Such work as this, however, is immensely valuable to the state, as is the proving, or disproving, of certain scientific assertions of home or foreign make which are compelled to run the searching gauntlet of the American stations. But most interesting and valuable of all is the original investigation, the first-hand solution of problems in which the people are directly interested.

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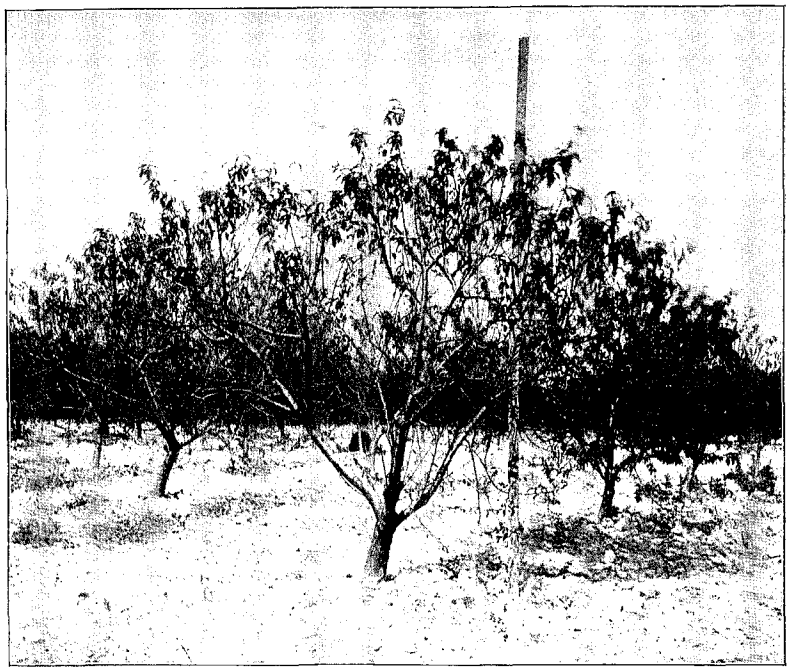

A Peach-tree (Ohio Station) Attacked by the Leaf-curl Fungus which Ruins the Tree for Fruit and Foliage.

A Peach-tree (Ohio Station) Directly Adjoining the One Shown in the Accompanying Photograph. This tree has been sprayed under the direction of the station, demonstrating the efficacy of the treatment.

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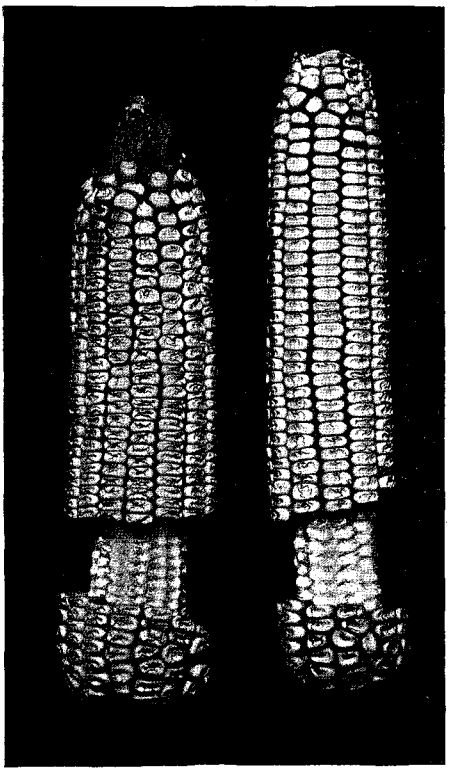
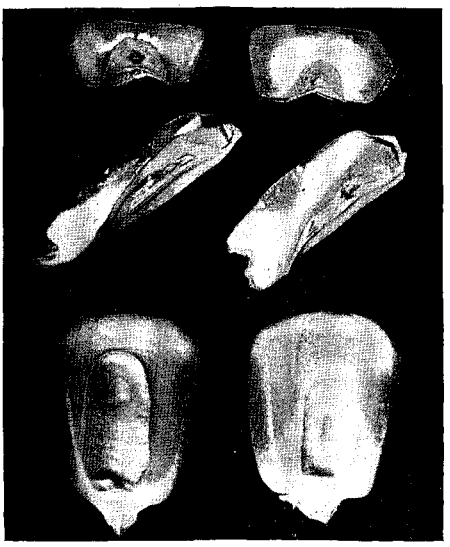


The corn to the left (Illinois Station) contains 14.92 per cent. of protein; to the right, 7.76 per cent. The same corn is shown in accompanying picture illustrating kernels.



Corn and Corn Kernels (from Illinois Station).

The corn to the left, with two cross sections above, contained 14.92 per cent. of protein, strength-giving material; the one to the right, 7.76 per cent. By selecting kernels of the higher per cent. progeny of like character are secured.

For more than twenty years the California station, a department of the university of that State, has been at work upon a problem of national, indeed, of international, importance—the reclamation of arid lands. The subject was particularly vital in the far western portion of the United States, where great stretches of waste lands have abounded since the beginnings of agriculture, a disheartening bar to development. The solving of the problem was immensely difficult. The situation was full of perplexities. But the work was searching and consistent and the one main object was not lost sight of for an hour: to prove that these arid soils might be made fertile. Within the last two years the value of all the experimental work of the two decades has become apparent. Millions of acres of land, once believed to be desert, will now be compelled to yield richly. It has been proven at this station that regions which have been shunned for a century as among the barrenest spots on the globe are marvellously rich and amenable to agriculture. Many hundreds of samples of soils from the barren lands were analyzed, coming under the keenest scrutiny of the microscopist and the chemist.

Broadly speaking, the investigations demonstrated that the salts of the soil of the alkali lands, injurious to grains, grasses, fruits, and forests, bear no relation to the salt of the sea, the alkali land being wholly different from coast marsh lands deriving their salt from the ocean waters; that the salts of the alkali lands are native to the soil, their presence being largely due to the absence of rainfall (the salts staying in the soil because they are not leached out and carried away by the rain); that the salts rise to the surface after heavy rainfalls, as Professor E.W. Hilgard, of the station, puts it, as oil rises in the wick of a lamp; that when the land is flooded with water by some sudden rainfall or by over-irrigation, so that the salts rise to the surface and destroy vegetation, it is only necessary to resort to under-drainage, a reversal of the usual process; that the salts in the soil have a way of running up and down in the upper four or five feet of soil, following the movement of moisture.

It was proven, also, that the evil in the soil called black alkali—stretches of dark,

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Operators in the Field Creating New Types of Wheat (Minnesota Station).

Taking the Pollen from One Wheat Flower to be Placed upon the Stigma of Another to Create a Wholly New Wheat (Minnesota Station).

barren regions unfit for agriculture—may be neutralized by spreading over the black earth a coating of gypsum. And then, curiously enough, as a result of investigations, a mine of the gypsum was found within the limits of the State.

But all these demonstrations, interesting and valuable as they were, would have been valueless to the public but for the further demonstration that the soil of the alkali lands is very rich when once made amenable to culture.

The value of these investigations one may not estimate or measure in current figures. I cannot forbear a quotation from one of the volumes* issued by the national government on the work of this station in this line. It says:

> Its studies of soils, particularly those containing alkali, have given results of very great practical value, not only in California, but also in many regions where similar conditions exist. The information published (in bulletins) as the result of its researches in this direction has led to the reclamation of great tracts of land formerly considered worthless, has shown how the ruin of land by improper irrigation may be prevented, and has given timely warning to many immigrants to avoid settling on lands until they had determined their actual availability for agricultural purposes.

* Bulletin 80. Office of Experiment Stations.

The result of this work not only provides a distinct addition to national wealth, both in lands and crops, amounting to millions of dollars in value, but it serves to set still farther ahead among the cycles of the

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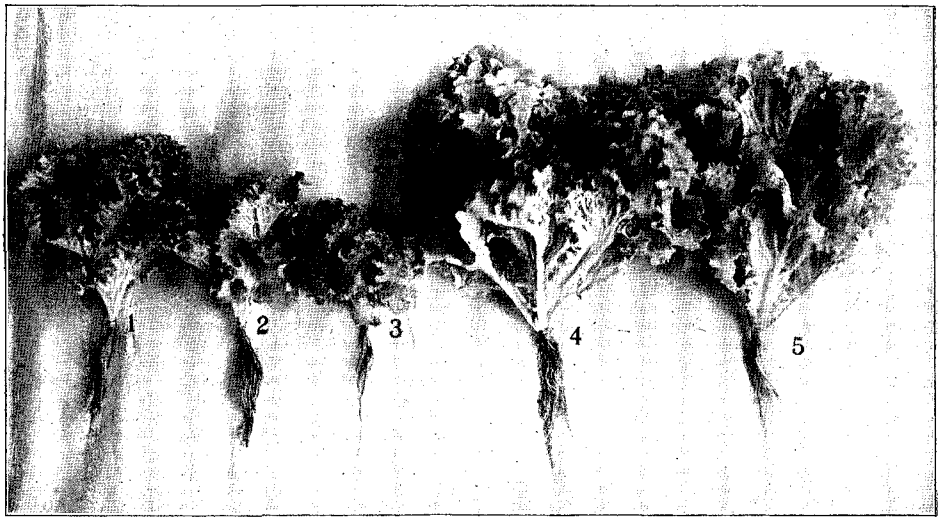

Lettuce Heads Grown at the Indiana Station in Tests of Fertilizers—Each an Average Plant.

No. 1, without fertilizer; 2, with potash; 3, with potash and nitrogen; 4, with potash and phosphoric acid; 5, with potash, nitrogen, and phosphoric acid.

The Famous Blue Grass of Kentucky.

theorists that date when the earth shall have reached its maximum of productiveness.

As an illustration of the curiously diversified character of the work of these stations, it is of interest to note that the California station has been for over ten years experimenting in fig culture, sixty different varieties having been tested in that period. It has been connected indirectly with the national government in the study of the Smyrna fig. It has been demonstrated that this fig, to reach its highest form, must be fertilized by a tiny insect which, in the Old-World fig regions, goes on its enriching journey from the wild caprifig flower to the domestic fig-tree bearing the pollen which gives to the ripened fig its peculiar richness and flavor. The promise now is that, through the introduction of the insect, the choicest European figs are to be raised with profit in California.

Even in this era of imposing figures, when the immensity of fortunes and the tremendous extent of native resources are coming more and more into view, it is not a matter idly to be set down that the value of the dairy products of the United States is upward of a half billion dollars per year. It seems still more worthy of attention that much of this vast sum has been made available by means of a discovery, allied to an invention, which was made twelve years ago at the experiment station of the State of Wisconsin. It was demonstrated that the amount of butter fat in a given quan-

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tity of milk could be absolutely and invariably determined. In all the years since butter-making began, the farmer's chief method of determining the richness of his milk was by removing the cream after a certain period. By the process discovered at this station, he is enabled to tell swiftly and accurately how much cream, or, what is the same thing, how much butter, there is in the milk, no matter if it be fresh from the cow. On this basis he now sells his milk to the maker of butter. Before, much of the richness of the milk was lost; now it is all saved. It is largely because of this test that the associated, or coöperative, dairying of the United States has reached its present commanding position. In the single State of Wisconsin, nearly a million dollars per year is saved to the farmers by means of this process, while the aggregate saving in the United States, and the world at large, amounts to many millions.

Section of an Apple-tree Affected by Knot Disease.

A, first appearing knot; B, an older knot; C, a knot when it has ruptured the bark. Described by the Kentucky Station, and information sent out by it to fruit growers as to the cure of the disease.

The process, known as the Babcock test, named for its discoverer, Dr. Babcock, chemist of the Wisconsin station, consists, briefly, in taking samples of the milk, placing them in specially prepared small bottles, and adding to the milk in the bottles a certain quantity of sulphuric acid. The acid has the power of dissolving, or mixing, all the ingredients of the milk but the fat. The bottles are placed in a receptacle and rapidly whirled. All the fat is separated from the rest of the milk and measured, showing how rich the milk is from which the samples were taken. The farmer now sells the butter in his milk—he cannot be deceived by the buyer; the buyer cannot be deceived by the farmer; the test is infallible. More than sixty thousand bulletins have been issued from the Wisconsin station to answer the demand for descriptions of the invention, the requests coming from the entire butter-making world. It is now in use throughout the world.

One significant sentence in the preliminary bulletin, issued immediately after the discovery, is worthy of especial notice. It reads: "This test is not patented." This is the keynote of the success of these institutions: there is no patent, there is no private gain, there is no monopoly—it is all absolutely free to the world.

A hitherto unknown element in milk, a new ferment, has been discovered at this station, called galactose, which is proving of value in the ripening of cheese. The properties of this ferment are similar to the secretion of the pancreatic organ in the human body. Old cheese is a predigested food, and the digestion is wrought by the galactose. It was found that the galactose would go on working at very low temperatures, temperatures at which bacteria were practically inert. Cheese was put into refrigerators and kept frozen for months. Other cheese was kept just above the freezing-point. It was found that the finest cheese is cured at from 40° to 45° F. Practical cheese manufacturers had maintained that 50° was the lowest temperature at which cheese could be worked without becoming bitter and worthless. The new discovery will, it is believed, revolutionize cheese manufacture, doing away with all curing-rooms, the cheese being sent directly to the re-

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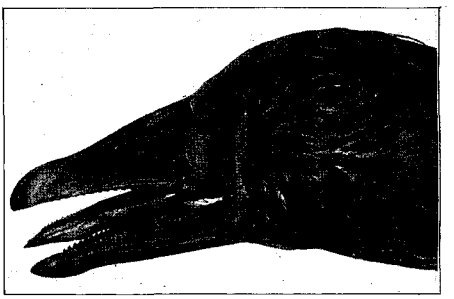
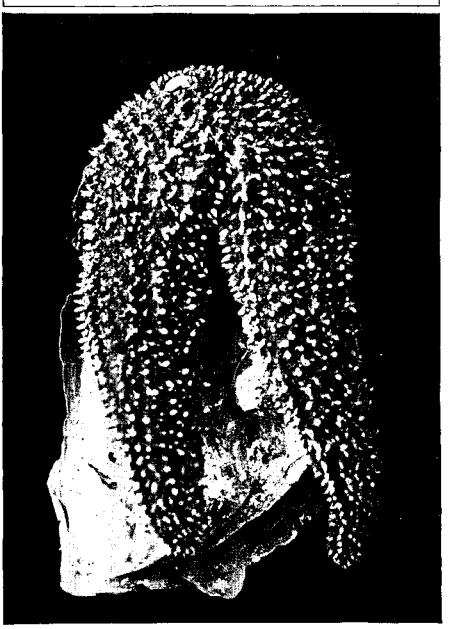
frigerator. An illustration of the wide reach of these stations and the diversity of their accomplishment is seen in the fact that this station has increased greatly the value of the barley crop of the United States, merely through the introduction of a new variety, called Mansury, seeds of which were brought to Canada by a traveller from the mountains of Manchuria. After being thoroughly tested at the station, it was grown in small quantities, and then in larger ones, until enough was available to give out to the farmers of the barley regions for wider tests; and then began the increase, which has now reached enormous proportions.

Bill of a Goose.

From a photograph made at the Rhode Island Station, in order to show the seriated edges of lips which enable it to graze as does any ruminant.





Star-fish Eating an Oyster.

Photograph from Rhode Island Station, where much study has been made of this foe of the oyster, and much information disseminated for overcoming its ravages.

Perhaps in no State has the work of the stations been more diversified than in the station connected with Cornell University at Ithaca, N. Y. This station has been prominent in many lines of direct value to the state; the culture of potatoes, studies in forage crops, the prevention of the vast loss in the natural fertilizers of the barns of the farms—the results of the experiments in this line having been quoted throughout the world—these suggest some of the many lines followed. But there is one department of the work of this station of peculiar interest and importance to the public which admirably illustrates the elasticity of these institutions. It is known as Extension Work in Agriculture. The object is not to carry fine-spun theories to the farmers, not to interest them in technicalities, not to disturb them with speculations; but to give them a practical, elemental education in agriculture, by means of literature, lectures, and home courses of study—in a word, to bring the men upon the farm into intimate and sympathetic touch with essential parts of that immense store of scientifically practical information which is the glory of modern agriculture.

A home-study nature course, by means of which the farmers and their households are helped to a simple and direct understanding of nature, is one of the important features. A reading course for farmers and farmers' wives, requiring no entrance examination and no fees, is open to all. The literature in this course illuminates the underlying principles of farm life—the formation of the soil, growth of plants, maintenance of fertility, the principles of animal nutrition, fruit growing, and the like. Quiz sheets are sent out to be answered and sent back to the station. Having thus interested and instructed the farmers an effort is made to induce them simultaneously to investigate for themselves. Simple co-operative experiments are planned and one or more persons spend much time during the summer in visiting from farm to farm, discussing the experiments and advising in regard to the work. Incidentally many questions that are troubling the farmer are

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discussed, often very much to his benefit. By these means many of the lessons are put to a practical test. At the station proper a winter course in agriculture is attended by farmers from all portions of the State. It embraces a course in dairying and one in general agriculture. The scope of the course and its practical value are seen in the topics of the lectures given by the professors of the staff—animal industry, dairy husbandry, horticulture, the chemistry of the farm, economic entomology, applied botany, the care of poultry, and diseases of farm animals. In so far as possible, the lectures are stripped of all scientific terminology. The object is to help the farmer to help himself, to put him in right ways of thinking, to bring him up abreast with the progress of modern agriculture, to help him to earn more money.

Mushroom, Kentucky Station.

A, showing the tilt of the cap; B, an old example, showing the surface of the cap concave and the gills drawn upward and inward; C, the gills seen from beneath.

Other stations throughout the country are now engaged in a similar work. Its value to the farmers of the United States, very many of whom have had scant educational advantages, is not to be measured in figures. It is one of the broadening forces of our times.

The fear which was quite recently expressed in scientific circles in Great Britain that the end of our capacity to raise the greatest of all cereals, wheat, was already in sight, had in it much to disturb. The spectre of ultimate starvation for a very large number of the race, however, seems to have been laid for all time by the investigations which have been carried on for the past decade at one of the stations in the great wheat region of the Northwest. This station, a department of the School of Agriculture in connection with the University of Minnesota, has been at work testing old varieties of wheat and creating new ones. Wheat, a self-fertilizing grain, goes on reproducing itself through any number of centuries. The grain of pre-Adamic periods would, if planted through all the centuries, produce precisely the same wheat grown in that far time. So, to produce a new wheat, man must come to the aid of Nature.

To create a new wheat, pollen from one wheat flower is placed on the stigma of another wheat flower in the dawn of a summer morning; the fertilized wheat is encased in a mask of tissue paper to keep away the birds and insects, and, in due season, that which Nature alone could not accomplish has been done—a new wheat has been added to the plant life of the world. Hundreds of new wheats have thus been created at this station. Hundreds also have been found wanting when tested, lacking in some one essential, or in many; but out of the hundreds a few, less than a dozen all told, have been found to be superior to those from which they were bred—better in yielding power, stronger to resist disease, as rich in food qualities. Selection, too, has been an important feature of the work, the choosing of the choicest types for seed and breeding.

Enough has been demonstrated at this station, and upon the farms of the State in actual farm handling, to show that the wheat crop of the world is now to be splendidly strengthened; that the theorists who have predicted ultimate starvation through impairment of the world's dietary are driven to other speculations; that it is quite possible, indeed that it is now an established fact, to produce wheats superior to the best the world has had. By the use of the new wheats the crop of the hard wheat region of the Northwest may be increased by from three to five bushels

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Cutting Hemp on the Kentucky Station Farm.

per acre; which, reduced to a practical basis, assures an increase in the wealth of three States of from twenty-five to forty millions of dollars annually.

Similar results may be attained in the winter wheat regions. In fact, much work has already been done in this direction, and in one room on the estate of the Vilmorins, near Paris, where wheat-breeding has long been followed, I have seen cases containing upward of three thousand winter wheats which have been under test. At the station in Tennessee extensive investigations are now under way in increasing the yield of winter wheat in that State, which has been for some time at low ebb. The average of the wheat raised upon station plots during 1900 and 1901 at this station are more than double the average yield of the State.

It is quite beyond one's power of imagination to foresee what such work as this means to the race, what it means in influence upon the world's markets, upon its flour manufacturing, upon its food production.

In a very intimate and vital way the investigations carried on at the Storrs station, in the State of Connecticut, have come into touch with the sources of human strength. For more than ten years this station has been making investigations in a line of surpassing interest, the determination of the energy of human foods, their definite, actual, nutritive force, the waste and repair in the daily destruction, the daily reconstruction of the material of the human body. Two prime objects were in view:

1. To prove that the law of the conservation of energy holds good in animal life; that no particle of energy or force is lost in the human body any more than in inanimate objects; and

2. To apply this law, in the words of the director, Professor W. O. Atwater, in the gaining of more definite knowledge of the ways in which the body is nourished, and of the value and use of foods.

I think it is not too much to say that the first object has practically been gained, the first commanding demonstration of this vital principle or law that the energy latent in no ounce of food taken into the body is in any possible sense increased, diminished, or annihilated, but merely changed; while, at the same time, it has been proved that the nutrients of the food and those which are found in the human body, are the sole and only source of heat and muscular power in the body.

The second object has been gained,

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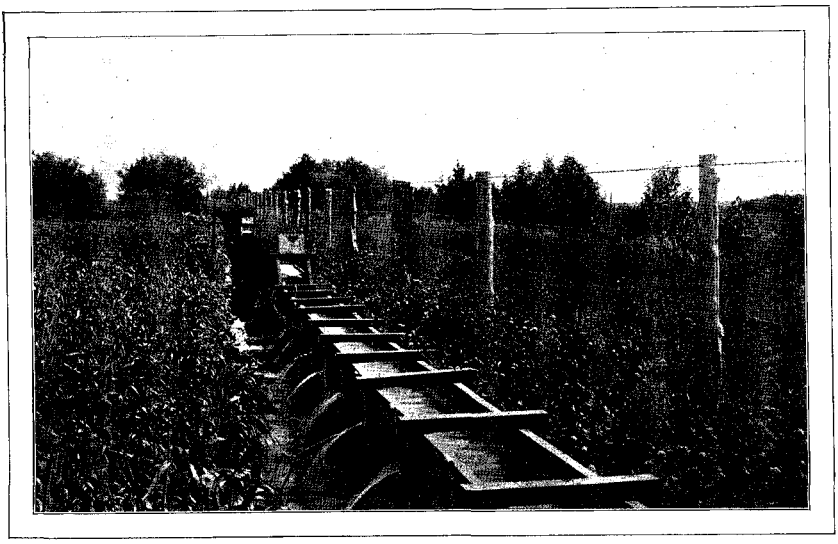
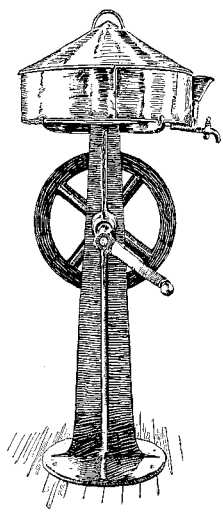


Irrigation Plats on the Grounds of the Montana Station, Showing what may be Accomplished by the Distribution Flume.

and more, for, as a result of these investigations, the nation has been stimulated to a study of its dietary, while enormous good has already been accomplished in preparing a more sensible and a more enriching ration for man. The work has been carried on with the co-operation of the United States Government and of Wesleyan University. In some ways the most important feature of the work done has been the devising of the respiration calorimeter by Professor Atwater, and Professor Rosa, of Wesleyan. It is a copper chamber seven feet long, four feet wide, six feet four inches high, in which a man is placed and in which he stays for a period of from five to eight days. He is given opportunity for exercise, unless it is to be a rest test, and he lives, so far as possible, precisely as he would live in the outside world. The object is to determine what proportion of the food he eats is accepted by the body for use, what part is rejected. By means of the calorimeter apparatus—the heat-measuring apparatus conveys the thought perhaps clearer—it is possible to tell precisely how much energy or heat is developed by the man while in the cage. Every unit, or particle, of heat is measured as it passes out of the chamber, and so absolutely accurate is the apparatus that he may not rise from his chair without the extra energy thus generated being recorded. Each particle of food eaten is measured and tested with the utmost exactitude, and every particle of waste is registered with absolute accuracy in order that the precise amount of material utilized by the body may be determined.

Without going further into the details of this fascinating service to the world, it may be said that the apparatus is being copied for similar work in scientific institutions on both sides of the ocean, while the results of the investigations carried on by the director of this station are being made the basis for the determination of the dietary of many public institutions. These results are daily being applied in the feeding of the army and navy of the United States. Further research on the same line is being carried on in co-operation with the national government at the stations of Maine, Vermont, Il-



Original Apparatus Designed at the Wisconsin Station for the Babcock Milk Test, which has Resulted in the Saving of Millions of Dollars to Dairymen.

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Date Palm Growing upon the Grounds of the California Station where Much Important Work has been Done in the Cultivation of Dates, Figs, and Other Fruits.

Date Palm-tree Growing in Front of the Arizona Station at Tucson.

It is six and one-half years old, grown from a sucker, bearing its third crop of fruit, about one hundred pounds.

linois, California, Tennessee, and Minnesota. At the last-named station Professor Harry Snyder has done a remarkable work, the results of which were recently brought to public notice through a bulletin issued by the United States Department of Agriculture. He has demonstrated, in carrying on feeding tests with men, that the food value of bread made from the best type of white or patent flour is greater than that of the bread made from whole wheat or graham flour.

While the work carried on at the Storrs station has been largely scientific in character, it has yet had a powerful practical influence. Perhaps the most important feature of it all is the impetus it has aroused in a world-wide study of human foods—to help the world to discard its worthless foods, retain its enriching ones, and reinforce with those hitherto ignored or despised.

The national government is now co-operating with the Pennsylvania station in work along the same line, but with animals instead of men. Under the supervision of Professor Armsby, director of the station, a respiration calorimeter of large size has been built, in which domestic animals replace men. Exhaustive tests are now under way in the feeding of animals while kept inside the calorimeter, in order accurately to test precise food values. This is the first animal respiration calorimeter in the world, as the one at Storrs was the first ever made for men.

The work of the experiment stations has been confined to no one section of the country. In the far South, for example,

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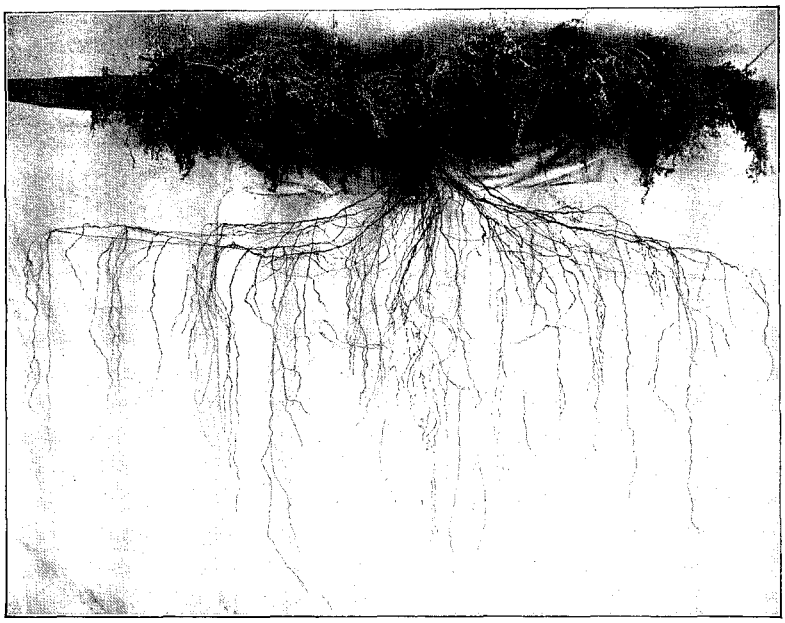
the stations have proved forceful adjuncts of agriculture. They have not only kept in close touch with the immediate needs of the farmers and plantation operators, but they have steadily worked into the future. In the State of Georgia, for instance, the strikingly practical nature of the service done the State is shown. The law under



Root System of an Australian Salt-bush Plant.

Grown at California station (Tulare sub-station). These salt-bush plants have been tested at the station and found valuable for introduction upon alkali lands, an important addition to the food of stock, and thriving where many other plants would starve. Some of these plants in the arid lands will, in search for moisture, bore down through the arid soil and through the very hard-pan itself, which is penetrated only by some of the hardiest oaks and certain trees. The plant roots often go down more than five feet.

which the station operates provides that eleven of the fourteen members of the governing board shall not only be practical farmers, but successful farmers. One is selected from each congressional district in the State, so that the varied interests of the State may be best represented.

To illustrate the scope of this station, and, at the same time, show something of the controlling spirit in all the stations, a few sentences may be quoted from the director of the Georgia station, Professor R. J. Redding, in a letter to the writer. He says :

> The fundamental guiding rule of this station has been to endeavor to confer immediate benefits upon the farmers, by taking up illustrative and demonstrative lines of work. The primary effort has been to help the farmers improve their methods of rotation of crops, preparation and culture, judicious fertilization, and renovation of the soil; and the more complete conservation and utilization of all the resources of the farm and of the crops in detail. Purely scientific investigations have by no means been neglected, but instead of searching after abstract scientific facts and results, the aim has been to work out problems that are intimately and immediately related to present conditions.

Among the definite results reached at this station are the discovery of a method of planting the oats crop which secures exemption from winter-killing, the solving of the problem of commercial fertilizers of lands by providing formulæ for the farmers so that they may buy their own raw material and compound their own mixtures at large saving, the demonstration of the fact that as good cheese and butter can be made in this region as anywhere else in the United States, and as profitably, and the dissemination of pure-bred strains of cattle and swine.

Other Southern States have been fully as active and can be very briefly noted:

In Florida.—The development of fruit-growing and truck farming, increasing the value of the sugar-cane crop, the intro-

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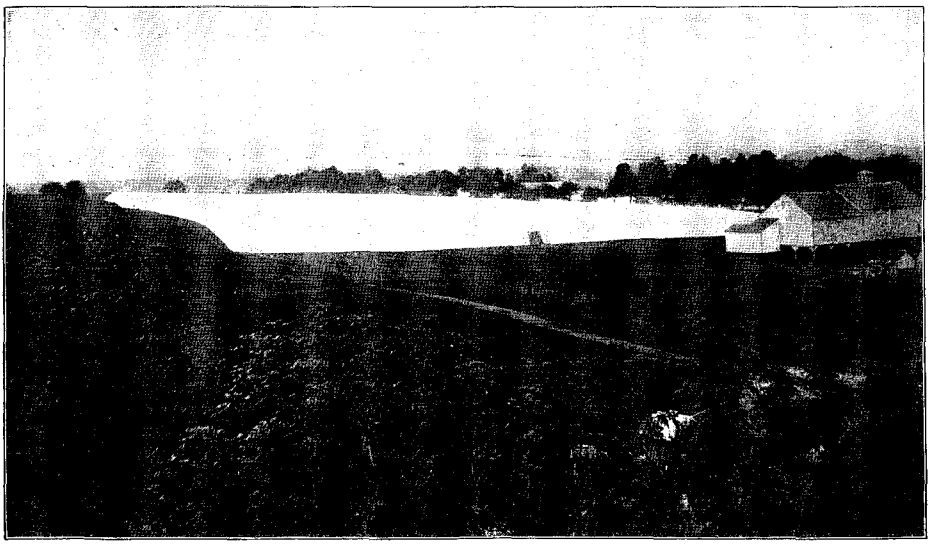

Connecticut Station Tobacco Culture, Showing Eight-acre Plot of Ground Under Cover.

Connecticut Station Tobacco Culture, Half-grown Plants Under Cover.

duction of new roots for animal feeding, the discovery of a parasite which destroys the dreaded San José scale, the parasite being susceptible of cultivation for distribution as an enemy of the scale.

In Arkansas.—Vegetable manuring for restoring worn lands and maintaining fertility, tests of the feeding value of different foods for the economic production of pork, investigations resulting in valuable information for the prevention of Southern cattle fever, hog cholera, and tuberculosis in cattle, the determination of the best varieties of grasses and clovers for the State, the elimination of worthless varieties of plants in all the lines of agriculture.

In Alabama.—The restoration of the cotton soil, important investigations in the cultivation, chemistry, botany, diseases, and entomology of the cotton plant, breeding of better types of cotton, and the determination of the nutritive values of various native and forage plants in the feeding of cattle.

In Tennessee.—The development of animal husbandry, an exhaustive study of the grasses of the State, the mixing of grasses and clovers adapted to the middle South, the improvement of the winter wheat crop of the State, elsewhere referred to.

In Kentucky.—Experiments in stock-feeding and the handling of dairy products, the treatment of plant diseases, tests of forage plants, inspection of human foods and feed of animals, experiments in growing hemp and tobacco, studies of the habits and transformations of injurious insects, the inspection of nurseries, provided for by special State legislation, the culture and nature of ginseng, in such enormous demand in China, studies in poisonous and edible mushrooms.

In Louisiana.—Exhaustive and profitable investigation into the composition of cane-sugar juices, the sterilization of

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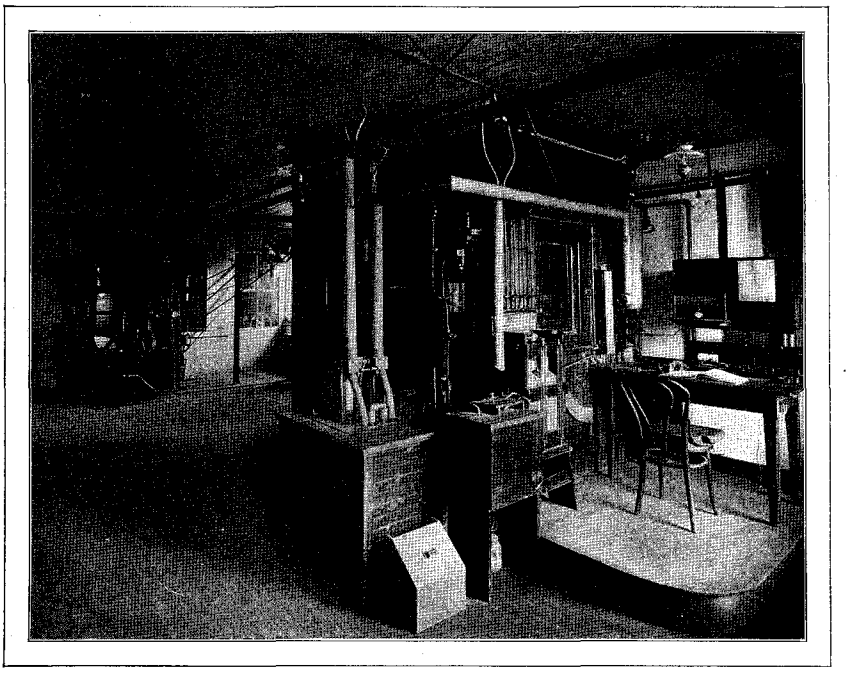
sirups, developing new methods of sugar manufacture, introduction of new varieties of sugar-cane, the development of tobacco growing, and dairying.

In Maryland.—The proper utilization of the corn plant, especially the fodder, feeding experiments with stock, much pioneer work in the study of soils and their restoration.

In Texas.—Tests in the feeding of cattle, this State producing more cattle than any other in the nation, elaborate studies in the causes and prevention of diseases in cattle, stimulation of interest in a diversified agriculture.



The Respiration Calorimeter at the Storrs Station.

The respiration chamber in which the man lives while undergoing the test is the square box to the left of the chair; he remains in this box from five to eight days.

Stations in other parts of the country have been engaged in work of large practical importance. In Illinois, the study of the chemistry of the corn kernel, resulting in some remarkable demonstrations as to the changes which may be made in the kernel suitable to various uses, elaborate plans for cold storage buildings for fruits, and the management of orchards have been important features. Vermont has been engaged for years in the study of the diseases of potatoes, the maladies affecting the tops of the plants being clearly differentiated first at this station. In New Hampshire much valuable work has been done in the improvement of roads and in the utilization of greenhouses for the summer growing of tropical plants. The growing of green corn under glass has been a leading feature, also. Stock-feeding, horticulture, and gardening have been among the prominent subjects investigated at the North Dakota station, while the work of this station in the study of the smuts of wheats, oats, and barley has been of large scientific and practical value, and has brought the station into much prominence. The Michigan station carries on a work widely diversified. It originated the Ignotum tomato, practically in universal use for years, and the station has investigated at length the sugar beet, finding it a crop admirably suited to the State. Thirteen factories for the manufacture of sugar have been established in the State. Sugar beets have also been under consideration at many of the other stations, notably in Washington,

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Scene in a Western Beet-sugar

This industry now rapidly developing has been largely due to the

where, after four thousand analyses, it was proved that the climate of that State was especially adapted to the sugar beet, and the per cent. of sugar is said to be greater than elsewhere in the United States. Wheats and grasses have also been studied with satisfactory results. Ohio has done a splendid work in the maintenance of the fertility of the soils and in the study of plant diseases. The work in variety testing, both of cereals and fruits, has also been of value to the State. Irrigation, the study of alkali soils, the growing and feeding of beef cattle, have been under consideration in Montana with good results. The results at the Indiana station include the discovery of a remedy for scab in potatoes, now in general use and of large economic value, the determination of the influence of plant foods upon certain plants grown in the greenhouses; and much important information has been developed in sugar-beet culture and subirrigation in greenhouse culture.

The wealth of Kansas has been much increased by the introduction through the Kansas station of the kaffir corn, which will produce more beef, pork, and milk than maize, the ordinary corn. More than 600,000 acres of land in the State are now planted in the kaffir corn. In New Jersey the work has been varied, embracing inspection and analysis of chemical fertilizers (this being the first station to advocate the home-mixing of fertilizers) the study of fruit pests and diseases, and elaborate and valuable researches into the principles that underlie successful oyster culture. Some exceedingly interesting facts have been presented by the Idaho station in the study of edible and poisonous mushrooms, while vigorous work has been done in the extermination of pests of grains and fruits. The invention of an electrical apparatus to warn the farmer of the approach of frost is an interesting feature of the work of this station. The introduction of the date-palm at the Arizona station promises to add an important factor to the fruit-growing industry of the nation. The Wyoming station, which is located upon a high, arid plateau, 7,200 feet above the level of the sea, the highest station in America, has paid much attention, and with excellent results, to irrigation and allied subjects. The reclamation of the exhausted range is

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Field at the Harvest Time.

investigations and subsequent reports of the experiment stations.

now one of the chief features under consideration. Massachusetts has been active in many ways—the revolution of the use of fertilizers through formulæ for each of the common crops, the discovery of a remedy for the worm affecting tomatoes and cucumbers under glass, the first experimenting in America with the sugar-beet, the study of concentrated cattle foods, and important conclusions therefrom, and the work of Professor Fernald, as entomologist to the gypsy moth commission, in organizing for the repression of this pest.

The Iowa station has paid much attention to the diseases attacking forage plants and grasses. The feeding experiments with animals for the increased production of milk and meat have been carried on extensively, and have been of large benefit to the stock interests of the State. Much original work in the dairy industry has also been done, together with the introduction and improvement of new crops. At the Rhode Island station extensive experiments have been carried on in the cross-breeding of geese, now an important source of wealth in that State, while the investigations into the disappearance of oysters and clams in one of the great salt ponds of the State have resulted in the discovery of the cause and its removal. The Connecticut station, the first to be established in the United States, has been engaged in many lines of important work, especially the culture of tobacco. The quality of the Connecticut wrapper leaf tobacco has been essentially improved, so that it commands higher prices than any other domestic wrapper leaf. Valuable work has also been done at this station in the study of fungus diseases. The true nature of the destructive potato scab was discovered by the botanist of this station.

One of the important features of the work of the stations is the protection of farmers from frauds. In many of the States the stations are given legal authority to inspect materials of many kinds which are in steady demand by the farmers and which are liable to adulteration. This systematic supervision is carried out by twenty-nine of the stations. Much precautionary work is done, by means of which the people are warned against the approach of injurious insects or other pests. In certain stations dis-

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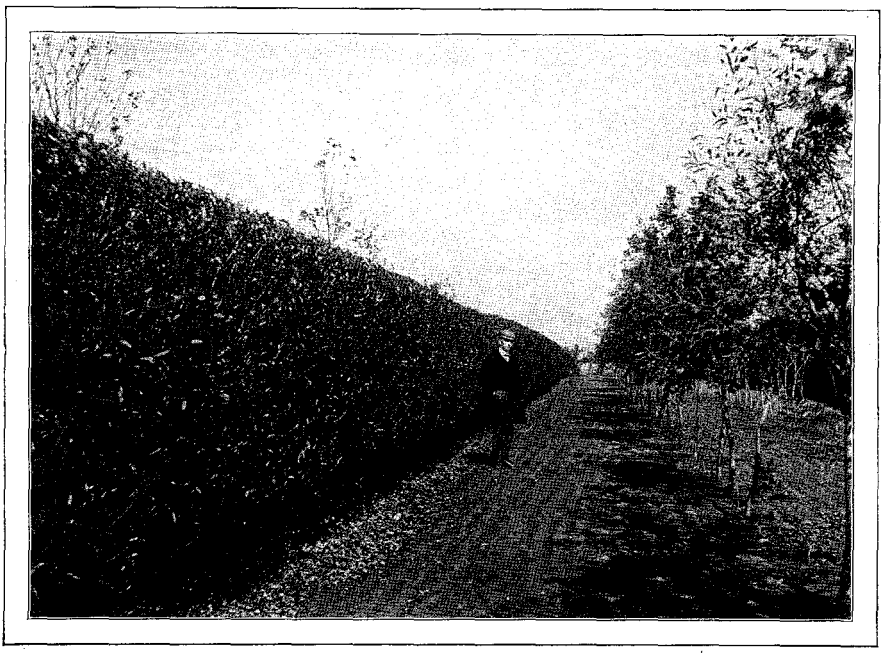

Shelter Hedge of Golden Russian Willow, Five Years Old, North Dakota Station.

eases inimical to certain plagues or pests are artificially cultivated and spread among the healthy pests, resulting in heavy mortality and saving of crops.

Among the valuable influences of these stations is their help in moulding the lives of the thousands of students who attend the agricultural colleges. The students come closely into touch with the practical work of the stations and carry back to the farms very much that tends to make the farm not only a desirable, but a preferred, place for the farmer's sons and daughters.

The progress in agriculture in the last generation has been greater than in all the generations that have preceded. At the source of this progress has been a deeper knowledge. This knowledge has been made very largely possible through agricultural education, and the stations have taken a commanding place in this education. It would be quite impossible to estimate the number of millions of dollars which are accruing to the national wealth each year as a direct and indirect result of the work of these stations, and it would be far beyond the limits of conjecture to say what they hold in store. They stand among the colossal factors that made for the progress of the last quarter of the nineteenth century, and their day has but just dawned.

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ARTEMIS TO ACTÆON

By Edith Wharton

THOU couldst not look on me and live: so runs
The mortal legend—thou that couldst not live
Nor look on me (so the divine decree)!
That sawst me in the cloud, the wave, the bough,
The clod commoved with April, and the shapes
Lurking 'twixt lid and eye-ball in the dark.
Mocked I thee not in every guise of life,
Hid in girls' eyes, a naiad in her well,
Wooed through their laughter, and like echo fled,
Luring thee down the primal silences
Where the heart hushes and the flesh is dumb?
Nay, was not I the tide that drew thee out
Relentlessly from the detaining shore,
Forth from the home-lights and the hailing voices,
Forth from the last faint headland's failing line,
Till I enveloped thee from verge to verge
And hid thee in the hollow of my being?
And still, because between us hung the veil,
The myriad-tinted veil of sense, thy feet
Refused their rest, thy hands the gifts of life,
Thy heart its losses, lest some lesser face
Should blur mine image in thine upturned soul
Ere death had stamped it there. This was thy thought.
And mine?

The gods, they say, have all: not so!
This have they—flocks on every hill, the blue
Spirals of incense and the amber drip
Of lucid honey-comb on sylvan shrines,
First-chosen weanlings, doves immaculate,
Twin-cooing in the osier-plaited cage,
And ivy-garlands glaucous with the dew:
Man's wealth, man's servitude, but not himself!
And so they pale, for lack of warmth they wane,
Freeze to the marble of their images,
And, pinnacled on man's subserviency,
Through the thick sacrificial haze discern
Unheeding lives and loves, as some cold peak
Through icy mists may enviously descry
Warm vales unzoned to the all-fruitful sun.
So they along an immortality
Of endless-vistaed homage strain their gaze,
If haply some rash votary, empty-urned,
But light of foot, with all-adventuring hand,
Break rank, fling past the people and the priest,
Up the last step, on to the inmost shrine,
And there, the sacred curtain in his clutch,
Drop dead of seeing—while the others prayed!
Yea, this we wait for, this renews us, this

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Incarnates us, pale people of your dreams,
Who are but what you make us, wood or stone,
Or cold chryselephantine hung with gems,
Or else the beating purpose of your life,
Your sword, your clay, the note your pipe pursues,
The face that haunts your pillow, or the light
Scarce visible over leagues of laboring sea!
O thus through use to reign again, to drink
The cup of peradventure to the lees,
For one dear instant disimmortalized
In giving immortality!
So dream the gods upon their listless thrones.
Yet sometimes, when the votary appears,
With death-affronting forehead and glad eyes,
Too young, they rather muse, *too frail thou art,*
And shall we rob some girl of saffron veil
And nuptial garland for so slight a thing?
And so to their incurious loves return.

Not so with thee; for some indeed there are
Who would behold the truth and then return
To pine among the semblances—but I
Divined in thee the questing foot that never
Revisits the cold hearth of yesterday
Or calls achievement home. I from afar
Beheld thee fashioned for one hour's high use,
Nor meant to slake oblivion drop by drop.
Long, long hadst thou inhabited my dreams,
Surprising me as harts surprise a pool,
Stealing to drink at midnight; I divined
Thee rash to reach the heart of life, and lie
Bosom to bosom in occasion's arms,
And said: *Because I love thee thou shalt die!*

For immortality is not to range
Unlimited through vast Olympian days,
Or sit in dull dominion over time;
But this—to drink fate's utmost at a draught,
Nor feel the wine grow stale upon the lip,
To scale the summit of some soaring moment,
Nor know the dulness of the long descent,
To snatch the crown of life and seal it up
Secure forever in the vaults of death!

And this was thine: to lose thyself in me,
Relive in my renewal, and become
The light of other lives, a quenchless torch
Passed on from hand to hand, till men are dust
And the last garland withers from my shrine.

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ON A BALTIC SEA SLOOP

By James B. Connolly

ILLUSTRATIONS BY M. J. BURNS

TWO hours in an express going north from Berlin brings one to Stettin, and three hours down the Oder River on a steamer not over-fast brings one to the port of Swinemünde, from which we were to make light incursions to observe the ways of German fishermen in the Baltic Sea.

Some fifty or sixty sloop-rigged craft made up the fishing-fleet of Swinemünde, which, so far as this one side of its maritime life goes, may be rated a typical fishing-port of Germany, in which country are no large ports given over almost exclusively to fishing — nothing to compare with Gloucester in the United States, with Grimsby in England, or Svolvaer, to mention one of several in Norway.

For the careless wanderer, who may see in fishing life merely one form of many in the way of diversion, Swinemünde affords other recreation; and it is to enjoy this recreation that many people regularly come from Berlin, from Hanover, and from even more distant cities when the warm weather is at hand. It is rather a resort of well-to-do people, this little port on the Baltic. Here is good bathing and all that goes with a well-regulated beach-life in summer; there is good yachting along the neighboring coast, with safe anchorage up the river, and on both sides of the harbor are extensive fortifications with their attendant garrisons.

Where the dark water of the Oder mingles with the white surf of the beach of Swinemünde, there is located on the west side a small, picturesque light-house, and on the east side a prominent stone pier-head. On summer evenings people walk the beach to the light-house, look across, shout "How goes it?" to anybody they may recognize over on the pier, turn about, and sedately walk the beach back again. Nobody seems ever to think of making a ferry of it and extending the conversation beyond the words of greeting.

It was down this River Oder, between the little light-house and the broad pier-head, that we came sailing one beautiful summer morn at sun-up, in one of the "flounder fleet," which were, at this season, the busiest lot, possibly, that we had run across in our Baltic sojournings. Up the river, when we had been making ready to depart, they were blowing reveille at the garrison, and ten minutes later, while we were yet quite a little distance from the river's outlet, we passed soldier torsos just above the jetties on the east bank, squads of soldiers with long loaves of bread hugged to their sides, and on the other bank, swinging heavily but happily down the tree-shaded road that edged the jetty, a whole platoon in column of fours, these last giving voice lustily to one of those soulful things that were indubitably written to be sung only by a body of moving men, by soldiers more particularly, and by German soldiers yet more particularly, for it is they that have the proper guttural tones and the meal-time enthusiasm. The first lot, the scattered squads, were coming, as we understood it, from drawing rations; and the second lot, the solid platoon, had drawn and eaten rations, and were on their way to relieve the guard.

The night before, from the high-walled brick fortifications on one side to the lower earthen defences on the other side, and back again, there had been a great cannonading that puzzled us not a little. Not being able to account for it off-hand, we set it down as some kind of a sham-battle to mark the visit of some commanding general, or some sort of a routine thing to keep the troops up to the mark and at the same time to burn up a lot of black powder that otherwise might cake beyond usefulness. That was what we thought the night before, but now, by

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the rising light, we saw a flag at half-mast flying from the light-house—not the little light-house down by the beach, but the tall, magnificent light-house up the river, up at Ost-Haven—the finest light-house in all Germany. The tall light-house swayed, and the flag fluttered and drooped for the Empress Dowager, who was dead, it seemed. We had to inquire to learn this, for the fact appeared to cause no agitation in our fishermen. "She was a good old lady," they said, and so dismissed the dissolution of the widow of an emperor.

We had just cleared a clanking dredge off the beach when there came scooting by us a handsome schooner-yacht that we could swear had been tied fast to her mooring, with her crew fast asleep, when we cast loose. Her model reminded us of nothing so much as Sandy Hook and Massachusetts Bay. She had a varnished hull of ultramarine blue, and her sides were polished until they took on the dull glow of enamel. With her low rail, new yellow spars, and spotless white sails, we had to admit that she looked handsome enough, even though in the exhibition of these beautiful equipments she walked into our wind and across our bow with laughable ease.

Our own sloop would hardly be picked out for a sailer anywhere, even though it were known that she had won first place in the last annual regatta of the Swinemünde fishing fleet. She carried mainsail, topsail, stem staysail (or foresail), and jib, all of which sails were tanned a dull, gold-brown. Tar, porpoise-oil, tallow and red paint, accurately proportioned as per instructions, had brought about the golden-brown. Standing under the sails of one's own craft, a man might not have cried out impulsively that they were beautiful; but looking at those of our consorts in the distance as the sun shone on them in the early morning, one had to admit that they were good to look at.

For the hull of our craft, she showed, by the power of that ancient law "like unto like," the proper lines for a flounder fisherman, for she was akin to a flounder in shape, broad and shoal, and with shoulders that flared. Forward were the two berths of the crew, with sitting-room and a stove on the floor between, and all clean as could be. Aft, and entirely under deck, was the galley, with a midget stove, room for two or three to sit on the lockers, and closets for stores or extra clothes. A narrow hatch, three feet by eighteen inches or so, led into the galley. In this hatch, the helmsman, hidden to the hips, had to stand to steer the sloop. On to her deck they had slapped a coat of the same mixture in which they had soaked the sails, and with the same result—golden-brown was the deck, an unusual color for a vessel's deck, though certainly clean and inviting. The Minna was not only wide and humpy, with fourteen feet of beam to her thirty-six feet of length, but to add to the loginess that must almost inevitably come out of such proportions, there was her entire midship section made into a well, wherein the fish, when caught, were to be placed and kept alive until sold. This well, decked to the water-line, made a great swashing cock-pit of the middle of her. Like trap-doors to this well, were flush, hinged hatches, through the joints of which the sea came spludging whenever the ship rolled; for outside, and of course below the water-line, to be of use, the Minna's planks were bored full of auger-holes. This arrangement could not but suggest a lobster-trap.

It was rather a leisurely progress to the fishing-grounds. For an hour or so we made along by the coast to the west, and then wore off-shore for another hour or two through the fleet, of which it may be said that never at any time did they hurry. We took the topsail off the Minna long before we reached the grounds; and with that down, and a luff every now and again, we managed to keep our consort, the Friedrich, in hail. It should be explained here, perhaps, that if there was nothing faster than the Minna in the Swinemünde fleet, there was also probably nothing slower than the old Friedrich, and as the vessels work in pairs in this kind of fishing, it was of no advantage for the Minna to get far ahead of her mate.

Our skipper, Charlie, who spoke quite intelligible English as a result of many trips to England and a few to America when he was a boy in the forecastle, accepted the Friedrich's slowness with what struck an observer as great patience. But, as he explained it, they were to make

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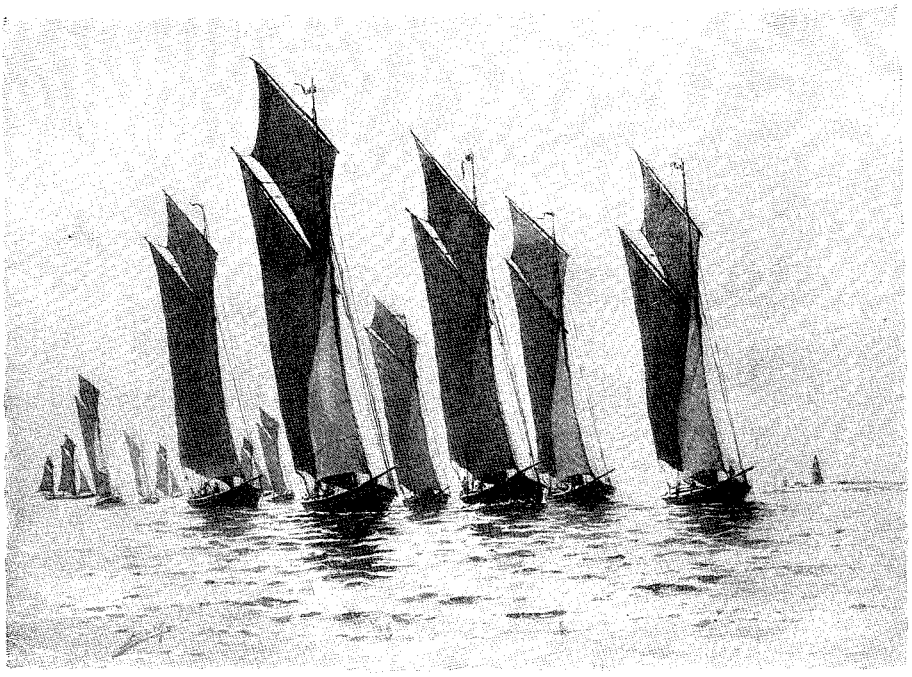

The Flounder Fleet standing out to the Fishing Grounds.

only three hauls in any event ; and so that they got their three hauls, what mattered it that they were an hour later than some others? An hour added to the end of the day — who cared? Charlie? No. Old Fred? Not Old Fred. They were old friends ; that is, Old Fred and Charlie's father were long-time friends — long, long-time friends, who had always got along very well together, and Old Fred had come to young Charlie as a heritage.

This young skipper and owner of the Minna was a smart seaman. He showed it in every move aboard ship. He had been mate of the fastest racing craft of her class in all North Europe for two summers. Of his record, and the record of the racing-yacht on which he had been mate, we had heard something even before we saw him at all, and we knew, too, that he could have had a quicker-moving sloop than the logy old Friedrich for the Minna's working mate, and a much more active man than Old Fred for his own partner, but that view of it seemed not to have impressed him.

Despite the lubberly looks of these boats they worked very well, we could see, when the time came for action. The net with which they were to drag the bottom was on the Friedrich, and the Minna had to sail up and take one end of it. Our skipper laid his boat alongside the other, took his end of the net, made it fast to his end of the drag-line, and was off, with only a few seconds spent in the transfer. He did it almost flying, with the Minna acting beautifully throughout.

We wore apart then, with our line, 100 fathoms in length, being paid over the quarter, and the Friedrich's line, of an equal length, going likewise over her quarter. When all was taut we were sailing by the wind on parallel courses, 100 yards apart, perhaps, with the net between us, astern and sunk from sight, but its position shown by a flagged, white-painted buoy.

The scheme of our fishermen was to scrape the bottom at a slow pace. The net was a good sixty feet in length, a sort of twine fence that rose to a height of thirty feet or so at the middle part and tapered to six or seven feet at the ends, which were each bound with a stout piece of wood and bridled on to the drag-lines that led to the sloops. On these drag-lines were short wooden slats, of about the stoutness of fence palings, placed from six to eight feet apart. Twisting and

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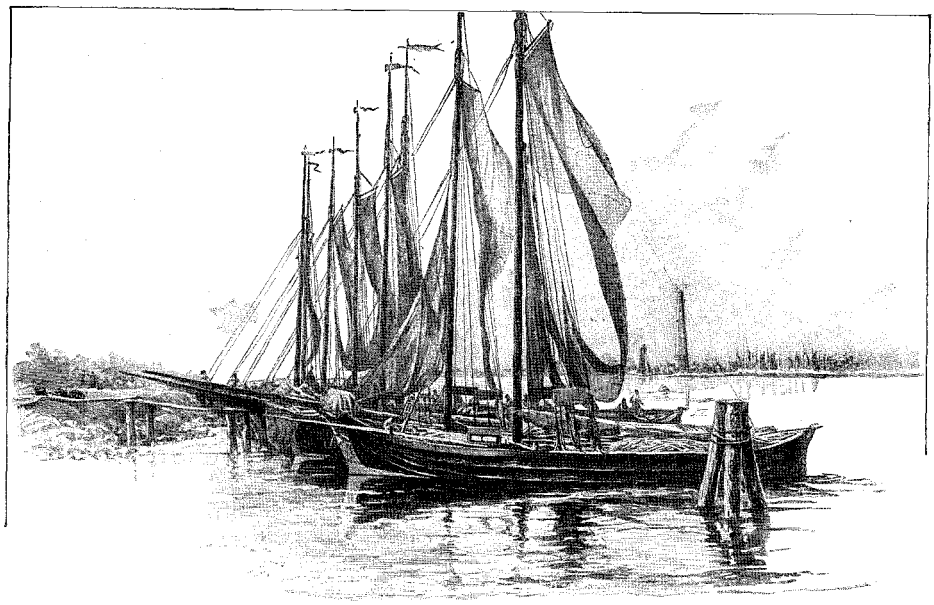

The Mooring of the Fishing Fleet of Swinemünde in the Oder River.
Ost Haven light can be seen on the other bank of the river.

twirling and ever moving forward, these slats were calculated to create a panic among any flounders that might be outlying, and scare them toward the centre of the line of advance.

The flounder is a slow swimmer, and it is a sedately moving arrangement, indeed, that does not overtake him. He is not only a slow fish, but also one of placid ways, and when overtaken by the advancing line of netting it is his habit to seek a quiet spot. The quietest spots that he can find in a hurried search are the inviting pockets that open out left and right on the net. These pockets were sufficiently wide and hospitable to enwrap a wine-cask at the entrance, but at the inner end, so rapidly do they taper, it would take no infantile arm to wedge in a workingman's dinner-pail.

The crew of a flounder-sloop are two in number; sometimes it is two grown men, sometimes a man and a well-grown boy. In this case, Charlie, the Minna's skipper, was a fair-haired fellow of twenty-six or -eight, compact, muscular, and active. The boy, August, sixteen years of age, was a short and stocky boy, rather slow to grasp an idea, but a safe executive once he understood what it was that his captain ordered.

During this dragging operation, with the vessel sailing always across and sometimes almost into the wind, the crews take things comfortably. Everything was working nicely by eight o'clock, and then our two skippers had an easy time of it to watch each other and sail their parallel courses; and with dragging lines taut and with the net in the right place, with everything working properly, it became the boy's business to boil the coffee for breakfast.

August, after some labor below, brought the coffee up, and there, on the after-deck, under the inspiration of a balmy summer breeze and a fine deep-blue sky, we drank it, with a long loaf of rye-bread by way of something to eat. August was no *chef*, and the coffee, very likely, was not the finest thing in the world—even with ingredients of exquisite quality it is not at all likely that August would have produced any astonishing results, but under the conditions that saw it served, that sea and sky, that gently fanning breeze as we sailed, surely the gods were good to us on that tranquil August morning in the Baltic.

Certainly this was a change from trawling on the American banks in winter days, with decks running brine and gurry; from long-lining in the choppy North Sea in

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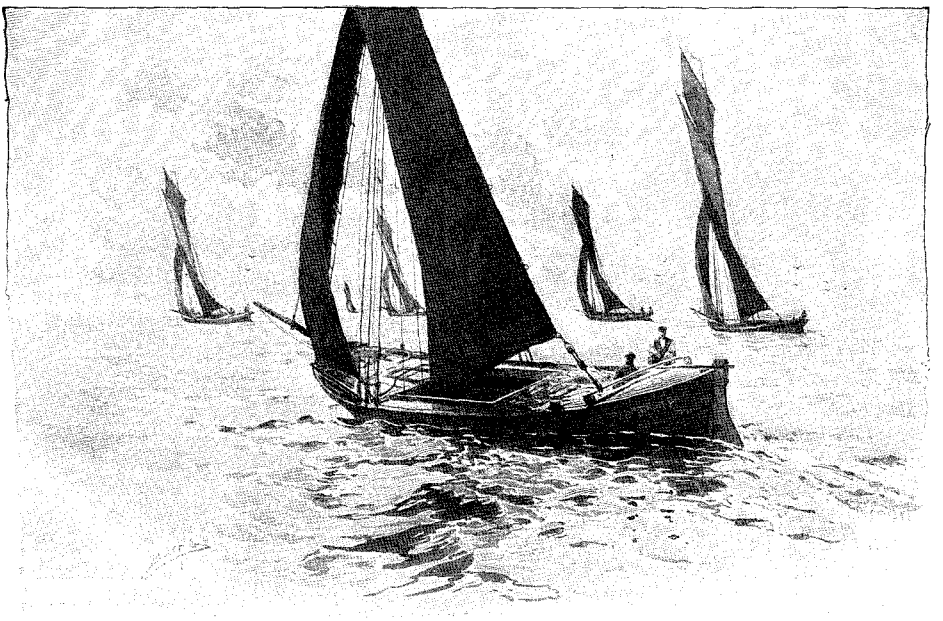

The Minna.

smacks that smelt altogether of tar and bilge-water; from codfishing off Norway's Arctic coast in open boats that carried stones loose in the bottom for ballast and half a foot of water slushing around in their bottoms—certainly, after that, this flounder-fishing in the Baltic struck the passenger as a sort of summer picnic.

After we had our coffee, and August had cleaned the mugs (by rinsing them over the side), the skipper let the lad have the tiller while he himself should smoke a pipe in comfort. The management of the tiller was so arranged that it became the easiest kind of work. There was what might be called a "tiller-board," that extended across the sloop's stern. From this board iron pegs protruded at intervals of three inches or so, space sufficient to allow of the tiller-handle being set in the pegs. In these spaces August would drop the tiller-handle when he desired to take his ease in steering the Minna. After this fashion August could steer in comfort with his feet down the galley hatchway and his eyes roving lazily from the sails of the Minna to the sails of her consort and the fifty or sixty others of the fleet. If the Minna seemed to be falling-off or coming-to a trifle, August would shift the tiller a peg or two, the sails would shiver or fill, she would come up or bow off as need be, and all would be well again. The soft breeze and the soft sky, with its suggestion of tiny floating clouds, the lolling on deck, the lazy work of the sloop — it was all like Sunday yachting.

Under such influence it seemed only to be fitting that the dragging should proceed leisurely. So the skipper with his pipe stretched himself out on the dry, clean deck to port, and took things comfortably, and the passenger, also to be good to himself, lay full length on the brown planks to starboard and contemplated such life as a man may see when lying flat on his back on a vessel's deck.

Under these conditions it is really a pity to have to bother with anything that savors of labor, and the next remark of the captain seemed brimful of wisdom.

"To catch flounders," said the skipper —he came out of a deep revery to say it —"to catch flounders it is not well to be too quick, the boat should not sail too fast." That accounted for the reef in the mainsail, and later, when the summer breeze freshened a trifle, the hauling of the jib to windward; and that slow remark of the skipper's did him for another hour. Certainly one must not hurry the placid flounder, and it was not until we had put

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in three hours of this thoughtful dragging that the skipper began to consider whether it were not almost time to see what there might be in the net.

It was for us on the Minna to haul the net aboard. So she was put about and sailed back toward the buoy, we taking in the slack of the drag-line as she worked down. It was a simple matter, this hauling the drag-line. We had only to heave back with all our weight and power, taking care to hold down what we had so that it should not slip away while we were swinging back to heave again. Toward the last of it the strain became heavy, and a foot or so was all we could get in a single heave. "Sand," says the skipper, "sand from the bottom;" and we had to kneel by the rail after each heave and pin down every bit of gain with our knees before we braced for the next heave.

In order that the weight of the sloop may not act against us, August was sent forward to drop over the anchor. Then we heaved away again, laboriously working the net off bottom and holding it while the sand filters through the meshes. After we came to anchor the net gradually lightened, and finally we have our end in-board. Then came our consort shooting alongside to haul up her end of the net—she had unhitched her drag-line from it—to pass it to us, and to stand clear of us again. We had now both ends of the net over the Minna's rail, and it was only necessary to work down to the pockets to get at the fish.

At length we see them, the serene flounders, reposing in the small end of the pockets. It is hard to imagine more impassive fish in all the seas than these flounders—hardly a squirm or a flash out of them as they are bailed over the rail and dumped into the well. They did swim around like happy creatures once they found themselves in the well, in what must have seemed free water to them again—but that only showed again what foolish fish they were, as even August noted. A fat cod or a haddock, a whiting or even a heavy-witted halibut will kick and struggle when caught, with seemingly a presentiment of the fate that awaits him; but these flat flounders—not a really vigorous kick or wiggle from the entire bunch.

Eleven tubs of forty pounds each came out of this haul. That was very good, though they were of small size as such things are measured in more generous seas, these averaging not larger than a man's hand, with many not larger than a man's palm, not to speak of little fellows that seemed no bigger than a silver dollar (the last-named not salable and to be rejected later), but it would be a profitable haul, and Old Fred's expression was one of immense approval as he looked over and noted how Charlie was dipping them in.

At this point we saw how it was that this kind of fishing allowed of such clean decks. The fish were not dressed at all, but transferred from the net to the well in whole condition. There was no intermediate dumping of the catch on deck as with American and British fishermen. The end of the net was hauled over the rail, but the pocket was yet out-board while the dipper was dropped in. The deck was wet only at the gangway amidships by the drippings from the dipper while the fish were being transferred from the net to the well, and that little bit of deck quickly dried. No wonder we could lounge about fore and aft of her and imagine we were yachting.

With our catch in the well, we began on another drag. We had only to up anchor, make sail again, throw over drag-line and our end of the net, pass the other end of the net to our consort as she came alongside, wait for her to throw over her end of the net with drag-line and work clear, and we were off on parallel courses again, with the soothing outlook of another three hours during which to take our ease.

The skipper had saved a score of the largest and fattest of the flounders from the haul. Half of these he had cast aboard the Friedrich when she last came alongside, and the other half he was now dressing, while the boy went into the galley and warmed up the stove. By and by these flounders, fried a warm brown, were passed up on deck. With them came bread and butter, and sausages of the kind that hang outside the grocers' shops on sunny days in German cities. There were also potatoes on the side, coffee, and a high bottle of some yellow German wine. Two marks a litre that wine cost, and well worth

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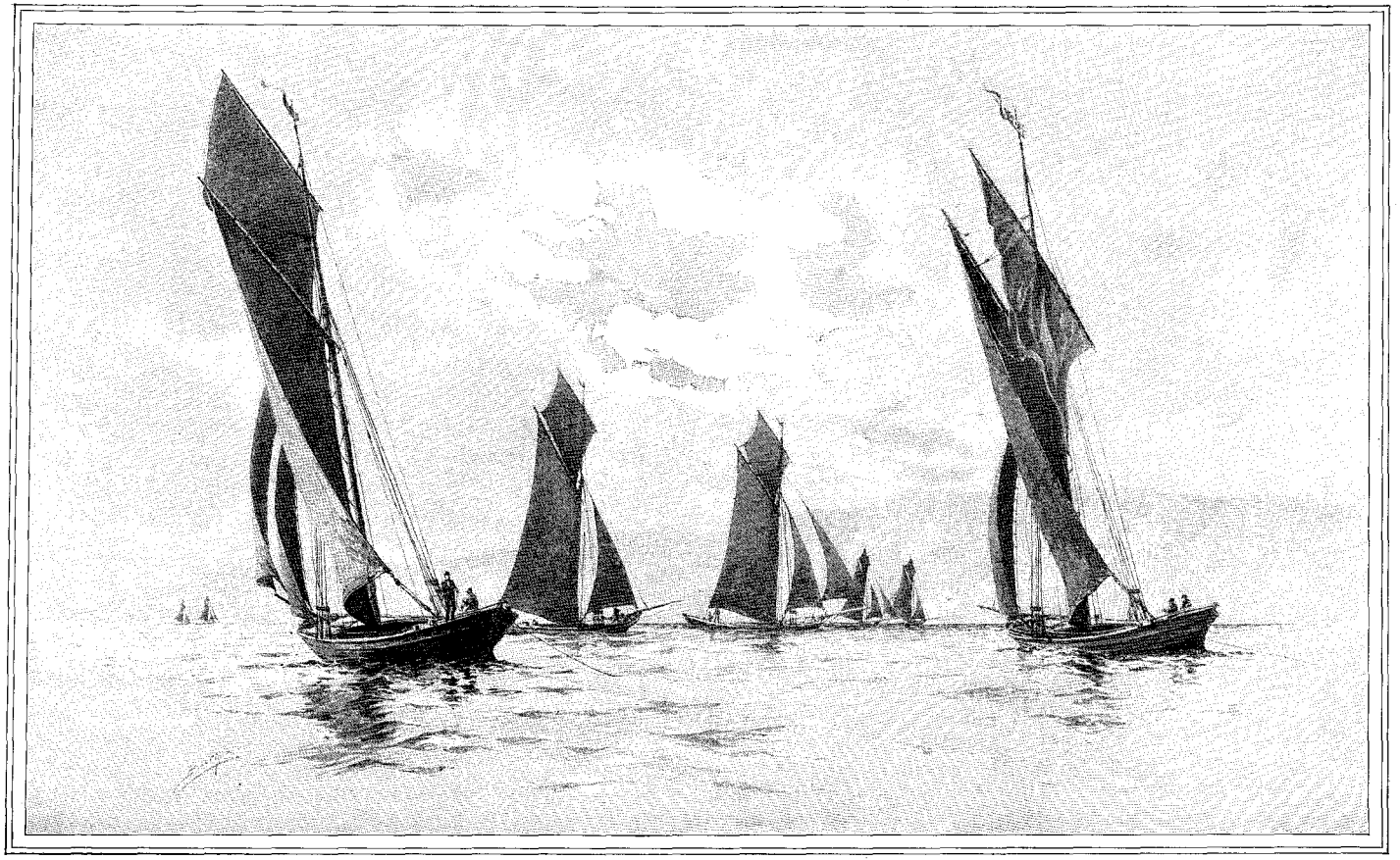

Drawn by M. J. Burns.

Work in pairs on parallel courses.—Page 665.

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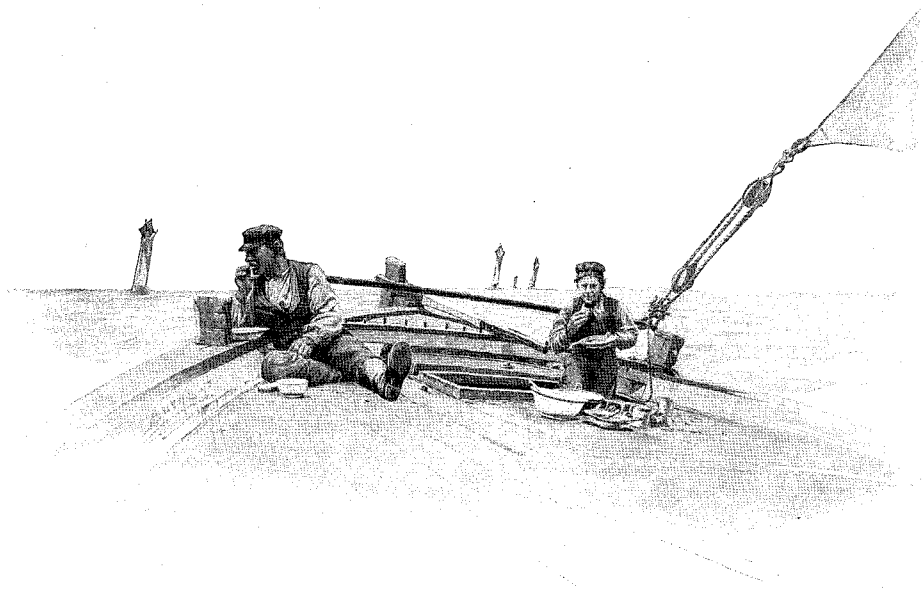

Skipper Charlie and Boy August, at Dinner.

it, said the skipper, pouring it, as he spoke, into coffee-mugs. The skipper, in his way, was as reckless as any other way.

It was all very good, our dinner, but the seasoning was the real part of it. The balmy, caressing breeze, the placid, lulling sea, the far-away, unflecked sky, the golden-brown sails, the hazy horizon, the splashing life on the beach, and the movement and music conjured by the fancy on the promenade beyond—that was the best part of it; and all this taken with a full-length stretch on the clean deck, an after-pipe if you smoked, and the skipper detailing the adventures of his more romantic days.

If one could but listen long enough to the skipper, he would be pretty certain to absorb something of the unhurried philosophy of the German. "One time," said the skipper—he spoke in jumps, but without ever hurrying himself, slow and easy jumps, between pleasant puffs from his pipe, "one time I was a great racing man. I was the one German on this racing-boat—the others English, English all. I was mate. We win at Kiel ten races, at Copenhagen seven races, at Christiania—(you know Christiania in Norway?—yes?) three races in Christiania, five races in Stockholm. We win races in all places. I get—for prize-money—500 marks one week, 500 marks anodder week, 400 marks, 200 marks, and like that—always something. Ach, we haf such a time when we go ashore. Eferywhere we go we haf such a time—a hellufa time you say in New York and New O'leans—yes. I come to Hamburg in September to go home. Racing is ofer for year. I say I will haf good time in Hamburg for one day and then go home to my fader and my mudder. But not only one night, but one week, I stay in Hamburg. I haf 2,300 marks when I come to Hamburg. I haf 300 when I go. Very lucky to haf 300, yes. I go home and say to my fader where I was and how I haf behafe. He say, 'Gif up racing—not good for you. Go fishing, safe money, buy boat, get married, and stay here.' I say, 'Fader, who vill I marry?' He say, 'Nefer mind, there is plenty good girl—plenty.' I say, 'Fader, in England I know one girl. She was the man that keep the dock-ship's daughter. I was up top of the mast, and she look out window and say, "Hello, young sailormans." I say, "Hello, English girl." Fader, I like that girl. She write me. I haf letter here from that girl.' My fader say: 'Nefer mind that English girl. She forgits you next month, next year.' I say, 'No, fader.' He say, 'Charlie, yes.' Next month afterward, when I go to my

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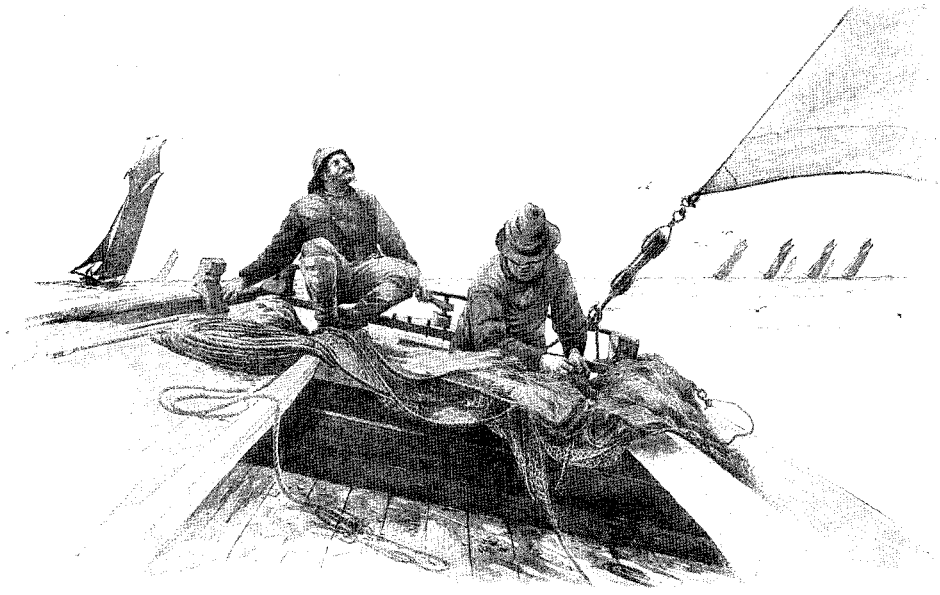

Dragging for eels and mending nets.—Page 672.

brudder's wedding, I meet my brudder's wife's sister, and we are married.

"This boat you see, the Minna ?—my wife's name is Minna—I own this boat. I pay the boy — that is August — fifteen marks a month and what he eat. He is better at fifteen marks than other boys at twenty, and next year I shall gif him twenty. It is not well to gif him all at one time. I buy what he eat, and he sleeps aboard here all the nights. He haf no expenses, no expenses, except his sea-boots. In sea-boots he iss extravagant—fourteen marks for those he haf on. You would not think so. No—but they are good boots. Show the gentleman those boots, August. Very fine ? Yes, beautiful boots—no boy in Swinemünde haf such boots.

"Myself, I make some weeks 200 marks, some weeks 100 marks, some weeks nothing—less than nothing sometimes when I go up in the Oder River and pay for prifilege and catch but little. We do not fish in bad weather here, and so do not loose many men. It iss not often that we loose a man in Swinemünde. This year already we haf lost one fisherman. He fall oferboard. But he had just come from a wedding. Stepping from the plank to the boat he aim not far enough out and he step oferboard and until he iss drowned we know it not. After weddings one must watch out.

"In the whole year I do fery well. As well as by racing ? Oh, yes, altogether, but not so quick. But it iss bad—racing. One comes not to his home sometimes. She is a good woman, my wife. But you should see my boy—ach, yes. My wife she stays on my fader's farm in Usedom. These potatoes—they are from my fader's farm. Yes, they are good potatoes. Efery Saturday night I go home to my wife and baby. Sometime, if you stay here, you shall go home and see that baby, and maybe you will take his likeness for me and send him to me after a time. You shall stay as long as you please on the farm and you shall like it. I know you shall—such a beautiful place—who could not like it ? Trees and cows, pigs and horses—six horses, yes—and one great large barn that is even now stuffed full with hay. Ach, such a place for the baby ! You should see him roll in the hay ! Efery Saturday night I go home to see him. Ach, the baby. He see me coming—he stay up for me Saturday night—he run and say, 'Fader, fader, I see you.' And I picks him up. 'Fader,' he says, 'what you got for me ?' And I say, 'What you tink I got for you ?' And he close his eyes tight and he tink. 'You got leetle

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Our Skipper ranged alongside and passed over our end of the net.

horse for me?'—ginger-bread horse he mean. I say, 'No, no leetle horse.' And he say, 'Fly balloon?' And I say, 'No, no fly balloon.' And he say, 'A leetle cow?' And I say, 'No, no leetle cow.' And he say, 'Pig, candy pig mit leetle round tail?' And I say, 'No.' 'Wagon?' 'No.' 'Boat?' 'No-o.' And he say, 'Well, fader, what haf you got?' And I look sick and I say, 'Mein leetle boy, the store was closed up when I come, and I got no horse, no cow, no pig, no nothings.' And he make a nose like he going to cry and say, 'Oh, fa-a-ader.' And then I say: 'But in the road down under the trees I meet leetle man with a bag on his back and he stop me and say, "Good efening, Sharlie, you got at home one leetle boy Otto?" And I say, "Yes, I got leetle boy Otto." "A good leetle boy?" he say. And I say, "The best leetle boy that efer was." And he say: "Ha, his mudder tell me that, too, and his grandfader. That iss goot. Here, Sharlie, here is cake of shocolate for that leetle boy," and here it is, Otto,' and I gif it to him. Ach, then to see that boy—he hug me and kiss me and yump up and down in mein arms and he say, 'Fader, fader!' Ach, my little Otto. August, O August, you will go now and pull that sheet in. I will take the tiller—that is it, yes." We had been forging ahead of our consort, the Friedrich, and this putting the jib-sheet into the wind deadened our way so that she held us level.

When three hours were up, the crew of the Friedrich began to haul in the net. At the proper moment she came to anchor, and our skipper ranged alongside with the Minna and passed over our end of the net, after clearing it of its drag-line. Then, while they on the Friedrich gathered in the bunt of the net and bailed in the catch, we stood off and on in the waiting.

This time the haul was not good. Only four tubs resulted, and mostly small fish at that. It being then only three o'clock the two skippers decided for a short, quick drag farther inshore for eels. The rest of the fleet seemed to be bent on the same thing, and it turned out that there was quite a squadron of golden-brown sails and broad-beamed hulls reaching to the southeast at the same time.

Dragging for eels calls for a little more speed in sailing than when one is after flounders. The eel is reckoned more lively by the fishermen. He is certainly more strategic; it is believed that he has not such a fear of the clappers on the drag-line, and he has been suspected of dodging by the clappers, of taking them flying

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with a dive between two of them—making gains through the line, as it were.

So we shook out the reef in our mainsail, put the yard topsail onto her, and went after eels. In about an hour and a half we hauled in the nets. There was not a solitary eel there and not more than half a tub of flounders, and those mostly poor specimens.

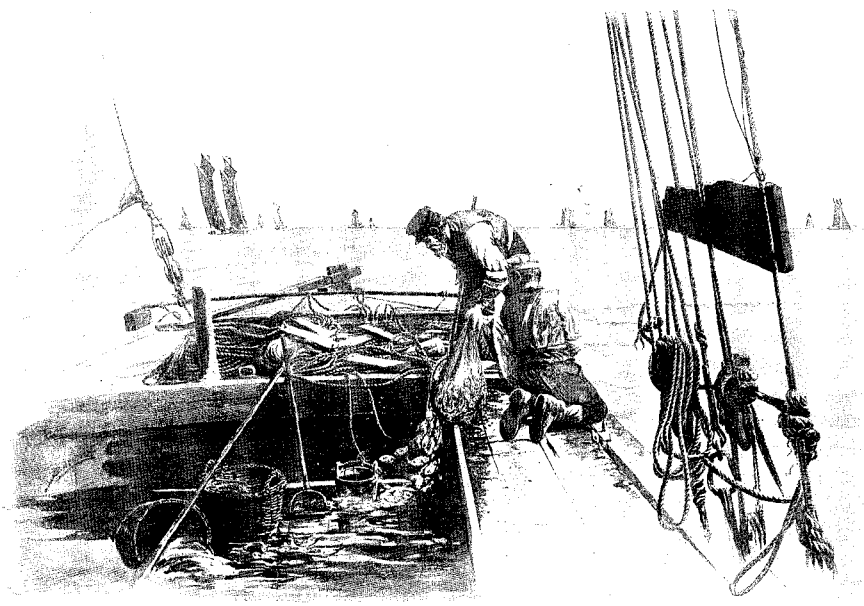
"Fished out," said the skipper, shaking his head. "Fished out. Soon we shall haf to go far away or go to farming. It is well that there is a farm for me if go I must." Further consideration and the sight of a big cartridge in the net impelled him to say that it might have been the cannonading of the previous night that had scared the fish.

"See now," he exclaimed, as the cartridge appeared, "see now. It did not come last night—no, but another time, and that is often the way. Lift him now—all—all, *lift him.*"

It was almost too much for us, and we were forced to let it sag back two or three times before we finally got it in, an interesting but worthless prize. Four or five yards of good netting came away with it.

"Twelve centimetres at least, is it not? That is the soldiers and their shooting exercises. Up in the river under the wall of the fort—did you see it?—there is an old, old ship, with leetle wooden house and shapes of men looking from out the windows on her deck. Did you see them? And on the roofs and in the tops of the masts—you saw them? So. Leetle ways off the soldiers shoot at the figures with their leetle hand-guns. A great way off they shoot at the houses and the old ship himself with their great cannons, like that one we just haul in. The officers, when they tink it good for soldiers to practise some shooting, anchor their ship out here on our fishing-grounds, and all day they shoot at it. We must not pass out on that day, and no steamer must pass out on that day. We stay all up the river and do nothing. That is our army. You do not haf something like that in your country?—no. It is good for the soldiers—oh, yes—but for the fishermen? Next day or next week or six months, maybe, sometime—whenever it is—we come along and catch in the net what you see there. Such fish do not pay. To-night August there will not go to the beach. He will put on those beautiful sea-boots to-night—yes—but he will put them on to mend nets. You do not like that, August? No—but remember it when you are a soldier of the army."

We sailed her back in the early evening, past the white froth of the beach and



Transferring the fish from the net to the well.—Page 668.

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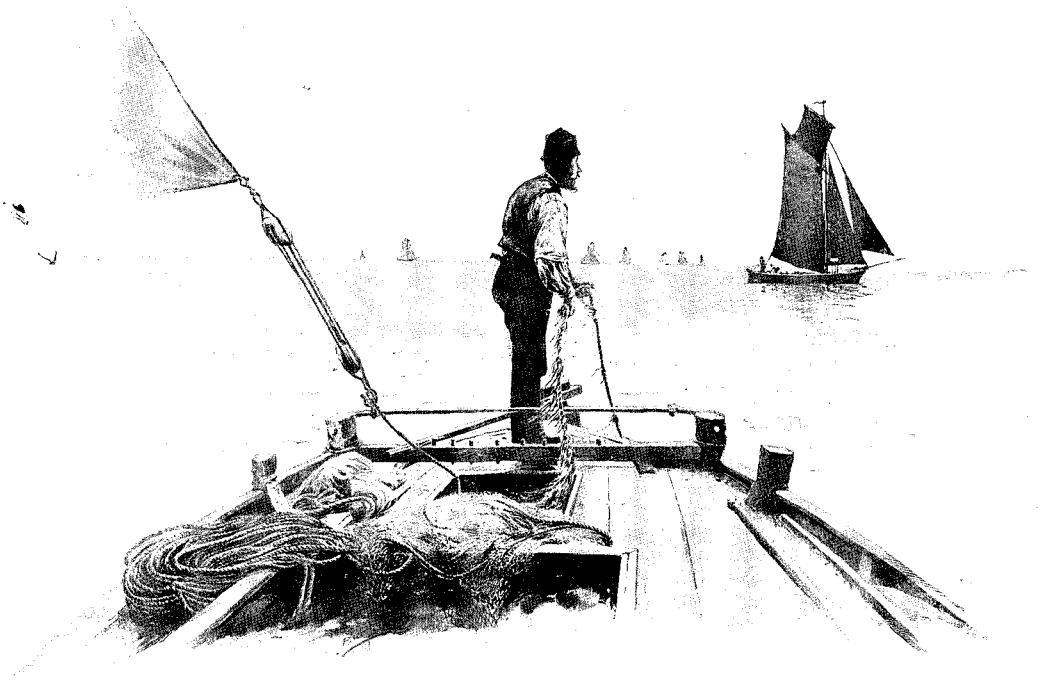

The Drag-line.

into the dark scum of the river, past the little light-house, the stone pier-head, and so on up between the jetties. We passed again the brick walls of the fort, the half-masted flag on the tall swaying light-house, the merry-go-round just beyond and so on to the little plank foot-bridge that led up from the jetty out to where was our mooring. There we made all fast.

We dipped out a tub of the flounders for the inspection of the fish-buyers—one a man who produced a long bottle of black whiskey from which Charlie and Fred took a good pull, and the other a good-humored and shrewd-looking woman, who offered a smile and a joke in lieu of the schnapps of her competitor.

The bidding was not over-keen. The man said three marks and fifty pfennigs, the woman three marks seventy-five, and the man four marks. Charlie, a gallant man, looked at the woman, but she shook her head. She cared little whether she got them or not, she said. She had a load already. So the flounders went to the man with the schnapps for four marks, and they took another drink all around on it.

August and Old Fred's boy put the flounders into baskets and carried them up the shaking foot-bridge to the road beside the jetty, where the purchaser dumped them into his wagon and sorted them out according to size. There were fourteen tubs at four marks. Twenty-eight marks—$7—was the share to each of the two skippers. That was a good day, indeed.

They spread the net across the decks of the Minna and the Friedrich, and the four of them—Charlie, Old Fred, August, and Fred's boy—worked away at the breach made by the cartridge. The cartridge itself went into her hold for good ballast.

Across the way the merry-go-round with its music-box was whirling merrily, under the trees the soldiers were breathing the free air unrestrainedly, along the road young couples were promenading light-heartedly, and up and down the river the excursion steamers were plying gayly—everywhere was enticement for our fishermen, but they worked on in the slowly waning light of a summer evening. August and the other young lad would look up wistfully now and then, but Old Fred and Charlie held to their tasks like stoics. They kept at it until long after

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one thought they could not see to do anything; and it was late and dark, with soldiers in barracks, the merry-go-round silent, the river steamers stopped, and the promenaders flitting away, departed, ere they had done.

Old Fred was the first to express a sense of relief. "Ho," said he, stretching his arms and yawning, "ready again, Sharlie."

"Yes," said Charlie, massaging the kinks out of his neck and loosening his shoulders. "Yes, Old Fred, once more we are ready. Go to bed, you young people, go to bed, and be ready for early in the morning once more. But first we shall hoist this net to the mast-head up. August, ho, August—Au-u-gust!"

"He is asleep—and my boy, too," said Old Fred.

"Asleep—already?—Well, let them sleep, poor boys—they must be tired."

A WINDOW DRAMA

By Juliet Wilbor Tompkins

ILLUSTRATION BY C. ALLAN GILBERT

I

"'MONDAY'S child is fair of face,'" said a voice under the window. She leaned her elbows on the sill and smiled down.

"What are you doing in my garden at this hour?" she demanded.

"Why, I am on my way to work, as fast as I can go!"

"Oh! And my garden is on the way, is it?"

"On the way? Dear lady, it is a short cut!" There was not a flicker in the clear, frank gaze, though she searched it sternly. She shook her head.

"And to think that two hundred innocent little children are under your influence every day! I think we shall have to withdraw Dorothy from the school. I will speak to mother about it."

He came nearer: "Let me explain it to your mother. I think I could make her understand."

She frowned. "You mustn't walk on the beds. You are spoiling my mignonette."

"I'm not touching your old mignonette." He rested his arms on the window-ledge. "Let me see what you are doing. I know—that's a centrepiece. And you'll embroider a lot of little round ones to go with it. Are you always at work so early in the morning?"

"When I have a special order to fill. I shall have to slave on this."

He fingered the skeins of colored silks that lay in the sill with a dissatisfied frown. "Why do you do it?"

"To earn money. What a foolish question!"

"But what do you want of money?"

"Well," she glanced thoughtfully down at herself, "to buy blue linen gowns with, for one thing."

"I like the blue linen gowns," he conceded. "And I like that little white jacket you wore yesterday—well, blouse, then. How should a single man know all these intricate names?"

"Oh, he does know them, really. But he knows it is funny and endearing to blunder—that a woman adores to have him refer to her polonaise or her waterfall, and get tangled up in gores and biases. It's his little game."

"How brutally cynical! My word of honor, I don't know a bias from a lap-dog. If you find that endearing——"

"You will be late for school," she warned him.

"True! Well, may I come again?"

"Oh—since it's on your way!"

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Drawn by C. Allan Gilbert.

"Oh! And my garden is on the way, is it?"—Page 675.

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II

"WHAT *are* you doing?" she demanded, thrusting her head out of the window. He went on cutting Papagontier roses from the low trellis without a glance up. He did not even lift his hat. Presently he dropped his knife back into his pocket, rearranged his bouquet, then looked up with a sudden smile of pleased surprise, catching his hat from his head.

"Oh, good-morning! I brought you a few roses," he said, laying them on the window-sill. "'Tuesday's child is full of grace'—they made me think of you this morning, so I ran out before breakfast and gathered them. I knew you had mignonette in your garden, but I thought perhaps Papagontier roses were more of a rarity."

"Yes, indeed. I don't believe we have one—left—in the garden," she said. Then she picked them up with a little silent laugh. "I must see about withdrawing Dorothy at once," she murmured.

"Oh, don't you worry! Dorothy is quite capable of teaching me wickedness, in some ways. She whispers!"

"And you mean to say you can't control your scholars?"

"Well, I think she presumes on the fact that she looks a little like you. She is a very intelligent child."

"She is. She said she was going to wait about at the gate after this and see if you didn't ask her to walk to school with you."

"She did?"

"Yes."

"Well—a——"

"Yes."

They both laughed. "I hope she realizes that I come this way merely because it is a short cut," he said, a trifle anxiously.

"Undoubtedly. Dorothy is, as you say, intelligent." She lifted her embroidery frame to her face, ostensibly to bite off an end of pink floss. Her eyes met his for an instant over its edge. An odor of crushed mignonette came suddenly from the bed below like a delicate wail. He put his hands on the sill, as though to mount. She leaned back in her chair and made a French knot. "She is waiting for you under the pepper-tree," she added, casually. "You can see her white apron if you look. I am afraid she is getting impatient."

He dropped his hands and murmured something.

"Yes; as you say, it is a pleasant morning," she assented, holding her embroidery frame at arm's length to judge the effect.

III

"'WEDNESDAY'S child is merry and glad,'" said a resentful voice. The singing stopped abruptly.

"Why, I thought you must have gone by the long way round this morning," she said. "Dorothy and I quite gave you up."

"So that is why you were singing and dancing up there?"

"I wasn't dancing. And some persons would say I wasn't singing."

"Well, it was intended for singing: anyone could tell that." Clearly he was not in a good-humor this morning.

"Then you don't care about my voice?" she asked, with deceptive gentleness.

"I like everything about you but that everlasting embroidery. Come and walk to the corner with me!"

"Indeed, no. I am too busy."

"To the gate, then."

"No."

"You wouldn't do anything for me, would you!"

"When Dorothy acts like this, we tell her she is altogether too big for that sort of thing now."

He sighed sharply and kicked at the loose brown earth under his feet.

"You are so aloof and high and superhuman up there! Please come out for one minute, so that I can look down on you properly. Seeing you from this angle is all wrong. I am losing my self-respect. The man should be the head of the——"

"Listen!" She held up her hand as the clock struck.

"Oh, I know. I lead a dog's life, and you don't care in the least. You will go on singing the moment you are rid of me."

"Or what is intended for singing?" she said, mildly, after him. He wheeled abruptly; but the window was closed.

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IV

THE warm wind swelled and swayed the curtains and fluttered the colored silks on the window-sill. The embroidery lay on a chair, as though it had just been dropped. But still she did not come. He leaned against the sill and hummed softly to himself, smiling as he studied her little gold thimble. Presently he looked at his watch and frowned. A glance about the garden and up at the other windows revealed nothing. The frown deepened as the minutes passed and he stabbed impatiently at the woodwork with her scissors. At length he closed his watch with a final snap, tore a leaf from his notebook, and, writing a note across it, pinned it savagely to the window-sill with the scissors, then strode away. Stealing in as soon as he had passed the pepper-tree, she found it there :

"*Thursday's child is sour and sad.*"

There was an irrepressible laugh, but he was out of earshot.

V

"'FRIDAY'S child is loving and giving,'" he suggested, holding out his hand.

"'And forgiving,' I suppose you mean," she said, severely.

"I am the one who is forgiving. You spoiled my whole day yesterday. Why weren't you here ?"

"Oh, I had other things to do."

"So had I ; but that did not keep me away. I knew I had been disagreeable the day before, and I came on purpose to show you how pleasant I could be."

"Yes—I received your note."

"Well, I wasn't going to be pleasant all alone ! It was a hateful day. I called Dorothy up and made her cry—you have no idea what a satisfaction it was. She really looks a good deal like you."

"Poor little Dot—how horrid of you."

"Oh, she deserved it on her own account as well as on yours."

"What had she done ?"

"I shall not tell on her. It lies between Dorothy and myself."

"I know you simply took it out on her because you were cross. Oh, I wouldn't be under your authority for anything."

"But I am as kind as possible when people are good."

"So is anybody. I should want someone who was kind when I was not good !"

His folded arms were on the window-ledge and he rested his chin on them, looking at her gravely.

"No : even you must not be spoiled," he said. "You would take to it—oh, as a duck to water. But you are too sweet, too valuable. You must remember that no matter how I—how any passing acquaintance sees you, you are—" he broke off with a laugh and put his hand over hers for a second—"human and faulty, after all. You must be good, my dear," he ended, lightly. "*Au revoir*. I must go and preach elsewhere."

He went away humming, and she bent over her work, diligently shading a buttercup with salmon pink.

VI

THE Papagontier rose had put out her new buds, and even a frail red blossom. Bees droned over the mignonette beneath the window. At any chance sound from the garden, or the distant click of the gate, she went zealously at her embroidery; but at intervals her hands fell on her lap and she turned her face to the warm breath of the garden, smiling with absent eyes. Her gown was very white and fresh, with little crimped frills about it. Once she pulled a white rose from the vine by the window and put it in her hair ; but at a step on the gravel she caught it out again and dropped it behind the curtain. The step proved to be Dorothy's.

The morning drifted on, hour by hour. Gradually her eyes became more alert, her movements more businesslike. She bent severely over her work. When she discovered the pink shading on the yellow buttercup, she ripped it out with a sharp frown. A whole garland was finished by luncheon-time, and with her lips reduced to a straight line, and eyebrows slightly raised, she went to her room and changed the fresh white gown for the blue

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linen, which she had worn several times. In the afternoon a boy brought a note; would she go to drive at four? Her eyebrows went a shade higher, and she scribbled back a single line:

"*Saturday's child must work for her living.*"

Then she smiled, for the first time in several hours.

VII

THE colored silks were put away, and she was leaning out of the window when he came across the lawn. She had on the white gown again.

> The child that is born on the Sabbath-day
> Is blithe and bonnie and good and gay,"

he chanted. Then he held up both hands to her. "Come down! I want you down here!"

"I will get my hat and meet you at the front door," she said, primly; but she did not draw her hands away and her mouth was uncertain at the corners.

"No, this way. I don't dare let you go! Something might happen between here and the front door."

"Well, then—you come in this way and go out with me."

He drew himself up to the sill and paused, looking into her eyes.

"In that case, something is bound to happen between here and the front door," he said, deliberately. She drew back with a little catch in her laugh; but he swung himself in, and the curtains fell behind him.

THE CAMERA IN A COUNTRY LANE

By Sidney Allan

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RUDOLF EICKEMEYER, JR.

> He who wanders widest lifts
> No more of beauty's jealous veils
> Than he who from his doorway sees
> The miracle of flowers and trees.
> —*Whittier.*

TO watch the sunrise from some Alpine hut, to spend a moonlit night in the shadow of the Sphinx, or to walk the Garden of the Gods undoubtedly satisfies our never-to-be-stifled nomadic instinct best; but the true lover of nature is aware that hoards of beauty lie hidden everywhere, and that, with open eyes and ears and a receptive soul, a ramble across the fields or a saunter through the woods may afford equal enjoyments. The acquaintance of an old country lane, such as may be found everywhere even in the suburban districts of a large city, has in recent years brought me into closer contact with nature and filled me more with "reverential wonder" than any previous tramps along the Rhine and the dunes of dyke-bound Holland.

This country lane, leading straight to a lily pond in the wood—half an hour's saunter at the utmost—is mine, really mine. I have conquered this little tract of land with my legs and am its real landlord by the right of friendship. It is lined by an old fence of gray chestnut rails, splintered and full of holes, and here and there dabbed green with moss and lichens, behind which meadows and fields of wild flowers extend to the delicate drabs and thin blues of distant hills and vegetation. The other side of the road, with its stone wall and cultivated farm land, has only a passing interest for me. I generally make my way in the small irregular paths wind-

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ing themselves along the fence—here and there broken by a horse or cow track leading to the meadows—consciously observant of the copious shrubs and weeds that grow among the stones scattered at the fence bases. How well we have learned to understand each other. And that bit of creek, tracing its silvery course through some out-of-the-way corner of the field—how I love it.

But the immediate foreground has always had my fullest sympathy. Stooping to examine some flower-leaves, or to pluck a blade of grass, I suddenly realized that the humble vegetation at my feet was an entire world in itself, a new realm, entirely unexplored by the careless passerby.

I discovered in the most common plants by the roadside, in every confused cluster of stems and leaves, not only alleys, avenues, cross-roads, public squares, but entire cities peopled with countless insects. I observed how the shoots of the previous spring were decaying sadly, and how the new slender stalks were growing up, stretching out, bending into a multitude of forms, and constructing frail colonnades, porticoes, domes, and temples, whose architecture changed with every motion of the air. I began to grasp Whitman's idea of giving to his cosmic poems the simple name of "Leaves of Grass," and wondered why these foreground studies had been so sorely neglected by the landscape painters.

Only the ideal figure painter has at times taken pity upon the wild flowers and used them for some decorative background, and the impressionist, ambitious to paint sunshine or to solve some problem of color, has now and then led us into a kitchen garden or some poppy field.

It was left to the camera to reveal the constructive beauty of these simple fragments of nature, and to bring near to us and to make common property of what heretofore only attracted the attention of the botanist and the wild-flower enthusiast.

As much as I may desire after a long winter to get out into the open air again, I seldom venture forth in April, when Nature, in the earth and the roots and its starting insects, is busy with the preparation of spring, when the dark brown earth of the field lies upturned in long strips, and the woods with their rotting leaves begin to smell of sulphureted hydrogen. There has always been something muddy and murky to me about this time of the year, something unpleasant with which I cannot bring myself into perfect sympathy. If the country is smiling, it is because it is beginning the everlasting task of regeneration again. The gracious smile is but the gayety of labor. The sap is welling out of the ground, the leaves sigh, the buds of flowers are in a hurry, all grows without pause, all the plants, all the herbs are quarrelling as to which shall spring up the quickest; and the running water, the creeks and rivers come to assist in the common labor. The earth is a vast workshop at all seasons, but one feels the mechanism of evolution more in this season than any other.

I rather wait till May, when the woods are full again of swarming, singing, mating birds, when the bumblebees fill the long lane by thousands with their incessant musical drone; when the dull, white cymes of the dogwood reappear and the old gnarled apple-trees have once more put on their blush of youth; when the pale sun stands like a great silver lamp in heaven, and casts a shower of bright rays on the wheat-fields turning already a clear, bright emerald hue. That is the time to begin one's foreground studies in all earnestness.

An unusual melodiousness surrounds us on all sides. All sorts of birds dart about, hop along the fence, or are perched in the trees. I hear the clear, flageolet notes of a quail, the notes of a plover somewhere high in air, but I am too little versed in this natural vocal concert to place the different sounds. Flora, with fleet footstep, has hurried along the lane and emptied her horn of plenty with lavish hands. There is a general *reveille* of nature. Across the stone wall I see glimpses of white cherry and peach blows. The blackberry bushes from their prickly recesses thrust out their little cluster of white blossoms; the low-seated violets, their blue eyes drooping earthward, salute my feet and the strawberry plants, which climb along some mossy stone, show already little berries, slightly tinged on one side, hardly as large as a pea. Near by, in the sand, a solitary *Myrica cerifera*, exhales its sharp, resinous odor, once the

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The Lane.

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Daisies.

delight of all saving housewives, of those of New Amsterdam as well as the ladies of Southern plantations, who used the bayberry to prepare their home-made candles. But I imagine everybody has a hobby liking for certain expression of plant life in every month. Mine in May is for the endless profusion of dandelions and the cedar apples, those curious catkin-like growths that appear on the cedar bushes, when the rainfall during spring has been heavy.

The golden dandelions spot the ground everywhere. To me the plant itself, its nest of juicy green leaves, the smooth stem, and the bright flower-star, compared by Lowell to the precious metal which tempted the "Spanish Prow" across the seas, possess an intrinsic beauty of their own. It is a flower that grows wherever it is allowed to grow, and even where the gardener is bent on its destruction, it often escapes its bitterest enemy, the lawn-mower, by growing flat to the ground. I love it for this harmless tenacity, for the lavishness of its golden bloom, and above all else for the sake of childhood associations. For did we not all make rings and chains out of the hollow stems, and later on, when the tender ball of plumed seeds appeared, ready to catch any puff of wind and to be carried through the air, use it as an oracle?

What a homely, novel beauty is revealed by the "cedar apples," with their bronze-colored beards dangling in the breeze against the dark green background of tufted leaves. There are many people who have never seen a cedar apple, for, although a parasite, it is very rare in some seasons; during the spring months of the last two years, however, it appeared in spots in great profusion. It is a fungus that chooses the cedar branches as a field of operation, and its coral-like clusters of silky yarns, emanating from little knobs ingrafted in the bark, seem more beautiful to me than the catkins of any willow, birch, or alder tree. I can well understand the interest that Lamartine, entertained for these flossy shreds, and which he so lovingly mentions in his rhapsodies about the cedars of Lebanon.

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Nature in all its series of continuous change and progress marches in procession, in sections, like the corps of any army. The yellow gold of the dandelions and if the artistic photographer finds it necessary to rearrange them, it is only because we, used to certain stereotype laws of beauty, do not dare to copy the

Apple Blossoms.

is relieved in June by the brilliant white of the daisies and the purplish red of the clover. All along the fence row, from every patch of verdure, large, high-stalked daisies, "white as milk and yellow as gold," greet our eye. What an effective border for that primitive path! What linear beauty in each thicket, formed by a cluster of its graceful stems! Nature composes its pictures with marvellous precision. Every branch and leaf has it value, wild, uncultivated style which nature herself dictates.

The clover plant is also a great favorite of mine. I like it for its slight frame, its unpretentious appearance and a certain delicacy in its character, for despite its ability for enduring all sorts of hardship, few meadow flowers droop their foliage and decline their bloom under the sun's fervor as rapidly as the clover. What a strange luxuriance there is about a clover

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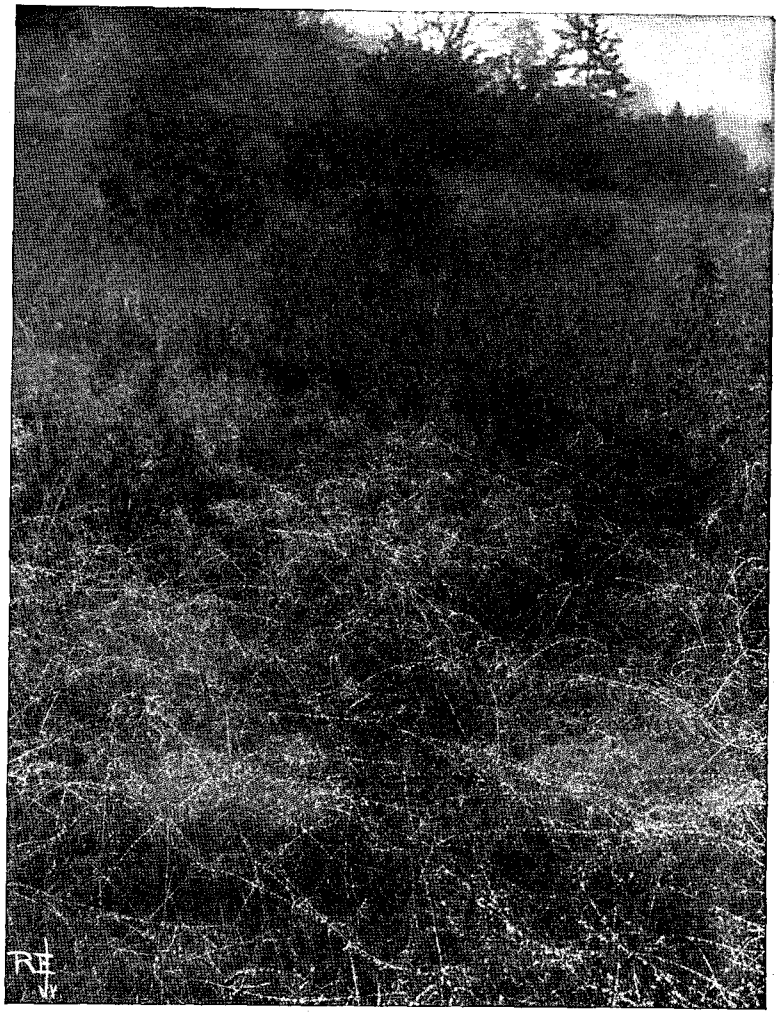

Heavy Morning Dew.

field ! A delicious perfume, a faint honey scent, pervades the air, in delicacy not to be compared with that which the clover-hay exhales a few weeks later, and the myriads of butterflies, skimming along the surface, lend a curious animation to the scene. The hive-bees, too, with loud and steady humming, are busy extracting the sweet juice from the blossoms. But strange they only alight on the brilliant crimson clover. They disdain the common red kind. This puzzled me for a long time, until I accidentally discovered that the tube of the latter is too long to be sucked by the bee, and that the second crop, after the grass has been mown, is decidedly smaller and accessible to these little fellows in their jaunty, yellow jackets. Many people are of the opinion that their appreciation of the beauty of a flower is

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Dew-covered Cobwebs.

lessened by the knowledge of its physical features, while it is really heightened, as our admiration should surely be intensified by the thought that each detail of structure has its definite purpose and utility.

June is also the month of morning mists, and some day, when we venture forth earlier than usual, we hardly trust our eyes. The most familiar spots seem to have been transformed into some enchanted fairyland. It has been cold during the night, and now, a warm breeze having started up, the whole distance has draped itself in mist, not one of those fogs to which we have grown accustomed in large cities, formed out of the impurities which offend our nostrils and lie heavily on our chest, but a mist made out of the moisture of pure country air.

And what a poetic background this

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Dogwood Bloom.

wall of shifting vapor forms to the scene that lies before our immediate vision. Everything seems weird and mystic at such moments. How the dew sparkles in the tangled meadow grass, each blade seems to be covered with countless diamonds. And in the adjoining pasture, where the grass has already been cut, a few silvery patches attract our attention. They are cobwebs delicately spanned over a tuft of grass, like a tent, under which Oberon and Titania might have held their revels. And even in broad daylight we should not wonder if gnomes and pixies should pop out from these fragile coverlets. There is so much in Nature to remind one of those tender fairy beings which people Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream." Does not the inch-long yarn of the cedar-cones remind one involuntarily of a "shock of wild hair on some elfin pate," and might not the plumed seeds of the dandelion serve as a parachute for some fairy bent on an aëronautic expedition?

As we are once in the field let us saunter down to the meadow, where the fleur-de-lis are in full bloom. The mists curl upward, a sure sign that no rain is coming, and true enough, before we have reached those dainty, high-stalked flowers that furnished the symbol for the royalty of France for so many centuries, the sun has dispersed the grayish veil that hovered over the distance, and a dome of wonderfully clear blue rises over the lonesome landscape. How the sun drinks in the dew!

I have felt something like giddiness at seeing this scene, so gentle and so beautiful. I have never seen it look so gay: the dappling glimpses of the water, the quiver of the long sword-like leaves in the fresh wind, crossing each other like warp and woof, forming strange ornamental labyrinths, in which the blackbirds have built their fragile nests; the free, open form of the flowers with their spreading petals, and the sun in the broad, clear sky.

A slate-colored dragon-fly dances in the air, and a lonesome hornet rises from some flowery recluse. Everywhere insect life and brown water-beetles running over the marshy ground. Without these little busy-bodies these fleur-de-lis might not be in blossom, for the insects belong to the countless laborers on Nature's great farm, of which this field of wild flowers forms an humble part.

Man grows for himself and his live-stock a few vegetables—about 250 spe-

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Fleur-de-Lis.

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cies. But in the great natural farm things are done on a much grander scale. Here the species of crops grow not much less than 140,000 in number. Nature's laborers, the worm and others, are zealous and trusty husbandmen, effecting work even where the steel plough proves useless.

The army of birds in turn fight with the slugs, snails, and grubs, and all those marauders that have a special fondness for seedlings, a war in which the farmer often finds himself worsted. The great natural harrow, the frost, breaks up and crumbles the soil, grain by grain, more effectively than any implement of man, for he conquers the deserts and produces, with the help of the wind carrying seeds from land to land, fertile soil even on the bare rocks.

All the elements and many a workman from the ranks of the animal kingdom had to combine to produce this proud field of fleur-de-lis, running in waves as the wind comes and goes, with its large leaves twinkling in the sun as if the dew were still on them. Even we, who nonchalantly make our way through the tall meadow-grass, may be active in the evolution of this part of Nature's farm, by carrying some seed that has nestled in our clothes, from one place to another; and so we shall have involuntarily worked with the spring, preparing the way for a summer richer in flowers and a more bountiful fall.

The Old Rail Fence.

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THE GULF STREAM MYTH AND THE ANTI-CYCLONE

By Harvey Maitland Watts

THE transformation of the Desert of Sahara into an inland sea, and the diversion of the Gulf Stream by means of a tide-level canal at the Isthmus of Panama, or its damming at the Straits of Florida, were two fantastic projects that afforded a certain class of thinkers a chance for a deal of idle speculation a generation or so ago. The possible cataclysm, the menace to the very balance of the globe itself, that was supposedly inherent in the first proposition, if only the Atlas Mountains could be pierced by De Lesseps, was set off against the Arctic possibilities involved for the helpless British Isles in the second if either plan of suppressing the Gulf Stream were found feasible. But, fortunately for the rule of common-sense, all that the imagination—akin to that which has given the world "A Journey to the Centre of the Earth"—had conjectured as to the Saharan scheme came to nothing when physiographic research laid bare the amusing fact—it really had been settled in the 50's by Barth—that, save in the case of two insignificant pot-holes, the Sahara is, on the whole, a hilly, mountainous, elevated plateau region, considerably above the level of the sea, and not at all a depression in the earth's surface. And so with the second project. Though Captain Silas Bent impressed the St. Louis Historical Society, and caused a shiver of apprehension to pass over Great Britain some thirty years ago, when he described the gelid effects that would follow his proposed diversion of the Gulf Stream, modern meteorology is complacently at ease when such a suggestion is mooted to-day, since it knows that the Gulf Stream as an ocean current has no more effect on the climate of western Europe than the weather-vane has on the winds that turn it. The Gulf Stream, in fact, might be engulfed at Colon or dammed at Key West, without anyone from the Scillys to the Hebrides being any the wiser.

That the belief that the Gulf Stream is the sole cause of the mild oceanic climate of western Europe is still held by millions to-day, that it is still taught in the public schools in England and in the United States, and that, although it is absolutely without any foundation whatsoever, it should have come to have all the sacredness of a gospel truth—is a tribute to its attractive statement by one man and to the hypnotic influence of one book. Only be earnest in conviction and picturesque in diction, and your opinion is assured of a safe-conduct for several generations. In consequence, the "Gulf Stream myth," fathered by Maury, persists, while the broader, grander, and more reassuring facts as to climate and weather causation are viewed with suspicion, and make slight headway against the universal acceptance of a theory that gained its whole value from the way it was stated by a strong man in a transition period in the development of an inexact science. The essential facts are that the Gulf Stream as an ocean current ceases to exist, that is, to differ in set and temperature from the rest of the ocean east of the longitude of Cape Race, Newfoundland. It cannot, therefore, convey, does not convey, warm water to the shores of western Europe, there to modify the climate and give the British Isles the breezes of the "unvexed Bermudas," and Sweden and Norway the warmth of the Carolinas. But, above all, climatic causation is not a function of ocean currents, but of aërial currents, and the mild oceanic climate of western Europe is due to the distribution by the permanent aërial circulation in the whole Atlantic basin of the moderating, mitigating effects of the ocean as a whole. This permanent circulation takes the form of a great cyclone in high latitudes and of an enormous anti-cyclonic eddy in mid-latitudes, and to the mid-

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Atlantic anti-cyclone the credit that has been held by the Gulf Stream these many years must be transferred; for, were this aërial eddy to continue as it is now, and the general atmospheric drift from west to east in the northern hemisphere to remain the same, the complete disappearance of the Gulf Stream and all the ocean currents in the Atlantic would be without the slightest effect on the weather and climate of Europe. Any shifting of the anti-cyclone, however—and this means its consequent interaction with the permanent cyclone that determines the circulation in the Atlantic north of the latitude of Cape Race, and also with the travelling cyclones and anti-cyclones that move eastward in the middle latitudes — produces a decided change in the weather, and a variation in climatic effects. And yet here again the myth obtrudes, and the most significant, cosmical, and far-reaching phenomena are glibly attributed to the "shifting of the Gulf Stream"; which very shifting itself is due on most occasions to the action of the wind currents of the anti-cyclone!

Poor, overworked Stream! Having borne the unequal burden of climate causation for half a century, it is about time modern science was heard, and what may be called the warming-pan, hot-water-bottle theory of Maury and the *post*-Maury period given its quietus. Its glamour has distorted climatic facts all too long, and exaggerated personalities, so that for the clearer view of to-day we must not only give up the Gulf Stream for the anti-cyclone, but, looking past Maury, hark back to Dr. Benjamin Franklin to get the true perspective of the development of the Gulf Stream theory and its domination of the imagination of civilized people.

THE FATHER OF THE GULF STREAM

In April, 1775, on board the packet Pennsylvania, Captain Osborne, bound from London to Philadelphia, a man of nigh threescore years and ten could have been seen taking the temperature of the air, and then, dipping his thermometer into the ocean, eagerly scanning its rise or fall as it gave the temperatures of the water. He had left London outraged in all his feelings at the insolence of those who governed England; and in a letter to the Earl of Dartmouth (never delivered, since Franklin's friend, Thomas Walpole, did not think it discreet) he had threatened the Government with the dire consequences of their attitude toward the American colonies and colonists. A few weeks later he was on the high seas with ample time for cooling off; for a journey to and from London and Philadelphia in those days took any time from six to eight weeks. As the boat drew near to western longitudes the statesman was lost in the physicist who began making these historic temperature records, since they were the first practical demonstration that the thermometer afforded the shipmaster a certain means of determining one's approach to and position in the Gulf Stream, and consequently one's longitude, which was often more guessed at than accurately known in those days. One can easily imagine what satisfaction beamed on Dr. Franklin's face as he noted on April 26th, after he had been taking temperatures for a fortnight, a sudden jump in the water temperatures, when he was in latitude 37° 39′ and longitude 60° 38′, and on May 1st a sudden decrease when in latitude 38° and longitude 72°, for it proved his contention, that not only could navigation make the Gulf Stream its hand-maiden by sailing with its current going east and avoiding it coming west, but that, this side of Newfoundland, the thermometer could tell him where he was, so that he could govern himself accordingly. This was not Franklin's first interest in the Gulf Stream, since five years before he had had the first chart of the Stream ever made engraved for the benefit of navigators, as he reported to the American Philosophical Society in 1786, but the British navigators would have none of it, and, whatever energy Franklin would have used to secure its use was modified by the signal fact that when the packet Pennsylvania landed at Philadelphia on May 5, 1775, Franklin found that his prescience of what a free people would do when exasperated beyond limit had come true. The battle of Lexington had been fought on April 19th, while he was calmly working on his temperature charts at sea; and though "the shot heard round the world" had not gotten beyond the Atlantic seaboard, the physicist found work at hand for the states-

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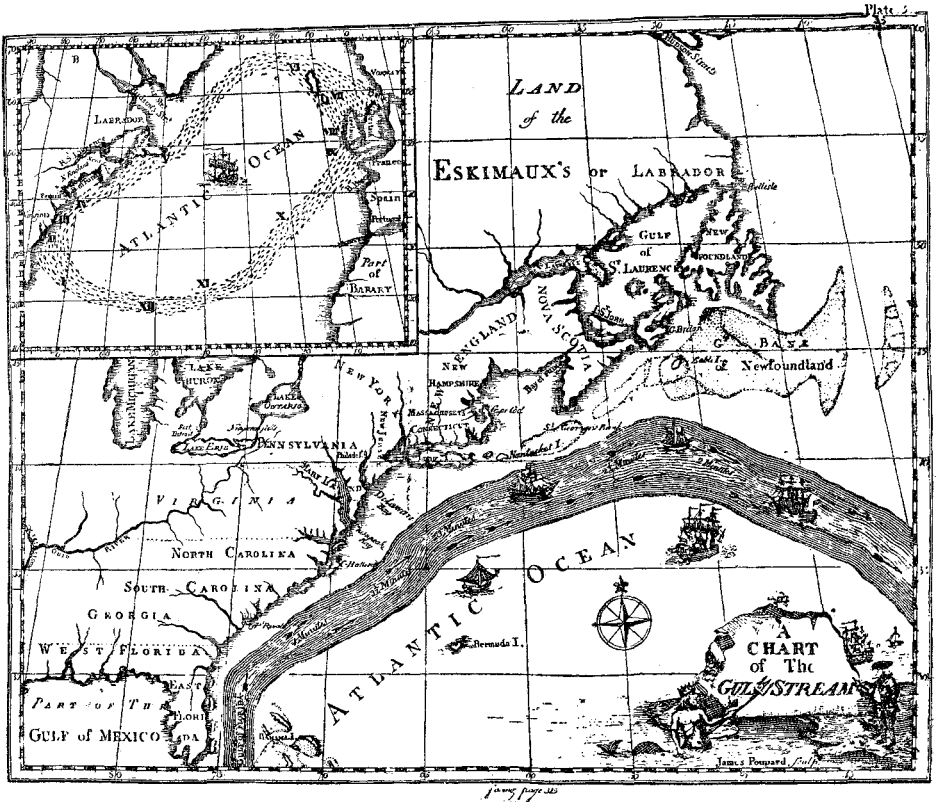

Chart No. 1.

Franklin's Chart of the Gulf Stream published with his report to the American Philosophical Society, read December 2, 1785. The small sub-chart in the upper left-hand corner was inserted by Franklin to explain his theory as to the migration of fish in the Atlantic. This chart, while inaccurate, is not as misleading as many Post-Mauryan charts.

man to do, and the Gulf Stream studies for the nonce went by the board.

Franklin, in order not to aid the enemy, suppressed his navigation charts as far as was possible; so that it was not until the revolution was a thing accomplished and the Government of the United States nearly in being that he took up the thread of his investigations again, as his report to the Philosophical Society shows. It was not, however, until after his death, in 1790, that navigators, who are slow to take up and slow to let go any idea, generally adopted his plans, with the result that passages from England to the northern ports of the United States were made in half the time they formerly were when the master stupidly struggled against the Gulf Stream. From that day until steam made navigators indifferent to its drift, the primacy of the Gulf Stream was assured as one of the great marvels of nature, and its causation became one of the pet subjects of speculation, which, unfortunately, was not always along the line of Franklin's common-sense method of study, but was too often chimerical. Franklin laid it down that the permanent winds of the "trades" were the initial cause of the Gulf Stream. Though wrong in part, he was correct in this, that the permanent aërial circulation in the North Atlantic is an important factor in determining the aqueous surface drift; and if future investigation had followed his lead, science would not find itself at the beginning of the twentieth century still helpless before the almost universal acceptance of an erroneous theory of the Gulf Stream which was developed half a century and more after Franklin had passed away.

What Franklin wrote about the causal relation between the winds and the Gulf Stream in his report to the Philosophical Society, which contained a copy of the first chart of the Gulf Stream, was as follows: "This stream is probably generated by the great accumulation of water on the

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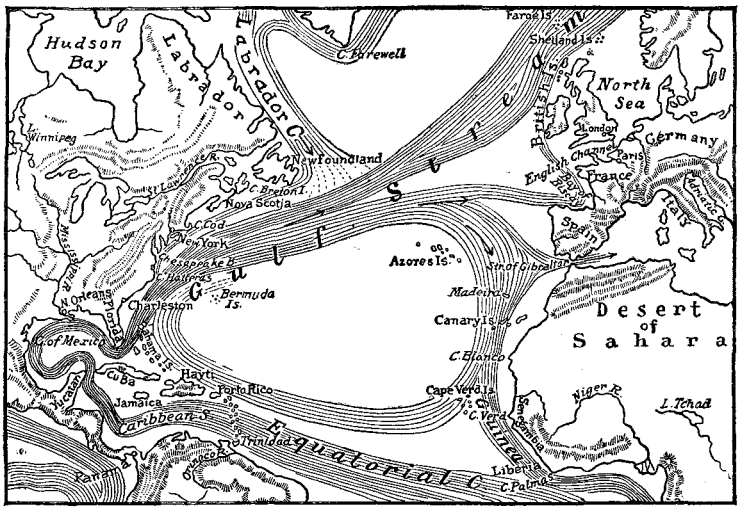

Chart No. 2.

Accepted but wholly erroneous view of the extent of the Gulf Stream according to conventional physical geographies of the Post-Maury period.

eastern coast of America between the tropics, by the trade-winds which constantly blow there. It is known that a large piece of water ten miles broad and generally only three feet deep, has by a strong wind had its waters driven to one side and sustained so as to become six feet deep, while the windward side was laid dry. This may give some idea of the quantity heaped up on the American coast, and the reason of its running down in a strong current through the islands into the Bay of Mexico, and from thence issuing through the Gulf of Florida, and proceeding along the coast to the Banks of Newfoundland, where it turns off toward and runs down through the Western Islands."*

Now while this Franklin theory that the trade-winds were the main factor in the formation of the Gulf Stream has been modified by modern science, and restated so that the winds are given their due importance without overlooking other factors, Franklin's idea as to how winds form ocean currents is entirely borne out by modern hydrographic research. He was much nearer right in his suggestion as to the Gulf Stream causation than the scientists of a later period, who discarded the wind theory, did not believe in any difference of level in the Caribbean Sea or in the Gulf of Mexico, and wholly missed the essential factor in the case of the great deep-sea currents, the effect of the rotary motion of the earth on fluid movements on its surface. For his insight in the one particular and for his chart, Franklin is entitled to full credit as the real "Father of the Gulf Stream," and can be as freely extolled by men of science of today as he was by the savants of the eighteenth century.

* Page 353–354, vol. iii., The Works of Benjamin Franklin, Philadelphia, published by William Duane, 1809.

MAURY AND THE GULF STREAM MYTH

AFTER a post-Franklin epoch given over to rather idle speculation, and before the refined methods of modern physics were developed, by one of those ironies of science the Gulf Stream problem was restated by one of the most gifted scientific writers America has ever produced, but stated in a way that conditioned error on his own and the succeeding generation. For in the restatement the Gulf Stream was endowed with such tremendous functions, meteorologic and climatic, that the ideas expressed really became a kind of Gulf Stream myth. The book which established this myth was a work that did more to popularize physical geography than any book ever written, and its unfortunate influence in conditioning error was in due proportion to its remarkable success. This book was Lieutenant Matthew Fon-

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taine Maury's justly famous "Physical Geography of the Sea," first published in 1855. Translated into all the European languages, the book had an amazing effect on popular imagination as well as on professional beliefs. For his service to navigation in his admirable wind and current charts Maury was given due homage and honors by learned societies and by most of the States of Europe, and his theories had such a vogue that they assumed the aspect of hydrographic orthodoxy. This served further to give his views as to the Gulf Stream as a causal climatic factor a potency which is felt until to-day; for by means of a series of physical geographies, which were imitated on all sides, and repeated his views, he carried his opinion into every nook and cranny of the civilized world. Until recently, in fact, most physical geographies merely repeated Maury's views, or, if they modified them at all, weakly diluted them by saying the subject was a profound mystery, few, however, resisting the temptation to make the generalization that, were it not "for the warmth of the Gulf Stream, Great Britain would have the climate of Labrador, and Norway that of Greenland."

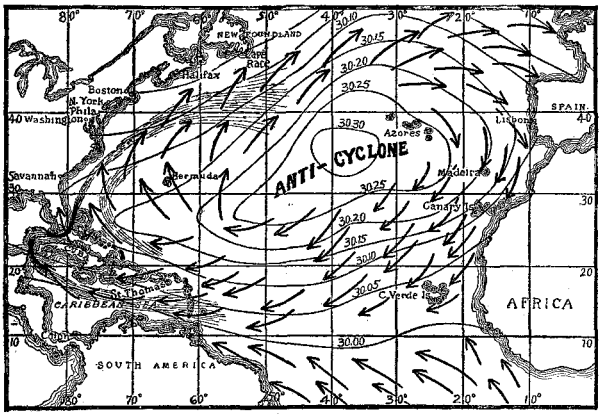

Chart No. 3.

Theoretical normal aërial circulation in the North Atlantic for July, the barometric pressures (represented by continuous lines) according to the Pilot Chart of the United States Hydrographic Office. In January the pressures in the Atlantic anti-cyclone are less than those of July, and the centre of wind dispersion shifts to the southeast of the Bermudas. How the northeast and southeast trades and the general circulation of the anti-cyclone conspire to form the Gulf Stream drift is clearly shown.

Maury, as it were, gave the Gulf Stream its earthly apotheosis, and made it an argument for the proof of design in the physical world. He not only devoted the first two chapters of his book to the current, but, by the force of his rhetoric and the simplicity of his analogies, drove home and fixed his views to such an extent that popular imagination was fired to absolute conviction. It was Maury who believed "winds had little to do with aqueous currents," who set his face against the Franklin idea that the trade-winds were in any sense the cause of the Gulf Stream; who referred to the current as "a jet of warm water, said to be more than three thousand times greater in volume than the Mississippi River," sent "entirely across the Atlantic Ocean"; who likened its effect on the climate of the British Isles to the heating of a house in winter by means of hot water; and who wrote: "One of the benign offices of the Gulf Stream is to convey heat from the Gulf of Mexico, where otherwise it would become excessive, and to dispense it in regions beyond the Atlantic, for the amelioration of the climate of the British Isles and of all western Europe." His view as to the attraction the Gulf Stream had for storms, his chart of it which gives it a width and extent and character not according to careful observation, and his general attitude of wonderment at its marvels had their fullest effect, naturally, in an age that wanted its science well sugar-coated and believed scientific truth was never so acceptable as when supported by an apt quotation from the Scriptures. The "myth" lost nothing in its restating by Maury's followers, and the orthodox *post*-Maury view of the enormous extent of the Gulf Stream is shown in Chart No. 2, taken from a modern "physical geography," which as a contribution to hydrographic fact is quite in error, though it exemplifies the "Gulf Stream myth" in all its glory. Moreover, one of the latest reductions to an absurdity in connecting climate and water-currents came in 1900 when it was gravely suggested that the little trickle of lake water flowing into the Chicago Drainage Canal had permanently modified the summer heats of Chi-

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cago! It is this persistence and exaggeration of Maury's views and their expansion by the careless and ill-informed to-day that compel attention, for, otherwise, his views would have no more interest than any one of the abandoned hypotheses that strew the path of science. But, as it happens in his case, his teachings represent the liveliest "abandoned hypothesis" the world of science has ever known.

THE GREAT ANTI-CYCLONE

WHAT Maury missed in his day was a complete grasp of the general bearing of "cyclonic" and "anti-cyclonic" circulation in the matter of weather and climate causation. Above all, the determining importance of the anti-cyclonic circulation over the oceans was unknown to him. There is, however, nothing mysterious about an anti-cyclone. Though in sound formidable, owing to popular confusion of "cyclone" with "tornado," and "anti-cyclone" with some opposition meteor equally terrifying, in fact the anti-cyclone is one of the most beneficent climatic agencies the globe knows, and its causation is another evidence of the essential simplicity of all natural forces. It is simply one of the two great eddies into which the general circulation of the atmosphere is thrown in the attempted aërial interchange and compensation between the cold polar and warm equatorial regions. This interchange has resulted from time immemorial in giving the atmospheric circulation certain definite relations, which, despite all seeming caprice, are fixed and unalterable. The two eddies that are the resultant of this interchange as affected by the dynamic influence of the rotary motion of the earth are, on the one hand, an up-draught eddy, the centre of low barometric pressures into which and about which the winds circulate spirally, the focus of storm phenomena, and called, in consequence of the inward motion of its winds, the cyclone; on the other hand, a down-draught eddy, the centre of high barometric pressures, from out of which and about which the winds move spirally, the focus of clear-weather phenomena, and called, in contradistinction to the cyclonic eddy, the anti-cyclone. When it is remembered that by reason of cosmical causes the permanent relations of the atmospheric circulation arrange themselves more or less in the form of a belt of anti-cyclones lying over the oceans on or near the tropics, a belt of cyclones near the poles, and in the middle latitudes an eastward drift of migratory cyclones and anti-cyclones, changing in latitude and intensity with the seasons, some idea of the mechanism of the circulation that produces weather and conditions climate is given. All the usual pother and problem and mystery about "oceanic" and "continental" climates, moreover, are resolved when one notes that since the atmospheric drift in the temperate zones is from west to east, this means that all coasts and countries that lie east of oceans have transferred to them oceanic ameliorations, while the eastern parts of continents naturally receive the atmospheric drift as affected by the land masses over which it has travelled. And this is all there is in this much boggled-over subject.

The general atmospheric drift, as has been said, is broken up into two eddies. Of those that have a certain permanency as contrasted with their migratory brethren that move from the Pacific to the Lakes, the Lakes to the Atlantic, the Atlantic to Europe, Europe to Asia, and Asia to the Pacific again, one of the most remarkable is the great mid-Atlantic anti-cyclone, shown in its mean normal condition for July on Chart No. 3. This anti-cyclone practically fills the mid-Atlantic basin with its characteristic circulation. Were a synoptic chart of the mid-Atlantic made on any July day, it would not reveal the exact condition noted in the chart, perhaps, but might approximate to it very nearly. Shifting slightly from north to south with the seasons the anti-cyclone increases in pressure in the summer-time and decreases in the winter-time. Under its vortex lie the "calms of Cancer;" its southern system of winds are the famous "northeast trades," and its great aërial swirl maps out very accurately the swirl of the waters in the mid-Atlantic basin that encompasses the Sargasso Sea. There is a sweep northeast from the Bahamas, then east, southeast, south, southwest, west, and so on around. As can be seen from chart No. 3, the southerly edge of the anticyclonic system of winds, assisted by the

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northerly edge of its sister anti-cyclone that lies in the northern part of the South Atlantic, conspires to start a water circulation toward the west. This surface-drift, owing to the very favorable configuration of the continents, means a tremendous sweep of water into the Caribbean. And it is this movement that brings about that rise of the level of the waters in the Caribbean and the Gulf that in turn causes, in conjunction with the dynamic effect of the rotation of the earth on moving fluids, the issuance of a mighty deep-sea current, the Gulf Stream, at the Straits of Florida. The eternal wind-swirl also carries the Bahama current drift up and around toward Newfoundland, which stream plays its part as an ocean current, and also, in its local effect on the winds, in climatic changes as well. But both the width and northeastward extent of the Gulf Stream, as can be seen in Chart No. 3, is insignificant in the presence of the anti-cyclone, and its water area is small as compared with the area of the mid-Atlantic basin as a whole, whose influence is carried by the aërial circulation of the anti-cyclone over toward the British Isles and the Continent of Europe. And it is this aërial circulation here depicted that gives the westerly coastal regions of Europe their oceanic climate, the anti-cyclone playing its part in connection with the permanent cyclone that lies between Iceland and Greenland, and in conjunction with the migratory cyclones that travel eastward, southeastward, and northeastward along the parallels of 40°, 45°, and 50° N.

Chart No. 4.

Ideal weather map, quite typical of an October day, showing the Atlantic anti-cyclone suppositiitiously impinging on the coast of the United States and keeping up a tropical south-to-north circulation. This type of circulation is the cause of mild spells in winter, warm waves in spring, and hot waves in summer for the coastal States, and "Indian summer" in the autumn. The continuous lines represent the barometric pressures, the dotted lines the temperatures. The wind circulation is spirally out of the "high" (anti-cyclone) into the "low" (cyclone) over the lakes.

That Franklin had no conception of the aërial anti-cyclone or its climatic effects, that he did not know his "trade-winds" were but one manifestation of it, was of course to be expected, but it is rather surprising that so brilliant a writer as Maury failed to see the new light which came from the researches of Redfield, Piddington, Reid, Espy, and Loomis in the 40's and 50's, to say nothing of the work of a Pennsylvanian, William Ferrel, who, when a humble school-teacher in Tennessee, published in 1856 an epoch-making essay on "The Winds and Currents of the Ocean," in the Nashville *Journal of Medicine*. At this time Maury's fame was growing by leaps and bounds; all the world was enamoured of his theories; few read Ferrel, so that the great about-face in meteorology which set in about this time is just now being slowly, very slowly, recognized by the public that grew up on Maury. Though the word "cyclone" was first used by Piddington in 1848, * it was not until

* The first use of this word, about which has crystallized a new epoch in meteorology, is found on page 8 of "The Sailor's Horn Book for the Law of Storms, being a Practical Exposition of the Theory of the Law of Storms and Its

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1862 that the opposite term, "anti-cyclone," came into use, although by that time the importance of the clear-weather eddy was being recognized by meteorologists who had kept their eyes fixed on storm phenomena a little too long. But with the period of synoptic weather-charts well under way in the 60's an adequate study of the behavior of both eddies became possible. And if one were to sum up the advance of modern meteorology in one sentence it would be no exaggeration to say it centred about the increasing realization of the determining importance of the anti-cyclonic eddy in its terrestrial relation as a weather factor and climate-maker. To-day it is recognized that dynamically the anti-cyclonic eddy is "the eddy;" and the modern position as to the climatic and hydrographic importance of the anti-cyclonic wind circulation in the mid-Atlantic as compared with the Gulf Stream has never been better stated than by Professor Cleveland Abbe, of the United States Weather Bureau. Himself a contemporary of Ferrel, a pioneer in developing the modern theories of weather and climatic causation, a savant whose name is known to meteorology the world over, he sums up the modern belief, which is grounded in Ferrel's splendid work, as follows:

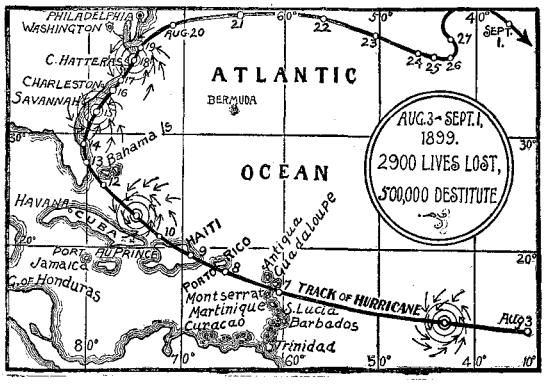

Chart No. 5.

Path of the Porto Rican hurricane of August 3 to September 1, 1899, according to the United States Hydrographic Office. The track of this great cyclone shows how it originated on and skirted the periphery of the Atlantic anti-cyclone, it being held to this path also by reason of the anti-cyclones overlying the continent.

1. The circulation of air in the northeastern part of the Atlantic Ocean determines the mild climate of western Europe by distributing the moisture and warmth of the Atlantic Ocean surface as a whole, and not that of the Gulf Stream, since there is no apparent Gulf Stream in these latitudes.

2. The warmth of the southwest winds of Europe is due to the moisture they contain, which gives up its latent heat when it becomes cloud and rain. The winds take up this moisture from the surface of the ocean, when the latter is warmed up by the sunshine, and they would do the same if there were no Gulf Stream in the Straits of Florida.

3. The effect of the transfer of warm water to the shores of western Europe by the Gulf Stream is inappreciable as compared with the transfer of moisture, cloud, and warmth by the wind; in fact, observations fail to show that there is any warm water transferred to Europe by the Gulf Stream.

4. The Gulf Stream is the result of the interchange of water between the cold northern and the warm equatorial portion of the Atlantic Ocean; but as modified by the rotation of the earth on its axis and the effect of the winds, the solid stream flowing past Florida is a deep-sea current inappreciably affected by the opposing northeast wind at the surface.

THE GLAMOUR OF THE MYTH

In the light of science to-day the Gulf Stream as a determining factor in climate-forming loses all of its old-time glamour. Moreover, what is true of its relative insignificance in this respect is also true, *a fortiori*, of the Kuro Siwo, or Japan Current. This current, a very much feebler stream than the Gulf Stream, owing to the enormous size of the mid-Pacific basin and the unfavorable configuration of the Asian continent, has few of the dramatic characteristics of the Gulf Stream, and yet the Mauryan myth has endowed it also with the virtues supposedly belonging to its Atlantic congener, and it is but recently that

Uses to Mariners of All Classes in all Parts of the World, shewn by Transparent Storm Cards and Useful Lessons, by Henry Piddington, President of the Marine Courts of Enquiry, Calcutta (London, 1848)." In view of the popular confusion of the cyclone (which is a general atmospheric eddy often a thousand miles in diameter) with the tornado (which is a local rotary disturbance often only a few hundred feet in diameter) the exact purpose Piddington had in view in inventing the term is worth noting. He was discussing the great rotary storms of the tropic seas—"typhoons" in the East Indies, "hurricanes" in the West Indies—and wanted a convenient word to describe these storms as a whole. He therefore writes:

"I am not altogether averse to new names, but I well know how sailors, and indeed many landsmen, dislike them; I suggest, however, that we might perhaps, for all this last class of circular or highly curved winds, adopt the term 'cyclone,' from the Greek κυκλως (which signifies, amongst other things, the coil of a snake), as neither affirming the circle to be a true one, though the circuit may be complete, yet expressing sufficiently the tendency to circular motion in these meteors. We should by the use of it be able to speak without confounding names which may express either straight or circular winds with those which are more frequently used to designate merely their strength."

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the Chamber of Commerce of San Francisco was passing resolutions about it, since they believed that, if its shiftings could be studied, California weather might be foreseen long in advance. In this they were confusing effect with cause, and were on the wrong track. Had they passed resolutions about the shifting of the great Pacific anti-cyclone, they would have hit the nail on the head, since it is the variation in its pressures and in its position that makes for climatic and weather changes on the Pacific coast, and also causes any shifting in the drift of ocean currents. And the same is true of the Atlantic basin —the Gulf Stream shifting with the winds and the general barometric stresses ; which shifting, far from being the cause of any weather vagary, is an indication of the secondary relation of the ocean current to the primary cause of weather changes, the shifting of the aërial currents ; in fine, the anti-cyclone itself. We who live in the Atlantic seaboard States of the United States notice the effect of the shifting of the anti-cyclone less than Europe, perhaps, since for the most part weather in the East is not brewed in the ocean, because the aërial drift moves from west to east, and carries the oceanic influences eastward, or away from our shores. But occasionally the Atlantic anti-cyclone obtrudes on our southern coasts with very remarkable results; at times apparently reversing the seasons by setting up a south to north (southeast to northwest, southwest to northeast) circulation that is the primary cause of the spells of halcyonic* weather that have been variously christened "Indian summer" in October or November, "Green Christmases" in December, "January thaws" in January, "anticipations of spring" in February and March, "unseasonable" warm spells in April and May, and, finally, the "hot waves" of summertime. The mechanism of this circulation is shown on Chart No. 4; and if it should happen that in any year there is a tendency for this shift to remain more or less of a permanent feature, the result is a mild winter or a hot summer, as the case may be.

Naturally, all these varied phenomena have been attributed to the "shifting of the Gulf Stream," though in the case of "Indian summer" in the pre-Maury period, before the Gulf Stream was overburdened with work, other fantastic theories were advanced to account for it. Mrs. Trollope, for instance, in her famous book on the "Domestic Manners and Customs of the Americans," explains that the accepted view of the "Indian summer" is that it is due to the heat arising from the decaying vegetation.† Though this view is absurd, it is no more absurd than most of the post-Maury beliefs as to caloric effects of a shift in the Gulf Stream nor any more ridiculous than the declaration that "the climate is changing," that we never have "any more good old-fashioned winters," whenever a mild winter is developed under conditions similar to that shown in Chart No. 4. These conditions are just as old-fashioned as the most rigorous Arctic effects, for the climate has not changed a whit in historic times ; and that such a circulation as that in Chart No. 4 from time to time is established is due to general causes that interact the world around and are above the local effects of the "increasing areas of cultivated lands in the West," as has been recently asserted as a cause of our mild winters on the

* Halcyonic weather, in the Greek legend, was the kind of calm, mild weather that was supposed to prevail during the fortnight that centred about the Winter Solstice, December 22d, when the mythical halcyon birds floated on the waters and brought forth their young. It is very clear that this legend grew up in an attempt to explain the return of summer-like conditions over Greece and the adjacent oceans, which return was due, and is due to-day, to an anti-cyclonic circulation over the eastern Mediterranean. It may also be worth noting that the later European legends as to the mild weather centred about October 18th ("St. Luke's summer"), November 11th ("St. Martin's summer"), December 22d ("St. John's summer"), refer to effects also due to anti-cyclonic conditions.

† Of this matter Mrs. Trollope writes as follows :

"The first autumn I passed in America I was surprised to find a great and very oppressive return of heat, accompanied with a heavy mistiness in the air, long after the summer heats were over; when this state of the atmosphere comes on they say, 'We have got to the Indian summer.' On desiring to have this phrase explained, I was told that the phenomenon described as the 'Indian summer' was occasioned by the Indians setting fire to the woods, which spread heat and smoke to a great distance; but I afterward met with the following explanation which appears to me much more reasonable. The Indian summer is so called because, at the particular period of the year in which it obtains, the Indians break up their village communities, and go to the interior to prepare for their winter hunting. This season seems to mark a dividing line between the heat of summer and the cold of winter, and is, from its mildness, suited to these migrations. The cause of this heat is the slow combustion of the leaves and other vegetable matter of the boundless and interminable forests. Those who at this season of the year penetrated these forests, know all about it. To the feet the heat is quite sensible, whilst the ascending vapor warms everything it embraces, and, spreading out into the wide atmosphere, fills the circuit of the heavens with its peculiar heat and smokiness.

"This unnatural heat sufficiently accounts for the sickliness of the American autumn. The effect of it is extremely distressing to the nerves, even when the general health continues good: to me it was infinitely more disagreeable than the glowing heat of the dog-days."

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one hand, or any shift in the Gulf Stream on the other.

It is a fact somewhat diverting that though the hard-headed business men of the New Jersey coast view the Gulf Stream as one of their resources, they have never accentuated another Maury belief, that the Gulf Stream attracts storms, particularly the great tropical cyclones or hurricanes which vex the Atlantic and Gulf seaboards and are such a marked feature of our autumn weather. There is, of course, nothing in this belief, any more than in the even more ridiculous idea that these great cyclones are caused by the sun crossing the equator on September 21–22—the autumnal equinox. In a causal sense there is no such thing as an "equinoctial storm," any more than there is a storm caused by the Fourth of July, Thanksgiving Day, Christmas, Easter, or a college commencement. Nor is the path of these great cyclones, which have their maximum frequency in August and September, determined by the Gulf Stream. Here again the great Atlantic anti-cyclone has been robbed of one of its most amazing effects, for the tropical hurricanes originate in the eastern Atlantic in low latitudes as pocket-whirls (cyclonic) on the southern edge of the anti-cyclone. They are born of it and belong to it. As these whirls gain force they move westward in the anti-cyclonic wind-drift, and, if the aërial conditions over the North American continent allow, tend to follow its periphery all the way around as they move from the tropics into the circulation of the north temperate zone. A striking example of how the cyclone skirts the anti-cyclone is shown in the record of the track of the terrible Porto Rican hurricane of August 3–September 1, 1899. As will be seen, the path of this most destructive rotary storm maps out very nearly the position of the permanent anti-cyclone normal to this season of the year. Far from being attracted by the Gulf Stream, a study of hundreds of paths of hurricanes reveals that all question as to their point of recurve and their northward or northeastward movement after recurve is purely a matter of the interaction of the mid-Atlantic anti-cyclone with the anti-cyclones that lie over the mainland.

Examples of the complete inconsequence of the Gulf Stream as a dynamic climatic factor might easily be multiplied. Take Newfoundland, for instance, which from the Maury view-point ought to show marked effects of any shift of the Gulf Stream. This bleak island has an "open" or an Arctic winter, not by reason of any vagaries of the Gulf Stream or the much-exaggerated Labrador Current, but in exact relation to the movement of the travelling cyclones and anti-cyclones and the position of the mid-Atlantic anti-cyclone. If the cyclones move along tracks to the north of Newfoundland, the wind circulation is from the anti-cyclone into the cyclone; in other words, there is a drift of air from the south out of the ocean, over the island, and it experiences an "open" winter. If the conditions be reversed and the cyclones take a southern track, the circulation over the island moves from the north and northwest, and gives it a winter of polar rigor, with the Gulf Stream helpless to mitigate its severity. And the same is true of the British Isles. If the successors of Captain Bent could only persuade the Atlantic anti-cyclone to keep far to the south, and if they could also keep the travelling cyclones moving eternally along a track south of the British Isles, a circulation from the Arctic regions would be established which would give England the climate of Iceland and Spitzbergen. In fact, the occasional historic cold snaps of polar severity which the British Isles experience are due to the setting up of just such a circulation.* On the contrary, if the mid-Atlantic anti-cyclone

* Those interested in studying the variations in the wind and water currents in the North Atlantic should consult the reports of the Deutsche Seewarte of Hamburg, which is the German Bureau given over to hydrography and marine climatology, also the British Hydrographic Office whose charts have dealt the "Gulf Stream myth" some powerful blows, while the most recent and most interesting study (which had come out since this article was written but before it was put in type) is a paper by H. N. Dickson, lecturer in physical geography in the University of Oxford, on "The Circulation of the Surface Waters of the North Atlantic Ocean." The paper was read on May 17, 1900, before the Royal Society of London, but was not published until 1901. Mr. Dickson's studies are still going on, but, as was to be expected, his paper leaves the Mauryan myth *nothing to stand on. While he expects to work out the* climatic factors in detail later on, in his present report he notes in conclusion that, in the issue of currents, "the key to the position seems to be the Atlantic anti-cyclone, which controls the low pressure areas (cyclonic), both directly and indirectly, by its far-reaching effect on the oceanic circulation; and it seems scarcely likely that the causes modifying this system are confined to the Atlantic, even if they are to be found at the surface at all." In saying this Mr. Dickson is quite in harmony with modern meteorology; for as meteorologists view it, the changes in the cyclonic and anti-cyclonic systems from year to year, or, period to period, are not due to local, but to great cosmical causes.

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could be transferred permanently north of the Azores, and the travelling cyclones forced eternally to move along a path north of Ireland, the English winter would be persistently Bermuda-like, no matter what the Gulf Stream was brewing or doing.

If over-accentuation seems to have been given to the North Atlantic anti-cyclone, if its wonderful potentialities so far as the climate of Europe and the eastern coast of the United States is concerned, seem to have been written with too fond a hand, it is not because the merits of its fellow-anti-cyclones elsewhere are unappreciated. The great North Pacific anti-cyclone is worthy of an article by itself, while when one remembers that on the variations of the anti-cyclone of the Indian Ocean depends the rainfall of East Africa from the Nile Basin to Cape Colony, and, more than that, the very life and death of teeming millions in India, some idea of what these great permanent eddies mean is faintly suggested. For what is the mysterious southwest monsoon of India, whose failure means famine, whose favorable advent brings hope and plenty, but the extension of the Indian Ocean anti-cyclone northward across the equator into the Arabian Sea! There its circulation reverses itself according to inevitable law, and the movement that caused the south-east trades in the southern latitudes transforms itself into the southwesterly system of winds that sweeps the equatorial moisture to the very ramparts of the Himalayas and makes the Deccan to blossom with the rose and yield abundantly.

In the presence of these great aërial movements acting, not in caprice, but according to law, how petty the old ideas of climatic causes and effects! how the Gulf Stream of Maury dwindles, and what a new reading is given to Franklin's insight, and what a new meaning to the gigantic aërial eddy whose halcyonic breath suspires in our Indian summer, whose trade-winds are still the blessing of the mariner, and whose cyclonic vortices are the most terrible besom of destruction on sea and land that man dares defy in his contest for world supremacy!

THE DAY SHALL DECLARE IT

By Jennette Lee

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. V. DUMOND

THE woman seated in the light of the low, arched window was absorbed in the piece of linen stretched on a frame before her. As her fingers hovered over the brilliant surface, her eyes glowed with a look of satisfaction and lighted the face, making it almost handsome. It was a round, smooth face, untouched by wrinkles, with light-blue eyes—very near the surface—and thin, curved lips.

She leaned back in her chair to survey her work, and her lips took on a deeper curve. Then they parted slightly, and her face, with a look of listening, moved toward the door.

The young man who entered nodded carelessly as he threw back the blue-gray cloak that hung about his shoulders and advanced into the room.

She regarded the action coldly. "I have been waiting, Albrecht." She spoke the words slowly. "Where have you been?"

"I see." He untied the silken strings of the cloak and tossed it from him. "I met Pirkheimer—we got to talking."

The thin lips closed significantly. She made no comment.

The young man crossed the room and knelt before a stack of canvases by the wall, turning them one by one to the light. His full lips puckered in a half-whistle, and his eyes had a dreamy look.

The woman had returned to her work, drawing in the threads with swift touch.

As the man rose to his feet her eyes

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flashed a look at the canvas in his hand. They fell again on her work, and her face ignored him.

He placed the canvas on an easel and stood back to survey it. His lips whistled softly. He rummaged again for brushes and palette, and mixed one or two colors on the edge of the palette. A look of deep happiness filled his absorbed face.

She lifted a pair of scissors and snipped a thread with decisive click. "Are you going on with the portrait?" she asked. The tone was clear and even, and held no trace of resentment.

He looked up absently. "Not to-day," he said. "Not to-day." His gaze returned to the easel.

The thin lips drew to a line. They did not speak. She took off her thimble and laid it in its velvet sheath. She gathered up the scattered skeins of linen and silk, straightening each with a little pull, and laid them in the case. She stabbed a needle into the tiny cushion and dropped the scissors into their pocket. Then she rose deliberately, her chair scraping the polished boards as she pushed it back from the frame.

He looked up, a half-frown between the unseeing eyes.

She lifted the embroidery-frame from its rest and turned toward the door. "I have other work to do if I am not to pose for you," she said, quietly.

He made no reply.

Half way to the door she paused, looking back. "Herr Mündler was here while you were out. We owe him twenty-five guldens. It was due the fifth." She spoke the words crisply. Her face gave no sign of emotion.

He nodded indifferently. "I know. I shall see him." The soft whistle was resumed.

"There is a note from the Rath, refusing you the pension again." She drew a paper from the work-box in her hand and held it toward him.

He turned half about in his chair. "Don't worry, Agnes," he said. The tone was pleading. He did not look at the paper or offer to take it. His eyes returned to the easel. A gentle light filled them.

She dropped the paper into the box, a smile on her lips, and moved toward the easel. She stood for a moment, looking from the pictured face of the Christ to the glowing face above it. Then she turned again to the door. "It's very convenient to be your own model," she said, with a laugh. The door clicked behind her.

He sat motionless, the grave, earnest eyes looking into the eyes of the picture. Now and then he stirred vaguely. But he did not lift his hand or touch the brushes beside it. Gazing at each other, in the fading light of the low window, the two faces were curiously alike. There was the same delicate modelling of lines, the same breadth between the eyes, the long, flowing locks, the full, sensitive lips, and in the eyes the same look of deep melancholy—touched with a subtle, changing, human smile that drew the beholder. It disarmed criticism and provoked it. Except for the halo of mocking and piercing thorns, the living face might have been the pictured one below it. The look of suffering in one was shadowed in the other.

There was a light tap at the door and it flew open.

The painter looked up quickly. The tense, earnest gaze broke into a sunny smile. "Pirkheimer!" He sprang to his feet. "What now?"

The other man came leisurely across the room, his eyes on the easel. He nodded toward it approvingly.

"Wanted to see it," he said. His eyes studied the picture. "I got to thinking it over after you left me—I was afraid you might touch it up and spoil it—I want it just as it is." His eyes sought his companion's face.

The painter shook his head. "I don't know—not yet—you must leave it with me. It's yours. You shall have it—when it's done."

"It's done now," said the other, brusquely. "Here—sign." He picked up a brush and, dipping it into a soft color on the palette, handed it to the painter.

He took it doubtfully between his fingers, his eyes on the face. Slowly his hand moved toward the canvas. It traced rapidly, below the flowing locks, a huge, uncouth A; then, more slowly, within the sprawling legs of the A, a shadowy D; and finally, at the top, above them both, in tiny figures, a date —1503. The brush dropped from his fingers and he stepped back with a little sigh.

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His companion reached out his hand. "That's all right," he said, "I'll take it."

The artist interposed a hand. "Not yet," he said.

"It's mine," replied the other. "You said it."

"Yes, I said it—not yet."

The other yielded with a satisfied smile. His hand strayed to the purse hanging at his side. "What's to pay?—Tell me."

The artist shook his head. "I would not sell it—not even to you," he said. His eyes were on the canvas.

"But it's mine!"

"It's yours—for friendship's sake."

The young man nodded contentedly. Then a thought struck across his face. "You'll tell Agnes that?" he said, quickly.

"Ay, I'll tell Agnes—that it's yours. But not what you paid for it," added the painter, thoughtfully.

"No, no, don't tell her that." The young man spoke quickly. His tone was half-jesting, half-earnest. He stood looking at the two faces, glancing from one to the other with a look of baffled resentment. "A living shame!" he muttered under his breath.

The artist looked up quickly. "What?"

"Nothing." The young man moved vaguely about the room. "I wish to God, Dürer, you had a free hand!" he broke out.

The artist glanced inquiry. He held up his hand, moving the supple fingers with a little gesture of pride. "Isn't it?" he demanded, smiling.

The young man shook his head. His round face retained its look of dissent. "Marriage—for a man like you! Two hundred florins — for dowry!" He laughed scornfully.

His companion's face flushed. A swift look came into the eyes.

The other held out a deprecating hand. "I didn't mean it," he said. "Don't be angry."

The flush faded. The artist turned to the easel, taking up a brush, as if to seek in work a vent for his disturbed thought.

"You'll spoil it!" said Pirkheimer, quickly.

"I shall finish it," replied Dürer, without looking up.

The other moved restlessly about. "Well" (he gave a quick sigh), "I must go. Good-by, Dürer." He came and stood by the easel, holding out his hand.

The artist rose, the warm smile on his lips bathing his face. "Good-by, my friend." He held out his hand frankly.

Pirkheimer caught it in his. "We're friends?" he said.

"Always."

"And you will never want if I can help you."

"Never!" The tone was hearty and proud.

Pirkheimer turned away with a look of contentment. "I shall hold you to it," he said. "It is a promise."

"I shall hold you to it," laughed Dürer.

When the door had closed, he stood looking down at the picture. He moved once or twice across the room. Then he stopped before a little brazier, looking at it hesitatingly. He bent over and lighted the coals in the basin. He blew them with a tiny bellows till they glowed. Then he placed a pan above them and threw into it lumps of brownish stuff. When the mixture was melted, he carried it across to the easel and dipped a large brush into it thoughtfully. He drew it across the canvas. The track behind it glowed and deepened in the dim light. Slowly the picture mellowed under it. A look of sweet satisfaction hovered about the artist's lips as he worked. The liquid in the pan lessened and his brush moved more slowly. The mixture had deepened in tint and thickened. Wherever the brush rested a deep, luminous color sprang to meet it. It moved swiftly across the monogram — and paused. The artist peered forward uncertainly. The letters lay erased in the dim light. With another stroke of the brush—and another—they were gone forever.

The smile of satisfaction deepened on his lips. It was not conceit, nor humility, nor pride. One could not have named the sweetness that hovered in it—hauntingly.

He laid down the brush with a quick breath and sat gazing at the picture. It returned the gentle, inevitable look. He raised a finger to the portrait, speaking softly. "It is Albrecht Dürer—his work," he said under his breath. "None but a fool can mistake it. It shall speak for him forever."

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II

For a quarter of a century the picture had rested, face to the wall, on the floor of the small, dark studio. Pirkheimer had demanded his treasure—sometimes with jests and sometimes with threats. But the picture had remained unmoved against the wall.

Journeys to Italy and to the Netherlands had intervened. Pirkheimer's velvet purse had been dipped into again and again. Commissions without number had been executed for him. Rings and stones and tapestries—carvings and stag-antlers, and cups and silks and velvet—till the Pirkheimer mansion glowed with color from the South and delicate workmanship from the North. Other pictures from Dürer's brush adorned its walls — grotesque monks and gentle Virgins. But the Face bided its time against the wall.

To-day—for the first time in twenty-five years—the Face of the Christ was turned to the light. The hand that drew it from its place had not the supple fingers of the painter. Those fingers, stiffened and white, lay upon a quiet breast—outside the city wall.

The funeral cortège had trotted briskly back, and Agnes Dürer had come directly to the studio, with its low, arched window, to take account of her possessions. It was all hers—the money the artist had toiled to leave her, the work that had shortened life, and the thousand Rhenish guldens in the hands of the most worthy Rath, the pictures and copperplates, the books he had written and the quaint curios he had loved—they were all hers, except, perhaps, the copperplates for Andreas. Her level glance swept them as she crossed to the canvas against the wall and lifted it to a place on the easel. She had often begged him to sell the picture. It was large and would bring a good price. Her eyes surveyed it with satisfaction. A look of dismay crossed the smooth face. She leaned forward and searched the picture eagerly. The dismay deepened to anger. He had neglected to sign it! She knew well the value of the tiny monogram that marked the canvases about her. A sound clicked in her throat. She reached out her white hand to a brush on the bench beside her. There would be no wrong done. It was Albrecht's work—his best work. Her eyes studied the modelling of the delicate, strong face—the Christ face—Albrecht's face—at thirty-three—had he looked like that? She stared at it vaguely. She moved away, looking about her for a bit of color. She found it and came again to the easel. She reached out her hand for the brush. A slip of paper tucked beneath the canvas caught her eye. She drew it out slowly, unfolding it with curious fingers. "This picture of the Christ is the sole property of my dear and honored friend, the Herr Willibald Pirkheimer. I have given it to him and his heirs to have and to hold forever. Signed by me, this day, June 8, 1503, in my home in Nürnberg, 15 Zisselstrasse, Albrecht Dürer."

She crushed the paper in firm fingers. A door had opened behind her. The discreet servant, in mourning garments, with downcast, reddened eyes, waited. "His Highness the Herr Pirkheimer is below, my lady."

For a moment she hesitated. Then her fingers opened on the bit of paper. It fluttered to the table and lay full in sight. She looked at it with her thin smile. "Ask Herr Pirkheimer to ascend to the studio. I shall receive him here," she said.

He entered facing the easel. With an exclamation he sprang forward. He laid a hand on the canvas. The small eyes blinked at her.

She returned the look coldly.

"It is mine!" he said.

She inclined her head, with a stately gesture, to the open paper on the table beside her.

He seized it in trembling fingers. He shook it toward her. "It is mine. You see—it is mine!"

"It is yours, Herr Pirkheimer." She spoke with level coolness. "I had read the paper."

With a grunt of satisfaction, he turned again to the canvas. A smothered oath broke from his lips. He leaned forward, incredulous. His round eyes, bulging and blue, searched every corner. They fell on the wet brush and bit of color. He turned on her fiercely. "Jezebel!" he hissed, "you have painted it out. I saw

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him sign it — years ago — twenty-five years!"

She smiled serenely. "It may have been some other one," she said sweetly. Her glance took in the scattered canvases.

He shook his head savagely. "I will have no other," he shouted; "I should know it in a thousand."

"Very well." Her voice was as tranquil as her face. "Shall I have it sent to the house of the honored Herr Pirkheimer?"

He glared at her. "I take it with me," he said. "I do not trust it out of sight."

She bowed in acquiescence. Standing in her widow's garments, with downcast eyes and gentle resignation, she waited his withdrawal.

He eyed her curiously. The years had touched her lightly. There were the same plump features, the same surface eyes, and light, abundant bands of hair. He heaved a round sigh. He thought of the worn face outside the city wall. He gathered the canvas under his arm, glaring about the low room. "There was a pair of antlers," he muttered. "They might go in my collection. You will want to sell them."

The downcast eyes did not leave the floor. "They are sold," she said, "to Herr Umstätter." A little smile played about the thin lips.

"Sold! Already!" The round eyes bulged at her. "My God!" he shouted fiercely, "you would sell his very soul, if he had left it where you could!"

She raised the blue eyes and regarded him calmly. "The estate is without condition," she said.

He groaned as he backed toward the door. The canvas was hugged under his arm. At the door he paused, looking back over the room. His small eyes winked fast, and the loose mouth trembled.

"He was a great man, Agnes," he said, gently. "We must keep it clean — the name of Dürer."

She looked up with a little gesture of dismissal. "It is I who bear the name," she said, coldly.

When he was gone she glanced about the room. She went over to a pile of canvases and turned them rapidly to the light. Each one that bore the significant monogram she set aside with a look of possession. She came at last to the one she was searching. It was a small canvas — a Sodom and Gomorrah. She studied the details slowly. It was not signed. She gave a little breath of satisfaction, and took up the brush from the bench. She remembered well the day Albrecht brought it home, and his childish delight in it. It was one of Joachim Patenir's. Albrecht had given a Christ head of his own in exchange for it. The brush in her fingers trembled a little. It inserted the widespreading A beneath Lot's flying legs, and overtraced it with a delicate D. She paused a moment in thought. Then she raised her head and painted in, with swift, decisive strokes, high up in one corner of the picture, a date. It was a safe date — 1511 — the year he painted his Holy Trinity. There would be no one to question it.

She sat back, looking her satisfaction.

Seventy-five guldens to account. It atoned a little for the loss of the Christ.

III

THE large drawing-room was vacant. The blinds had been drawn to shut out the glare, and a soft coolness filled the room. In the dim light of half-opened shutters the massive furniture loomed large and dark, and from the wall huge paintings looked down mistily. Gilt frames gleamed vaguely in the cool gloom. Above the fireplace hung a large canvas, and out of its depths sombre, waiting eyes looked down upon the vacant room.

The door opened. An old woman had entered. She held in her hand a stout cane. She walked stiffly across to the window and threw back a shutter. The window opened into the soft greenness of a Munich garden. She stood for a minute looking into it. Then she came over to the fireplace and looked up to the pictured face. Her head nodded slowly.

"It must be," she muttered, "it must be. No one else could have done it. But 400 years!" — she sighed softly. "Who can tell?"

Her glance wandered with a dissatisfied air to the other canvasses. "I would give them all — all of them — twice over — to know — " She spoke under her breath as she hobbled stiffly to a huge chair.

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The door swung softly back and forth behind a young girl who had entered. She came in lightly, looking down at a packet of papers in her hand.

The old woman started forward. "What have ye found?" she demanded. She was leaning on the stout cane. She peered out of her cavernous eyes.

The girl crossed to the window and seated herself in the green light. Shadows of a climbing vine fell on her hair and shoulders as she bent over the papers in her hand. She opened one of them and ran her eye over it before she spoke.

"They were in the North room," she said, slowly. "In the big *escritoire*—that big, clumsy one— I've looked there before, but I never found them. I've been trying all day to make them out."

"What are they?" demanded the old woman.

"Papers, grandmamma," returned the girl, absently, "—letters and a sort of journal." Her eyes were on the closely written page.

"Read it," said the old woman, sharply.

"I can't read it, grandmamma." She shook back the soft curls with a little sigh. "It's queer and old, and funny—some of the words. And the writing is blurred and yellow.—Look." She held up the open sheet.

The keen old eyes darted at it. "Work on it," she said, brusquely.

"I have, grandmamma."

"Well—what did ye find?"

"It's a man—Will—Willi—" She turned to the bottom of the last page. "—Willibald! That's it." She laughed softly. "Willibald Pirkheimer. Who was he?" she asked.

"One of your ancestors." The old mouth waited grimly.

"One of mamma's?"

"Your father's."

"He must have been a nice man," said the girl slowly. "But some of it is rather —queer."

The old woman leaned forward with a quick gesture. She straightened herself. "Nonsense!" she muttered. "Read it," she said aloud.

"This is written to Albrecht Dürer," said the girl, studying it, "in Italy."

The old woman reached out a knotted hand. "Give it to me," she said.

The girl came across and laid it in her hand. The knotted fingers smoothed it. The old eyes were on the picture above the mantel. "Will it tell?" she muttered.

"There are others, grandmamma." The girl held up the packet in her hand.

"What have ye made out?" The old hand closed upon them.

"He was Dürer's friend," said the girl. "There are letters to him—five or six. And he tells about a picture—in the journal—a picture Albrecht Dürer gave to him." She glanced down at the wrinkled, working face. "It was unsigned grandmamma—and it was the head of the Saviour."

The old woman's throat moved loosely. Her hands grasped the stout cane.

With a half-sigh, she rose to her feet and tottered across the room. "Fool—fool—" she muttered, looking up to the mystical, waiting face. "To leave no mark—no sign—but that!" She shook the yellow papers in her hand.

A question shot into the old eyes. She held out the papers.

"What was it dated, Marie?—that place in the journal—look and see."

The girl took the papers and moved again to the window? She opened one and smoothed it thoughtfully, running her eye along the page. She shook her head slowly, "There is no date, grandmamma," she said. "But it must be after Dürer's death. He speaks of Frau Dürer—" A smile shaded her lips. "—He doesn't like her very well, I think. When did Dürer die, grandmamma?" She looked up from the paper.

"April 6, 1528," said the old woman, promptly.

The girl's eyes grew round and misty. "Four hundred years ago—almost," she murmured, softly. She looked down, a little awed, at the paper in her hand.

"It is very old," she said.

The old woman nodded sharply. Her eyes were on the papers. "Take good care of them," she croaked; "they may tell it to us yet."

She straightened her bent figure and glanced toward the door.

A wooden butler was bowing himself to the floor. "The Herr Doctor Professor Polonius Holtzenschuer," he announced, grandly.

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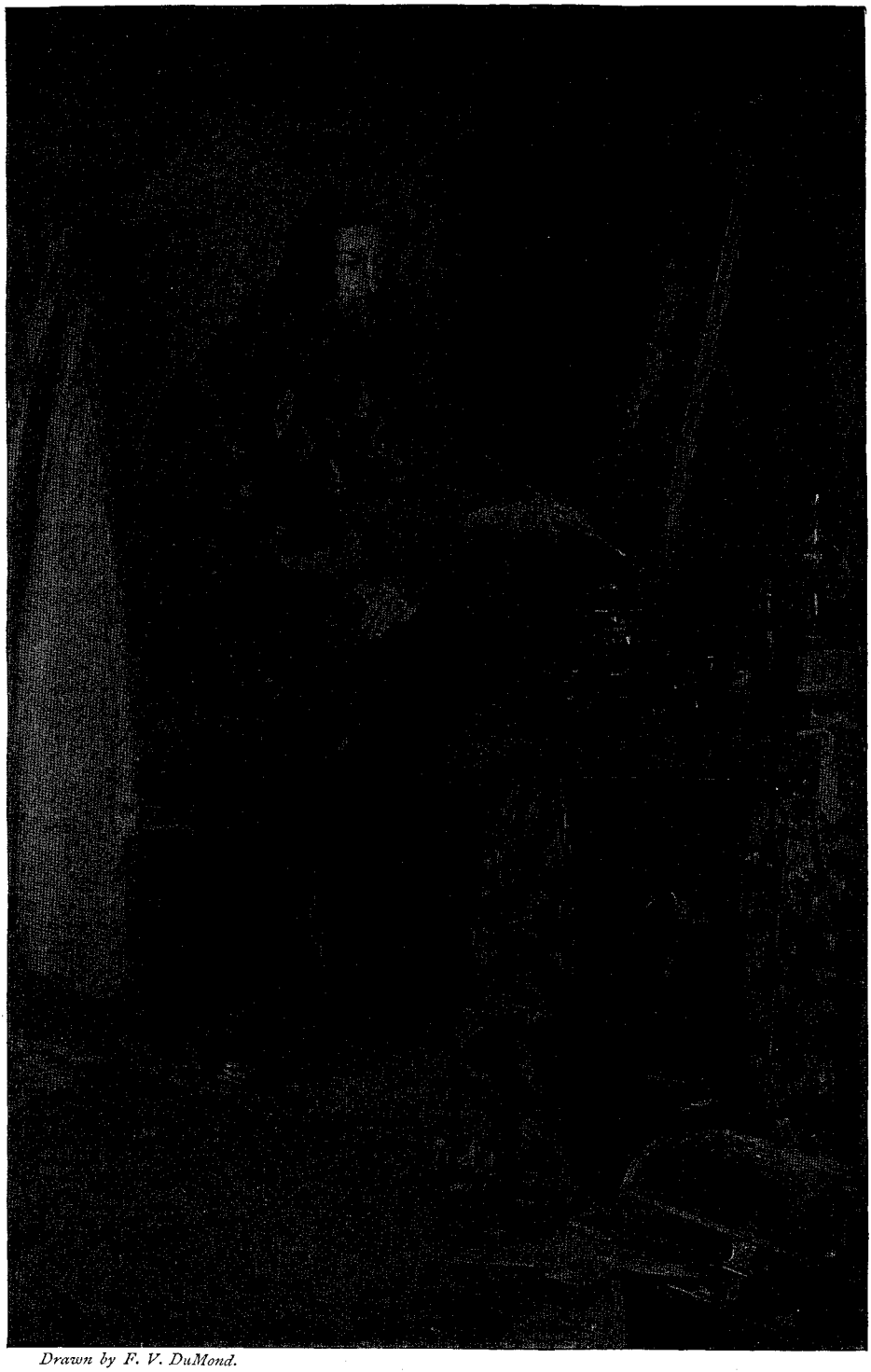

Drawn by F. V. DuMond.

With another stroke of the brush . . . they were gone forever.—Page 701.

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A dapper young man with trim mustaches and spotless boots advanced into the room.

The girl by the window swayed a breath. The clear color had mounted in her cheek.

The old woman waited, immovable. Her hands were clasped above the stout cane and her bead-like eyes surveyed the advancing figure.

At two yards distance it paused. The heels came together with a swift click. He bowed in military salute.

The old woman achieved a stiff courtesy and waited. The dim eyes peered at him shrewdly.

"I have the honor to pay my respects to the Baroness von Herkomer," said the young man, with deep politeness.

The Baroness assented gruffly. She seated herself on a large divan, facing the picture, and motioned with her knotted hand to the seat beside her.

The young man accepted it deferentially. His eyes were on a bowed head, framed in shadows and leaves across the room.

"I trust the Fräulein Marie is well?" he said, promptly.

"Marie——"

The girl started vaguely.

"Come and greet the Herr Doctor Holtzenschuer."

She rose lightly from her place and came across the room. A soft curl, blown by the wind, drifted across her flushes as she came.

The young man sprang to his feet. His heels clicked again as he bent low before her.

She descended in a shy courtesy and glanced inquiringly at her grandmother.

The old woman nodded curtly. "Go on with your papers," she said.

The girl turned again to the green window. Her head bowed itself above the papers.

The young man's eyes followed them. He turned to the old woman beside him. "Is it something about—the picture?" he asked.

She nodded sharply. "Private papers of Willibald Pirkheimer," she said, "ancestor of the von Herkomers—sixteenth century. He was a friend of Dürer's." Her lips closed crisply on the words.

He looked at her, a smile under the trim mustaches. "You hope they will furnish a clew?" he asked, tolerantly.

She made no reply. Her wrinkled face was raised to the picture.

"You have one Dürer." He motioned toward a small canvas—"Is it not enough?"

Her eyes turned to it and flashed in disdain. "The Sodom and Gomorrah!" She spoke scornfully. "Not so much as a copy!"

"It is signed."

She glanced at it again. There was shrewd intolerance in the old eyes. "Do you think I cannot tell?" she said, grimly. "I know the work of Albrecht Dürer, length and breadth, line for line. You say he painted that!" She pointed a swift finger at the picture across the room. "Have ye looked at Lot's legs?" Her laugh cackled softly.

The young man smiled under his mustaches.

The Baroness had turned again to the picture over the fireplace. "But *that*—" she murmured softly, "It is signed in every line—in the eyes, in the painting of the hair, in the sweep from brow to chin. It will yet be found," she said under her breath. "It shall be found."

He looked at her, smiling. Then he raised his eyes politely to the picture. A slow look formed behind the smile. He half started, gazing intently at the deep, painted canvas. His glance strayed for a second to the green window, and back again to the picture.

The old Baroness roused herself with a sigh. She turned toward him. "Your dissertation has brought you honor, they tell me," she said, looking at him critically.

He acknowledged the remark with a bow. "It is nothing," he said, indifferently. "Only a step toward molecules and atoms."

The Baroness smiled grimly. "I don't understand chemical jargon," she said, in a dry tone. "I understand you are going to be famous."

The young man bowed again, absently. He glanced casually at the picture above the fireplace. "What would you give to know"—he nodded toward it—"that it is a genuine Dürer?"

The shrewd eyes darted at him.

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Drawn by F. V. DuMond.

"To know that Albrecht Dürer's monogram belongs there."—Page 708.

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The clean-cut face was compact and expressionless.

"Give? I would give"—her eye swept the apartment, with its wealth of canvas and gilt and tapestry—"I would give all, everything in the room"—she raised a knotted hand toward the picture—"to know that Albrecht Dürer's monogram belongs there." The pointing finger trembled a little.

He looked at it reflectively. Then his glance travelled about the great room. "Everything in this room," he said, slowly. "That means—" He paused, glancing toward the window.

The young girl had left her seat. The papers had dropped to the floor. She was leaning from the casement to pick a white rose that swayed and nodded, out of reach.

He waited a breath. Her fingers closed on it and she sank back in her chair, smiling, the rose against her cheek.

The eyes watching her glowed softly. "Everything in this room—" He spoke very low. "The One with the rose?"

The old face turned to him with a look. The heavy jaw dropped and forgot to close. The keen eyes scanned his face. The jaws came together with a snap. She nodded to him shrewdly.

The young man rose to his feet. The cynical smile had left his face. It was intent and earnest. He looked up for a moment to the picture, and then down at the wrinkled, eager face. "To-morrow, at this time, you shall know," he said, gravely.

The old eyes followed him, half in doubt, half in hope. They pierced the heavy door as it swung shut behind him.

The stiff, dapper figure had crossed the hall. The outer door clanged.

Against the green window, within, the soft curls and gentle, questioning eyes of the Fräulein Marie waited. As the door clanged, a rose was laid lightly to her lips and dropped softly into the greenness below.

IV

At a quarter to ten the next morning a closed carriage drew up before the heavy gate. A dapper figure pushed open the door and leaped out. It entered the big gateway, crossed a green garden, and, the next moment, was ushered into the presence of the Baroness von Herkomer.

She stood beneath the picture, her eyebrows bent, her lips drawn, and her hands resting on the stout cane.

"Will you come with me?" he asked, deferentially.

"Where to?"

He hesitated. "You will see. I cannot tell you—now. But I need you—with the picture." He motioned toward it.

She eyed him grimly for a second. Then she touched a bell.

The wooden butler appeared. "Send Wilhelm," she commanded.

Half an hour later the Herr Doctor Holtzenschuer was handing a bundled figure into the closed carriage that stood before the gate. A huge, oblong package rested against a lamp-post beside him, and near it stood the Fräulein Marie, rosy and shy. The young man turned to her with a swift gesture.

"Come," he said.

He placed her beside her grandmother, and watched carefully while the heavy parcel was lifted to the top of the carriage. With an injunction to the driver for its safety, he turned to spring into the carriage.

The voice of the Baroness, from muffled folds, arrested him.

"You will ride outside with the picture," it said. "I do not trust it to a driver."

With a bow he slammed to the carriage door and mounted the box. In another minute the Herr Doctor Professor Holtzenschuer was driving rapidly through the streets of Munich, on the outside of a common hack, a clumsy parcel balanced awkwardly on his stiff shoulders.

From the windows below, on either side, a face looked out upon the flying streets—a fairy with gentle eyes and a crone with toothless smile.

"The Pinakotek!" grumbled the old woman. "Does he think anyone at the Pinakothek knows more of Albrecht Dürer than Henriette von Herkomer?" She sniffed a little and drew her folds about her.

Past the Old Pinakothek rolled the flying carriage—on past the New Pinakothek. An old face peered out upon the marble walls,

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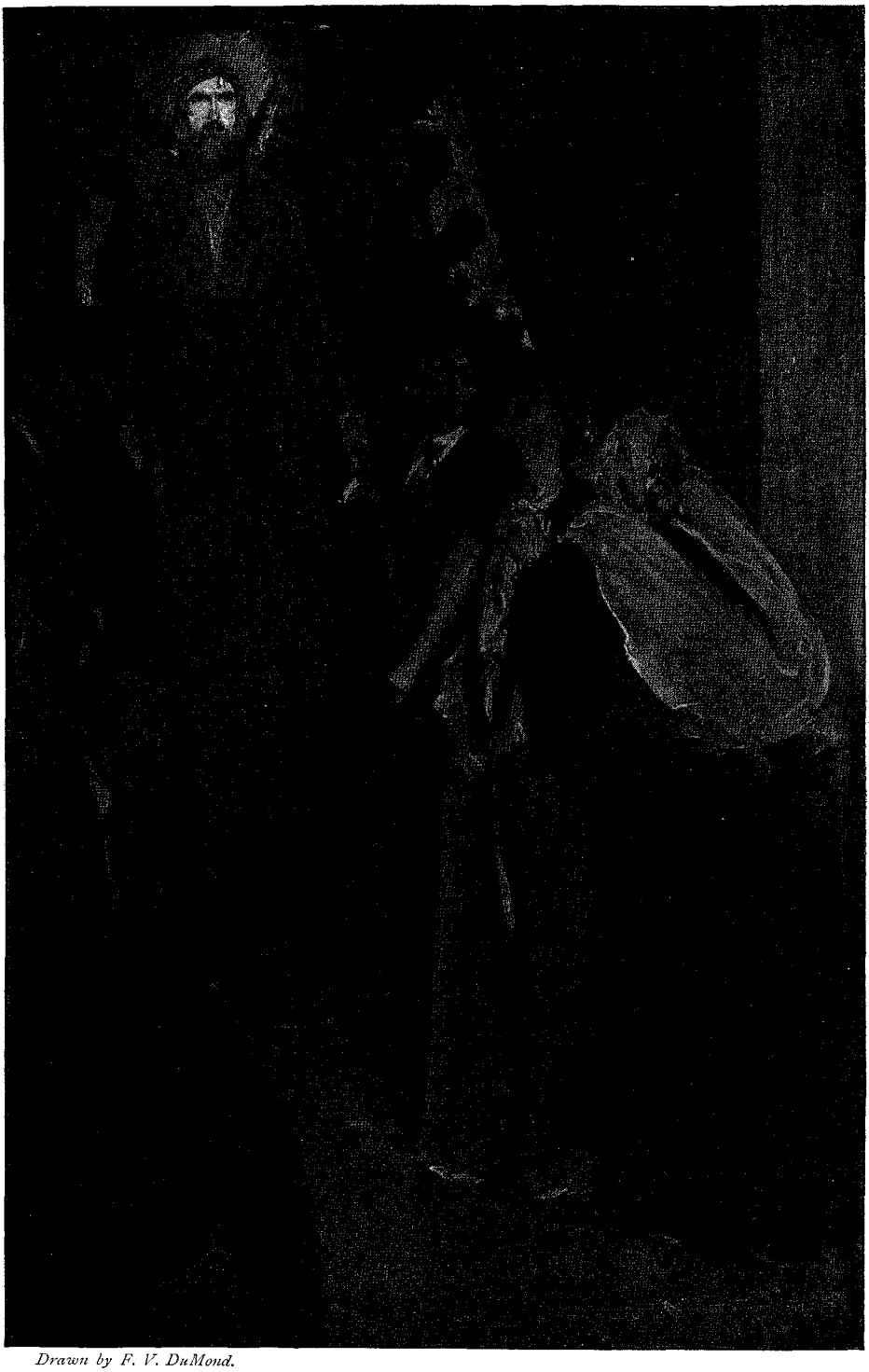

Drawn by F. V. DuMond.

The great picture gathered to itself shape, and glowed.—Page 710.

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wistful and suspicious. A mass of buildings loomed in view.

"The university," she muttered under her breath. "Some upstart herr professor to tell *me* of Albrecht Dürer! Fool—fool!" She croaked softly in her throat.

"The Herr Doctor is a learned man, grandmamma—and a gentleman," said a soft voice beside her.

"A gentleman can be a fool," returned the old woman, tartly. "What building is this?"

The carriage had stopped before a low, square doorway.

"It is the chemistry laboratory, grandmamma," said the girl, timidly.

The old woman leaned forward, gray with rage, pulling at the closed door. "Chemistry lab—" Her breath came in pants. "He will—destroy—burn—melt it!" Four men lifted down the huge parcel from the carriage and turned toward the stone door. "Stop!" she gestured wildly to them.

The door flew open. The young scientist stood before her, bowing and smiling. She shook a knotted finger at him. "Stop those men!" she cried, sternly.

At a gesture the men waited. She descended from the carriage, shaking and suspicious, her cane tapping the pavement before her. The Fräulein Marie leaped lightly down after her. Her hand had rested for a moment on the young man's sleeve. A white rose trembled in the fingers. His face glowed.

"Is your Highness ready?" he asked. He had moved to the old woman's side.

She was standing, one hand on the wrapped parcel, the other on her stout cane, peering suspiciously ahead.

"Is your Highness ready?" he repeated.

"Go on," she said, briefly.

Four men were in the hall when they entered—the director of the Old Pinakothek, the artist Adrian Kauffmann, the president of the university, and a young man with a scared, helpful face, who proved to be a laboratory assistant.

"They are your witnesses," murmured the young man in her ear.

She greeted them stiffly, her eyes on the precious parcel. Swiftly the wrappings were undone, and the picture lifted to a huge easel across the room. The light fell full upon it.

The witnesses moved forward in a body, silent. The old face watching them relaxed. She smiled grimly.

"Is it a Dürer?" she demanded. She was standing behind them.

They started, looking at her doubtfully. The artist shrugged his shoulders. He stepped back a little. The director shook his head with a sigh. "Who can tell?" he said softly. "The marks——"

The Baroness's eyes glowed dangerously. "I did not suppose *you* could tell," she said, curtly.

The young scientist interposed. "It is a case for science," he said, quickly. "You shall see—the Roentgen rays will tell. The shutters—Berthold."

The assistant closed them, one by one, the heavy wooden shutters. A last block of light rested on the shadowy picture. A last shutter swung into place. They waited—in darkness. Someone breathed quickly, with soft, panting breath. Slowly a light emerged through the dark. The great picture gathered to itself shape, and glowed. Light pierced it till it shone with strokes of brushes. Deeply and slowly in the bluish Patina, at the edge of the flowing locks, on the shoulder of the Christ, a glimmer of shadow traced itself, faintly and unmistakably.

Confused murmurs ran through the darkness—the voice of the director—a woman's breath.

"Ready, Berthold." It was the voice of the Herr Doctor.

There was a little hiss, a blinding flash of light, the click of a camera, and blackness again.

A shutter flew open.

In the square of light an old woman groped toward the picture. Her knotted hands were lifted to it.

Close at hand, a camera tucked under his arm, the laboratory assistant stood—on his round, practical face the happy look of successful experiment.

A little distance away the Herr Doctor Professor moved quickly. The one with the rose looked up.

High above them all—on the great easel, struck by a ray of light from the shutter—the Dürer face of Sorrow—out of its four hundred years—looked forth and waited in the modern world.

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CAPTAIN MACKLIN

HIS MEMOIRS

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALTER APPLETON CLARK

III

ALTHOUGH I had reached my journey's end, although I had accomplished what I had set out to do, I felt no sense of elation nor relief. I was, instead, disenchanted, discouraged, bitterly depressed. It was so unutterably and miserably unlike what I had hoped to find, what I believed I had the right to expect, that my disappointment and anger choked me. The picture I had carried in my mind was one of shining tent-walls set on company streets, soldierly men in gay and gaudy uniforms, fluttering guidons, blue ammunition-boxes in orderly array, smart sentries pacing their posts, and a head-quarters tent where busy officers bent over maps and reports.

The scene I had set was one painted in martial colors, in scarlet and gold lace; it moved to martial music, to bugle-calls, to words of command, to the ringing challenge of the sentry, and what I had found was this camp of gypsies, this nest of tramps, without authority, discipline, or self-respect. It was not even picturesque. My indignation stirred me so intensely that, as I walked down the hill, I prayed for a rude reception, that I might try to express my disgust.

The officer who had first approached us stopped at the opening of the solitary tent, and began talking excitedly to someone inside. And as we reached the level ground, the occupant of the tent stepped from it. He was a stout, heavy man, with a long, twisted mustache, at which he was tugging fiercely. He wore a red sash and a bandman's tunic, with two stars sewn on the collar. I could not make out his rank, but his first words explained him.

"I am glad to see you at last, Mr. Aiken," he said. "I'm Major Reeder, in temporary command. You have come to report, sir?"

Aiken took so long to reply that I stopped studying the remarkable costume of the Major and turned to Aiken. I was surprised to see that he was unquestionably frightened. His eyes were shifting and blinking, and he wet his lips with his tongue. All his self-assurance had deserted him. The officer who had led us to the camp was also aware of Aiken's uneasiness, and was regarding him with a sneer. For some reason the spectacle of Aiken's distress seemed to afford him satisfaction.

"I should prefer to report to General La Guerre," Aiken said, at last.

"I am in command here," Reeder answered, sharply. "General La Guerre is absent—reconnoitring. I represent him. I know all about Mr. Quay's mission. It was I who recommended him to the General. Where are the guns?"

For a moment Aiken stared at him helplessly, and then drew in a quick breath.

"I don't know where they are," he said. "The Panama arrived two days ago, but when I went to unload the guns Captain Leeds told me they had been seized in New Orleans by the Treasury Department. Someone must have——"

Both Major Reeder and the officer interrupted with a shout of anger.

"Then it's true!" Reeder cried. "It's true, and—and—you dare to tell us so!"

Aiken raised his head and for a moment looked almost defiant.

"Why shouldn't I tell you?" he demanded, indignantly. "Who else was there to tell you? I've travelled two days to let you know. I can't help it if the news isn't good. I'm just as sorry as you are."

The other officer was a stout, yellow-

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Drawn by Walter Appleton Clark.

The moon rose over the camp . . . but still we sat.—Page 721.

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haired German. He advanced a step and shook a soiled finger in Aiken's face. "You can't help it, can't you?" he cried. "You're sorry, are you? You won't be sorry when you're paid your money, will you? How much did you get for us, hey! How much did Joe Fiske——"

Reeder threw out his arm and motioned the officer back. "Silence, Captain Heinze," he commanded.

The men of the Legion who had happened to be standing near the tent when we appeared had come up to look at the new arrivals, and when they heard two of their officers attacking Aiken they crowded still closer in front of us, forming a big half-circle. Each of them apparently was on a footing with his officers of perfect comradeship, and listened openly to what was going forward as though it were a personal concern of his own. They had even begun to discuss it among themselves, and made so much noise in doing so that Captain Heinze passed on Reeder's rebuke as though it had been intended for them, commanding, "Silence in the ranks."

They were not in ranks, and should not have been allowed where they were in any formation, but that did not seem to occur to either of the officers.

"Silence," Reeder repeated. "Now, Mr. Aiken, I am waiting. What have you to say?"

"What is there for me to say?" Aiken protested. "I have done all I could. I told you as soon as I could get here." Major Reeder drew close to Aiken and pointed his outstretched hand at him.

"Mr. Aiken," he said. "Only four people knew that those guns were ordered—Quay, who went to fetch them, General La Guerre, myself, and you. Some one of us must have sold out the others, no one else could have done it. It was not Quay. The General and I have been here in the mountains—we did not do it; and that—that leaves you."

"It does not leave me," Aiken cried. He shouted it out with such spirit that I wondered at him. It was the same sort of spirit which makes a rat fight because he can't get away, but I didn't think so then.

"It was Quay sold you out!" Aiken cried. "Quay told the Isthmian people as soon as the guns reached New Orleans. I suspected him when he cabled me he wasn't coming back. I know him. I know just what he is. He's been on both sides before."

"Silence, you — you," Reeder interrupted. He was white with anger. "Mr. Quay is my friend," he cried. "I trust him. I trust him as I would trust my own brother. How dare you accuse him!"

He ceased and stood gasping with indignation, but his show of anger encouraged Captain Heinze to make a fresh attack on Aiken.

"Quay took you off the beach," he shouted. "He gave you food and clothes, and a bed to lie on. It's like you, to bite the hand that fed you. When have you ever stuck to any side or anybody if you could get a dollar more by selling him out?"

The whole thing had become intolerable to me. It was abject and degrading, like a falling-out among thieves. They were like a group of drunken women I had once seen, shameless and foul-mouthed, fighting in the street, with grinning night-birds urging them on. I felt in some way horribly responsible, as though they had dragged me into it—as though the flying handfuls of mud had splattered me. And yet the thing which inflamed me the most against them was their unfairness to Aiken. They would not let him speak, and they would not see that they were so many, and that he was alone. I did not then know that he was telling the truth. Indeed, I thought otherwise. I did not then know that on those occasions when he appeared to the worst advantage, he generally was trying to tell the truth. For nothing so greatly embarrassed Aiken as the knowledge that he was in the right, and that he must defend himself only with facts.

Captain Heinze pushed nearer, and shoved his fist close to Aiken's face.

"We know what you are," he jeered. "We know you're no more on our side than you're the American Consul. You lied to us about that, and you've lied to us about everything else. And now we've caught you, and we'll make you pay for it."

One of the men in the rear of the crowd shouted, "Ah, shoot the beggar!" and others began to push forward and to jeer and howl. Aiken heard them and turned quite white.

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"You've caught me?" Aiken stammered. "Why, I came here of my own will. Is it likely I'd have done that if I had sold you out?"

"I tell you you did sell us out," Heinze roared. "And you're a coward besides, and I tell you so to your face!" He sprang at Aiken, and Aiken shrank back. It made me sick to see him do it. I had such a contempt for the man against him that I hated his not standing up to them. It was to hide the fact that he had stepped back, that I jumped in front of him and pretended to restrain him. I tried to make it look as though had I not interfered, he would have struck at Heinze.

The German had swung around toward the men behind him, as though he were subpœnaing them as witnesses.

"I call him a coward to his face," he shouted. But when he turned again I was standing in front of Aiken, and he halted in surprise, glaring at me. I don't know what made me do it, except that I had heard enough of their recriminations, and was sick with disappointment. I hated Heinze and all of them, and myself for being there.

"Yes, you can call him a coward," I said, as offensively as I could, "with fifty men behind you. How big a crowd do you want before you dare insult a man?" Then I turned on the others. "Aren't you ashamed of yourselves," I cried, "to all of you set on one man in your own camp? I don't know anything about this row and I don't want to know, but there's fifty men here against one, and I'm on the side of that one. You're a lot of cheap bullies," I cried, "and this German drill-sergeant," I shouted, pointing at Heinze, "who calls himself an officer, is the cheapest bully of the lot." I jerked open the buckle which held my belt and revolver, and flung them on the ground. Then I slipped off my coat, and shoved it back of me to Aiken, for I wanted to keep him out of it. It was the luck of Royal Macklin himself that led me to take off my coat instead of drawing my revolver. At the Point I had been accustomed to settle things with my fists, and it had been only since I started from the coast that I had carried a revolver. A year later, in the same situation, I would have reached for my gun. Had I done so that morning, as a dozen of them assured me later, they would have shot me before I could have got my hand on it. But, as it was, when I rolled up my sleeves the men began to laugh, and some shouted: "Give him room," "Make a ring," "Fair play, now," "Make a ring." The semi-circle spread out and lengthened until it formed a ring, with Heinze, and Reeder, and Aiken holding my coat, and myself in the centre of it.

I squared off in front of the German and tapped him lightly on the chest with the back of my hand.

"Now, then," I cried, taunting him, "I call *you* a coward to *your* face. What are you going to do about it?"

For an instant he seemed too enraged and astonished to move, and the next he exploded with a wonderful German oath and rushed at me, tugging at his sword. At the same moment the men gave a shout and the ring broke. I thought they had cried out in protest when they saw Heinze put his hand on his sword, but as they scattered and fell back I saw that they were looking neither at Heinze nor at me, but at someone behind me. Heinze, too, halted as suddenly as though he had been pulled back by a curbed bit, and, bringing his heels together, stood stiffly at salute. I turned and saw that everyone was falling out of the way of a tall man who came striding toward us, and I knew on the instant that he was General La Guerre. At the first glance I disassociated him from his followers. He was entirely apart. In any surroundings I would have picked him out as a leader of men. Even a civilian would have known he was a soldier, for the signs of his calling were stamped on him as plainly as the sterling mark on silver, and although he was not in uniform his carriage and countenance told you that he was a personage.

He was very tall and gaunt, with broad shoulders and a waist as small as a girl's, and although he must then have been about fifty years of age he stood as stiffly erect as though his spine had grown up into the back of his head.

At the first glance he reminded me of Van Dyke's portrait of Charles I. He had the same high-bred features, the same

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wistful eyes, and he wore his beard and mustache in what was called the Van Dyke fashion, before Louis Napoleon gave it a new vogue as the "imperial."

It must have been that I read the wistful look in his eyes later, for at the moment of our first meeting it was a very stern Charles I. who confronted us, with the delicate feature stiffened in anger, and the eyes set and burning. Since then I have seen both the wistful look and the angry look many times, and even now I would rather face the muzzle of a gun than the eyes of General La Guerre when you have offended him.

His first words were addressed to Reeder.

"What does this mean, sir?" he demanded. "If you cannot keep order in this camp when my back is turned I shall find an officer who can. Who is this?" he added, pointing at me. I became suddenly conscious of the fact that I was without my hat or coat, and that my sleeves were pulled up to the shoulders. Aiken was just behind me, and as I turned to him for my coat I disclosed his presence to the General. He gave an exclamation of delight.

"Mr. Aiken!" he cried, "at last!" He lowered his voice to an eager whisper. "Where are the guns?" he asked.

Apparently Aiken felt more confidence in General La Guerre than in his officers, for at this second questioning he answered promptly.

"I regret to say, sir," he began, "that the guns were seized at New Orleans. Someone informed the Honduranian Consul there, and he——"

"Seized!" cried La Guerre. "By whom? Do you mean we have lost them?"

Aiken lowered his eyes and nodded.

"But how do you know?" La Guerre demanded, eagerly. "You are not sure? Who seized them?"

"The Treasury officers," Aiken answered. "The captain of the Panama told me he saw the guns taken on the company's wharf."

For some moments La Guerre regarded him sternly, but I do not think he saw him. He turned and walked a few steps from us and back again. Then he gave an upward toss of his head as though he had accepted his sentence. "The fortunes of war," he kept repeating to himself, "the fortunes of war." He looked up and saw us regarding him with expressions of the deepest concern.

"I thought I had had my share of them," he said, simply. He straightened his shoulders and frowned, and then looked at us and tried to smile. But the bad news had cut deeply. During the few minutes since he had come pushing his way through the crowd, he seemed to have grown ten years older. He walked to the door of his tent and then halted and turned toward Reeder.

"I think my fever is coming on again," he said. "I believe I had better rest. Do not let them disturb me."

"Yes, General," Reeder answered. Then he pointed at Aiken and myself. "What are we to do with these?" he asked.

"Do with these?" La Guerre, repeated. "Why, what did you mean to do with them?"

Reeder swelled out his chest importantly. "If you had not arrived when you did, General," he said, "I would have had them shot!"

The General stopped at the entrance to the tent and leaned heavily against the pole. He raised his eyes and looked at us wearily and with no show of interest.

"Shoot them?" he asked. "Why were you going to shoot them?"

"Because, General," Reeder declared, theatrically, pointing an accusing finger at Aiken, "I believe this man sold our secret to the Isthmian Line. No one knew of the guns but our three selves and Quay. And Quay is not a man to betray his friends. I wish I could say as much for Mr. Aiken."

At that moment Aiken, being quite innocent, said even less for himself, and because he was innocent looked like a trapped and convicted criminal.

La Guerre's eyes glowed like two branding-irons. As he fixed them on Aiken's face one expected to see them leave a mark there.

"If the General will only listen to me," Aiken stammered. "If you will only give me a hearing, sir. Why should I come to your camp if I had sold you out? Why didn't I get away on the first steamer, and stay away—as Quay did?"

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The General gave an exclamation of disgust, and shrugged his shoulders. He sank back slowly against one of the Gatling guns.

"What does it matter?" he said, bitterly. "Why lock the stable door now? I will give you a hearing," he said, turning to Aiken, "but it would be better for you if I listen to you later. Bring him to me to-morrow morning after roll-call. And the other?" he asked. He pointed at me, but his eyes, which were heavy with disappointment, were staring moodily at the ground.

Heinze interposed himself quickly.

"Aiken brought him here!" he said. "I believe he's an agent of the Isthmian people, or," he urged, "why did he come here? He came to spy out your camp, General, and to report on our condition."

"A spy!" said La Guerre, raising his head and regarding me sharply.

"Yes," Heinze declared, with conviction. "A spy, General. A Government spy, and he has found out our hiding-place and counted our men."

Aiken turned on him with a snarl.

"Oh, you fool!" he cried. "He came as a volunteer. He wanted to fight with you, for the sacred cause of liberty."

"Yes, he wanted to fight with us," shouted Heinze, indignantly. "As soon as he got into the camp, he wanted to fight with us."

La Guerre made an exclamation of impatience, and rose unsteadily from the gun-carriage.

"Silence!" he commanded. "I tell you I cannot listen to you now. I will give these men a hearing after roll-call. In the meantime if they are spies, they have seen too much. Place them under guard; and if they try to escape, shoot them."

I gave a short laugh and turned to Aiken.

"That's the first intelligent military order I've heard yet," I said.

Aiken scowled at me fearfully, and Reeder and Heinze gasped. General La Guerre had caught the words, and turned his eyes on me. Like the real princess who could feel the crumpled rose-leaf under a dozen mattresses, I can feel it in my bones when I am in the presence of a real soldier. My spinal column stiffens, and my fingers twitch to be at my visor. In spite of their borrowed titles, I had smelt out the civilian in Reeder and had detected the non-commissioned man in Heinze, and just as surely I recognized the general officer in La Guerre.

So when he looked at me my heels clicked together, my arm bent to my hat and fell again to my trouser seam, and I stood at attention. It was as instinctive as though I were back at the Academy, and he had confronted me in the uniform and yellow sash of a major-general.

"And what do you know of military orders, sir," he demanded, in a low voice, "that you feel competent to pass upon mine?"

Still standing at attention, I said: "For the last three years I have been at West Point, sir, and have listened to nothing else."

"You have been at West Point?" he said, slowly, looking at me in surprise and with evident doubt. "When did you leave the Academy?"

"Two weeks ago," I answered. At this, he looked even more incredulous.

"How does it happen," he asked, "if you are preparing for the army at West Point, that you are now travelling in Honduras?"

"I was dismissed from the Academy two weeks ago," I answered. "This was the only place where there was any fighting, so I came here. I read that you had formed a Foreign Legion, and thought that maybe you would let me join it."

General La Guerre now stared at me in genuine amazement. In his interest in the supposed spy, he had forgotten the loss of his guns.

"You came from West Point," he repeated, incredulously, "all the way to Honduras—to join me!" He turned to the two officers. "Did he tell you this?" he demanded.

They answered, "No," promptly, and truthfully as well, for they had not given me time to tell them anything.

"Have you any credentials, passports, or papers?" he said

When he asked this I saw Reeder whisper eagerly to Heinze, and then walk away. He had gone to search my trunk for evidence that I was a spy, and had I suspected this I would have protested violently, but it did not occur to me then that he would do such a thing.

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"I have only the passport I got from the commandante at Porto Cortez," I said.

At the words Aiken gave a quick shake of the head, as a man does when he sees another move the wrong piece on the chess-board. But when I stared at him inquiringly, he returned my look with an expression of interrogation and complete unconcern.

"Ah!" exclaimed Heinze, triumphantly, "he has a permit from the Government."

"Let me see it," said the General.

I handed it to him, and he drew a camp-chair from the tent, and, seating himself, began to compare me with the passport.

"In this," he said at last, "you state that you are a commercial traveller; that you are going to the capital on business, and that you are a friend of the Government."

I was going to tell him that until it had been handed me by Aiken, I had known nothing of the passport, but I considered that in some way this might involve Aiken, and so I answered:

"It was necessary to tell them any story, sir, in order to get into the interior. I could not tell them that I was *not* a friend of the Government, nor that I was trying to join you."

"Your stories are somewhat conflicting," said the General. "You are led to our hiding-place by a man who is himself under suspicion, and the only credentials you can show are from the enemy. Why should I believe you are what you say you are? Why should I believe you are not a spy?"

I could not submit to having my word doubted, so I bowed stiffly and did not speak.

"Answer me," the General commanded, "what proofs have I?"

"You have nothing but my word for it," I said.

General La Guerre seemed pleased with that, and I believe he was really interested in helping me to clear myself. But he had raised my temper by questioning my word.

"Surely you must have something to identify you," he urged.

"If I had I'd refuse to show it," I answered. "I told you why I came here. If you think I am a spy, you can go ahead and shoot me as a spy, and find out whether I told you the truth afterward."

The General smiled indulgently.

"There would be very little satisfaction in that for me, or for you," he said.

"I'm an officer and a gentleman," I protested, "and I have a right to be treated as one. If you serve every gentleman who volunteers to join you in the way I have been served, I'm not surprised that your force is composed of the sort you have around you."

The General raised his head and looked at me with such a savage expression that during the pause which ensued I was most uncomfortable.

"If your proofs you are an officer are no stronger than those you offer that you are a gentleman," he said, "perhaps you are wise not to show them. What right have you to claim you are an officer?"

His words cut and mortified me deeply, chiefly because I felt I deserved them.

"Every cadet ranks a non-commissioned man," I answered.

"But you are no longer a cadet," he replied. "You have been dismissed. You told me so yourself. Were you dismissed honorably, or dishonorably?"

"Dishonorably," I answered. I saw that this was not the answer he had expected. He looked both mortified and puzzled, and glanced at Heinze and Aiken as though he wished that they were out of hearing.

"What was it for—what was the cause of your dismissal?" he asked. He now spoke in a much lower tone. "Of course, you need not tell me," he added.

"I was dismissed for being outside the limits of the Academy without a permit," I answered. "I went to a dance at a hotel in uniform."

"Was that all?" he demanded, smiling.

"That was the crime for which I was dismissed," I said, sulkily. The General looked at me for some moments, evidently in much doubt. I believe he suspected that I had led him on to asking me the reason for my dismissal, in order that I could make so satisfactory an answer. As he sat regarding me, Heinze bent over him and said something to him in a low tone, to which he replied: "But that would prove nothing. He might have a most accurate

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knowledge of military affairs, and still be an agent of the Government."

"That is so, General," Heinze answered, aloud. "But it would prove whether he is telling the truth about his having been at West Point. If his story is false in part, it is probably entirely false, as I believe it to be."

"Captain Heinze suggests that I allow him to test you with some questions," the General said, doubtfully; "questions on military matters. Would you answer them?"

I did not want them to see how eager I was to be put to such a test, so I tried to look as though I were frightened, and said, cautiously, "I will try, sir." I saw that the proposition to put me through an examination had filled Aiken with the greatest concern. To reassure him, I winked covertly.

Captain Heinze glanced about him as though looking for a text.

"Let us suppose," he said, importantly, "that you are an inspector-general come to inspect this camp. It is one that I myself selected; as adjutant it is under my direction. What would you report as to its position, its advantages and disadvantages?"

I did not have to look about me. Without moving from where I stood, I could see all that was necessary of that camp. But I first asked, timidly: "Is this camp a temporary one, made during a halt on the march, or has it been occupied for some days?"

"We have been here for two weeks," said Heinze.

"Is it supposed that a war is going on?" I asked, politely; "I mean, are we in the presence of an enemy?"

"Of course," answered Heinze. "Certainly we are at war."

"Then," I said, triumphantly, "in my report I should recommend that the officer who selected this camp should be court-martialled."

Heinze gave a shout of indignant laughter, and Aiken glared at me as though he thought I had flown suddenly mad, but La Guerre only frowned and waved his hand impatiently.

"You are bold, sir," he said, grimly; "I trust you can explain yourself."

I pointed from the basin in which we stood, to the thickly wooded hills around us.

"This camp has the advantage of water and grass," I said. I spoke formally, as though I were really making a report. "Those are its only advantages. Captain Heinze has pitched it in a hollow. In case of an attack, he has given the advantage of position to the enemy. Fifty men could conceal themselves on those ridges and fire upon you as effectively as though they had you at the bottom of a well. There are no pickets out, except along the trail, which is the one approach the enemy would not take. So far as this position counts, then," I summed up, "the camp is an invitation to a massacre."

I did not dare look at the General, but I pointed at the guns at his side. "Your two field-pieces are in their covers, and the covers are strapped on them. It would take three minutes to get them into action. Instead of being here in front of the tent, they should be up there on those two highest points. There are no racks for the men's rifles or ammunition belts. The rifles are lying on the ground and scattered everywhere—in case of an attack the men would not know where to lay their hands on them. It takes only two forked sticks and a ridge-pole with nicks in it, to make an excellent gun-rack, but there is none of any sort. As for the sanitary arrangements of the camp, they are *nil.* The refuse from the troop kitchen is scattered all over the place, and so are the branches on which the men have been lying. There is no way for them to cross that stream without their getting their feet wet; and every officer knows that wet feet are worse than wet powder. The place does not look as though it had been policed since you came here. It's a fever swamp. If you have been here two weeks, it's a wonder your whole force isn't as rotten as sheep. And there!" I cried, pointing at the stream which cut the camp in two—"there are men bathing and washing their clothes upstream, and those men below them are filling buckets with water for cooking and drinking. Why have you no water-guards? You ought to have a sentry there, and there. The water above the first sentry should be reserved for drinking, below him should be the place for watering your horses, and below the second sentry would

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be the water for washing clothes. Why, these things are the A, B, C, of camp life." For the first time since I had begun to speak, I turned on Heinze and grinned at him.

"How do you like my report on your camp?" I asked. "Now, don't you agree with me that you should be court-martialled?" Heinze's anger exploded like a shell.

"You should be court-martialled yourself!" he shouted. "You are insulting our good General. For me, I do not care. But you shall not reflect upon my commanding officer, for him I——"

"That will do, Captain Heinze," La Guerre said, quietly. "That will do, thank you." He did not look up at either of us, but for some time sat with his elbow on his knee and with his chin resting in the palm of his hand, staring at the camp. There was a long, and, for me, an awkward silence. The General turned his head and stared at me. His expression was exceedingly grave, but without resentment.

"You are quite right," he said, finally. Heinze and Aiken moved expectantly forward, anxious to hear him pass sentence upon me. Seeing this he raised his voice and repeated: "You are quite right in what you say about the camp. All you say is quite true."

He leaned forward with his elbows on his knees, and, as he continued speaking with his face averted, it was as though he were talking to himself.

"We grow careless as we grow older," he said. "One grows less difficult to please." His tone was that of a man excusing himself to himself. "The old standards, the old models, pass away and —and failures, failures come and dull the energy." His voice dropped into a monotone; he seemed to have forgotten us entirely.

It must have been then that for the first time I saw the wistful look come into his eyes, and suddenly felt deeply sorry for him and wished that I might dare to tell him so. I was not sorry for any act or speech of mine. They had attacked me, and I had only defended myself. I was not repentant for anything I had said; my sorrow was for what I read in the General's eyes as he sat staring out into the valley. It was the saddest and loneliest look that I had ever seen. There was no bitterness in it, but great sadness and weariness and disappointment, and above all, loneliness, utter and complete loneliness.

He glanced up and saw me watching him, and for a moment regarded me curiously, and then, as though I had tried to force my way into his solitude, turned his eyes quickly away.

I had forgotten that I was a suspected spy until the fact was recalled to me at that moment by the reappearance of Major Reeder. He came bustling past me, carrying as I saw, to my great indignation, the sword which had been presented to my grandfather, and which my grandfather had given to me. I sprang after him and twisted it out of his hand.

"How dare you!" I cried. "You have opened my trunk! How dare you pry into my affairs? General La Guerre!" I protested. "I appeal to you, sir."

"Major Reeder," the General demanded, sharply, "what does this mean?"

"I was merely seeking evidence, General," said Reeder. "You asked for his papers, and I went to look for them."

"I gave you no orders to pry into this gentleman's trunk," said the General. "You have exceeded your authority. You have done very ill, sir. You have done very ill."

While the General was reproving Reeder, his eyes, instead of looking at the officer, were fixed upon my sword. It was sufficiently magnificent to attract the attention of anyone, certainly of any soldier. The scabbard was of steel, wonderfully engraved, the hilt was of ivory, and the hilt-guard and belt fastenings were all of heavy gold. The General's face was filled with appreciation.

"You have a remarkably handsome sword there," he said, and hesitated, courteously, "—I beg your pardon, I have not heard your name?"

I was advancing to show the sword to him, when my eye fell upon the plate my grandfather had placed upon it, and which bore the inscription: "To Royal Macklin, on his appointment to the United States Military Academy, from his Grandfather, John M. Hamilton, Maj. Gen. U.S.A."

"My name is Macklin, sir," I said, "Royal Macklin." I laid the sword

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lengthwise in his hands, and then pointed at the inscription. "You will find it there," I said. The General bowed and bent his head over the inscription and then read the one beside it. This read that the sword had been presented by the citizens of New York to Major-General John M. Hamilton in recognition of his distinguished services during the war with Mexico. The General glanced up at me in astonishment.

"General Hamilton!" he exclaimed. "General John Hamilton! Is that—was he your grandfather?"

I bowed my head, and the General stared at me as though I had contradicted him.

"But, let me tell you, sir," he protested, "that he was my friend. General Hamilton was my friend for many years. Let me tell you, sir," he went on, excitedly, "that your grandfather was a brave and courteous gentleman, a true friend and—and a great soldier, sir, a great soldier. I knew your grandfather well. I knew him well." He rose suddenly, and, while still holding the sword close to him, shook my hand.

"Captain Heinze," he said, "bring out a chair for Mr. Macklin." He did not notice the look of injury with which Heinze obeyed this request. But I did, and I enjoyed the spectacle, and as Heinze handed me the camp-chair I thanked him politely. I could afford to be generous.

The General was drawing the sword a few inches from its scabbard and shoving it back again, turning it over in his hands.

"And to think that this is John Hamilton's sword," he said, "and that you are John Hamilton's grandson!" As the sword lay across his knees he kept stroking it and touching it as one might caress a child, glancing up at me from time to time with a smile. It seemed to have carried him back again into days and scenes to which we all were strangers, and we watched him without speaking. He became suddenly conscious of our silence, and, on looking up, seemed to become uncomfortably aware of the presence of Aiken and the two officers.

"That will do, gentlemen," he said. "You will return with Mr. Aiken after roll-call." The officers saluted as they moved away, with Aiken between them. He raised his eyebrows and tapped himself on the chest. I understood that he meant by this that I was to say a good word for him, and I nodded. When they had left us the General leaned forward and placed his hand upon my shoulder.

"Now tell me," he said. "Tell me everything. Tell me what you are doing here, and why you ran away from home. Trust me entirely, and do not be afraid to speak the whole truth."

I saw that he thought I had left home because I had been guilty of some wildness, if not of some crime, and I feared that my story would prove so inoffensive that he would think I was holding something back. But his manner was so gentle and generous that I plunged in boldly. I told him everything; of my life with my grandfather, of my disgrace at the Academy, of my desire, in spite of my first failure, to still make myself a soldier. And then I told him of how I had been disappointed and disillusioned, and how it had hurt me to find that this fight seemed so sordid and the motives of all engaged only mercenary and selfish. But once did he interrupt me, and then by an exclamation which I mistook for an exclamation of disbelief, and which I challenged quickly. "But it is true, sir," I said. "I joined the revolutionists for just that reason—because they were fighting for their liberty and because they had been wronged and were the under-dogs in the fight, and because Alvarez is a tyrant. I had no other motive. Indeed, you must believe me, sir," I protested, "or I cannot talk to you. It is the truth."

"The truth!" exclaimed La Guerre, fiercely; and as he raised his eyes I saw that they had suddenly filled with tears. "It is the first time I have heard the truth in many years. It is what I have preached myself for half a lifetime; what I have lived for and fought for. Why, here, now," he cried, "while I have been sitting listening to you, it was as though the boy I used to be had come back to talk to me, bringing my old ideals, the old enthusiasm." His manner and his tone suddenly altered, and he shook his head and placed his hand almost tenderly upon my own. "But I warn you," he said, "I warn you that you are wrong. You have begun young, and there is yet time for you to turn back; but if you hope for money, or place, or public fa-

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vor, you have taken the wrong road. You will be a rolling-stone among milestones, and the way is all down hill. I began to fight when I was even younger than you. I fought for whichever party seemed to me to have the right on its side. Sometimes I have fought for rebels and patriots, sometimes for kings, sometimes for pretenders. I was out with Garibaldi, because I believed he would give a republic to Italy; but I fought against the republic of Mexico, because its people were rotten and corrupt, and I believed that the emperor would rule them honestly and well. I have always chosen my own side, the one which seemed to me promised the most good; and yet, after thirty years, I am where you see me to-night. I am an old man without a country, I belong to no political party, I have no family, I have no home. I have travelled over all the world looking for that country which was governed for the greater good of the greater number, and I have fought only for those men who promised to govern unselfishly and as the servants of the people. But when the fighting was over, and they were safe in power, they had no use for me nor my advice. They laughed, and called me a visionary and a dreamer. 'You are no statesman, General,' they would say to me. 'Your line is the fighting-line. Go back to it.' And yet, when I think of how the others have used their power, I believe that I could have ruled the people as well, and yet given them more freedom, and made more of them more happy."

The moon rose over the camp, and the night grew chill; but still we sat, he talking and I listening as I had used to listen when I sat at my grandfather's knee and he told me tales of war and warriors. They brought us coffee and food, and we ate with an ammunition-box for a table, he still talking and I eager to ask questions, and yet fearful of interrupting him. He told of great battles which had changed the history of Europe, of secret expeditions which had never been recorded even in his own diary, of revolutions which after months of preparation had burst forth and had been crushed between sunset and sunrise; of emperors, kings, patriots, and charlatans. There was nothing that I had wished to do, and that I had imagined myself doing, that he had not accomplished in reality—the acquaintances he had made among the leaders of men, the adventures he had suffered, the honors he had won, were those which to me were the most to be desired.

The scene around us added color to his words. The moonlight fell on ghostly groups of men seated before the camp-fires, their faces glowing in the red light of the ashes; on the irregular rows of thatched shelters and on the shadowy figures of the ponies grazing at the picket-line. All the odors of a camp, which to me are more grateful than those of a garden, were borne to us on the damp night-air; the clean pungent smell of burning wood, the scent of running water, the smell of many horses crowded together and of wet saddles and accoutrements. And above the swift rush of the stream, we could hear the ceaseless pounding of the horses' hoofs on the turf, the murmurs of the men's voices, and the lonely cry of the night-birds.

It was past midnight when the General rose. It had been such a night as I had never dreamed of, and my brain rioted with the pictures he had drawn for me. Surely, if ever I had considered turning back, I now no longer tolerated the thought of it. If he had wished to convince me that the life of a soldier of fortune was an ungrateful one he had set about proving it in the worst possible way. At that moment I saw no career so worthy to be imitated as his own, no success to be so envied as his failures. And in the glow and inspiration of his talk, and with the courage of a boy, I told him so. I think he was not ill pleased at what I said, nor with me. He seemed to approve of what I had related of myself, and of the comments I had made upon his reminiscences. He had said, again and again: "That is an intelligent question," "You have put your finger on the real weakness of the attack," "That was exactly the error in his strategy."

When he turned to enter his tent he shook my hand. "I do not know when I have talked so much," he laughed, "nor," he added, with grave courtesy, "when I have had so intelligent a listener. Good-night."

Throughout the evening he had been holding my sword, and as he entered the tent he handed it to me.

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"Oh, I forgot," he said. "Here is your sword, Captain."

The flaps of the tent fell behind him, and I was left outside of them, incredulous and trembling.

I could not restrain myself, and I pushed the flaps aside.

"I beg your pardon, General," I stammered.

He had already thrown himself upon his cot, but he rose on his elbow and stared at me.

"What is it?" he demanded.

"I beg your pardon, sir," I gasped, "but what did you call me then—just now?"

"Call you," he said. "Oh, I called you 'captain.' You are a captain. I will assign you your troop to-morrow."

He turned and buried his face in his arm, and unable to thank him I stepped outside of the tent and stood looking up at the stars, with my grandfather's sword clasped close in my hands. And I was so proud and happy that I believe I almost prayed that he could look down and see me.

That was how I received my first commission—in a swamp in Honduras, from General La Guerre, of the Foreign Legion, as he lay half asleep upon his cot. It may be, if I continue as I have begun, I shall receive higher titles, from ministers of war, from queens, presidents, and sultans. I shall have a trunk filled, like that of General La Guerre's, with commissions, brevets, and patents of nobility, picked up in many queer courts, in many queer corners of the globe.

But to myself I shall always be Captain Macklin, and no other rank nor title will ever count with me as did that first one, which came without my earning it, which fell from the lips of an old man without authority to give it, but which seemed to touch me like a benediction.

. . . . . .

The officer from whom I took over my troop was a German, Baron Herbert von Ritter. He had served as an aide-de-camp to the King of Bavaria, and his face was a patchwork of sword-cuts which he had received in the students' duels. No one knew why he had left the German army. He had been in command of the troop with the rank of captain, but when the next morning La Guerre called him up and told him that I was now his captain he seemed rather relieved than otherwise.

"They're a hard lot," he said to me, as we left the General. "I'm glad to get rid of them."

The Legion was divided into four troops of about fifty men each. Only half of the men were mounted, but the difficulties of the trail were so great that the men on foot were able to move quite as rapidly as those on mule-back. Under La Guerre there were Major Webster, an old man, who as a boy had invaded Central America with William Walker's expedition, and who ever since had lived in Honduras; Major Reeder and five captains; Miller who was in charge of a dozen native Indians and who acted as a scout; Captain Heinze, two Americans named Porter and Russell, and about a dozen lieutenants of every nationality. Heinze had been adjutant of the force, but the morning after my arrival the General appointed me to that position, and at roll-call announced the change to the battalion.

"We have been waiting here for two weeks for a shipment of machine guns," he said to them. "They have not arrived and I cannot wait for them any longer. The battalion will start at once for Santa Barbara, where I expect to get you by to-morrow night. There we will join General Garcia, and continue with him until we enter the capital."

The men, who were properly weary of lying idle in the swamp, interrupted him with an enthusiastic cheer and continued shouting until he lifted his hand.

"Since we have been lying here," he said, "I have allowed you certain liberties, and discipline has relaxed. But now that we are on the march again you will conduct yourselves like soldiers, and discipline will be as strictly enforced as in any army in Europe. Since last night we have received an addition to our force in the person of Captain Macklin, who has volunteered his services. Captain Macklin comes of a distinguished family of soldiers, and he has himself been educated at West Point. I have appointed him Captain of D Troop and Adjutant of the Legion. As adjutant you will recognize

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his authority as you would my own. You will now break camp, and be prepared to march in half an hour."

Soon after we had started we reached a clearing, and La Guerre halted us and formed the column into marching order. Captain Miller, who was thoroughly acquainted with the trail, and his natives, were sent on two hundred yards ahead of us as a point. They were followed by Heinze with his Gatling guns. Then came La Guerre and another troop, then Reeder with the two remaining troops and our "transport" between them. Our transport consisted of a dozen mules carrying bags of coffee, beans, and flour, our reserve ammunition, the General's tent, and whatever few private effects the officers possessed over and above the clothes they stood in. I brought up the rear with D Troop. We moved at a walk in single file and without flankers, as the jungle on either side of the trail was impenetrable. Our departure from camp had been so prompt that I had been given no time to become acquainted with my men, but as we tramped forward I rode along with them or drew to one side to watch them pass and took a good look at them. Carrying their rifles, and with their blanket-rolls and cartridge-belts slung across their shoulders, they made a better appearance than when they were sleeping around the camp. As the day grew on I became more and more proud of my command. The baron pointed out those of the men who could be relied upon, and I could pick out for myself those who had received some military training. When I asked these where they had served before, they seemed pleased at my having distinguished the difference between them and the other volunteers, and saluted properly and answered briefly and respectfully.

If I was proud of the men, I was just as pleased with myself, or, I should say, with my luck. Only two weeks before I had been read out to the battalion at West Point, as one unfit to hold a commission, and here I was riding at the head of my own troop. I was no second lieutenant either, with a servitude of five years hanging over me before I could receive my first bar, but a full-fledged captain, with fifty men under him to care for and discipline and lead into battle. There was not a man in my troop who was not at least a few years older than myself, and as I rode in advance of them and heard the creak of the saddles and the jingle of picket-pins and water-bottles, or turned and saw the long line stretching out behind me, I was as proud as Napoleon returning in triumph to Paris. I had brought with me from the Academy my scarlet sash, and wore it around my waist under my sword-belt. I also had my regulation gauntlets, and a campaign sombrero, and as I rode along I remember the line about General Stonewall Jackson, in "Barbara Frietchie,"

The leader glancing left and right.

I repeated it to myself, and scowled up at the trees and into the jungle. It was a tremendous feeling to be a "leader."

As the day advanced there were several little things happened which helped to make my men and me better acquainted. For instance, I found that the men in advance of us, as they passed the native huts, were looting them of their live-stock, and by the time my rear guard passed there were no living things left on the clearing except the owners, who were weeping miserably in their doorways. As these were the people whose liberties we had come to protect I felt indignant, but as my own men had taken nothing, for the excellent reason that there was nothing left to take, I could not act in the matter. But just before noon, as we were halted near one of these shacks, I saw one of the men come out of the underbrush carrying a little pig with its throat cut. I asked him how he had come by it, and he said he had bought it from the man who owned the shack. I sent for the native and asked if this were true, and he said in great fear that he had not been paid for the pig, but that the man was welcome to it.

"You lied to me," I said to the volunteer, "and you stole a pig and threatened this man. Now, I'll have no thieves in this troop, and I'll have no lying either, at least not to me. If you men commit any offence and tell me the truth about it, I'll let you off much more easily than if you lie to me." I then paid the man five dollars for his pig and sentenced the volunteer to a week's extra sentry duty for

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stealing it, and to a week more of sentry duty for having lied to me. As most of the men were standing in the cleared space at the time, they heard what passed and got their first lesson as to the sort of discipline I intended to maintain.

At noon the heat was very great, and La Guerre halted the column at a little village and ordered the men to eat their luncheon. I posted pickets, appointed a detail to water the mules, and asked two of the inhabitants for the use of their clay ovens. In the other troops each man, or each group of men, were building separate fires and eating alone or in messes of five or six, but by detailing four of my men to act as cooks for the whole troop, and six others to tend the fires in the ovens, and six more to carry water for the coffee, all of my men were comfortably fed before those in the other troops had their fires going.

Von Ritter had said to me that during the two weeks in camp the men had used up all their tobacco, and that their nerves were on edge for lack of something to smoke. So I hunted up a native who owned a tobacco patch, and from him, for three dollars in silver, I bought three hundred cigars. I told Von Ritter to serve out six of them to each of the men of D Troop. It did me good to see how much they enjoyed them. For the next five minutes every man I met had a big cigar in his mouth, which he would remove with a grin, and say, "Thank you, Captain." I did not give them the tobacco to gain popularity, for in active service I consider that tobacco is as necessary for the man as food, and I also believe that any officer who tries to buy the good-will of his men is taking the quickest way to gain their contempt.

Soldiers know the difference between the officer who bribes and pets them, and the one who, before his own tent is set up, looks to his men and his horses, who distributes the unpleasant duties of the camp evenly, and who knows what he wants done the first time he gives an order, and does not make unnecessary work for others because he cannot make up his mind.

The arrangements I made for the comfort of my men and the orders I gave do not seem important now, but, as that was the first time I had ever given orders or had been responsible for the health and lives of a body of grown men, it seemed very serious to me, and I can remember everything that happened during those first days as distinctly as though they were this morning.

After I had seen the mules watered and picketed in the public corral, I went to look for the General, whom I found with the other officers at the house of the Alcalde. They had learned news of the greatest moment. Two nights previous, General Garcia had been attacked in force at Santa Barbara, and had abandoned the town without a fight. Nothing more was known, except that he was either falling back along the trail to join us, or was waiting outside the city for us to come up and join him.

La Guerre at once ordered the bugles to sound "Boots and saddles," and within five minutes we were on the trail again with instructions to press the men forward as rapidly as possible. The loss of Santa Barbara was a serious calamity. It was the town third in importance in Honduras, and it had been the stronghold of the revolutionists. The moral effect of the fact that Garcia held it, had been of the greatest possible benefit. As Garcia's force consisted of 2,000 men and six pieces of artillery, it was inexplicable to La Guerre how without a fight he had abandoned so valuable a position. He declared that, before we could make any move upon the capital, we must combine forces and retake Santa Barbara.

The country through which we now passed was virtually uninhabited, and wild and rough, but grandly beautiful. At no time, except when we passed through one of the dusty little villages, of a dozen sun-baked huts set around a sun-baked plaza, was the trail sufficiently wide to permit us to advance unless in single file. And yet this was the highway of Honduras from the Caribbean Sea to the Pacific Ocean, and the only road to Tegucigalpa, the objective point of our expedition. The capital lay only one hundred miles from Porto Cortez, but owing to the nature of this trail it could not be reached from the east coast, either on foot or by mule, in less than from six to nine days. No wheeled vehicle could have possibly attempted the

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trip without shaking to pieces, and it was only by dragging and lifting our Gatling guns by hand that we were able to bring them with us.

At sunset we halted at a little village, where, as usual, the people yelled "Vivas!" at us, and protested that they were good revolutionists. The moon had just risen, and, in spite of our lack of uniforms, as the men rode onward, kicking up the white dust and with the Gatlings clanking and rumbling behind them, they gave a most war-like impression. Miller, who had reconnoitred the village before we entered it, stood watching us as we came in. He said that we reminded him of troops of United States cavalry as he had seen them on the alkali plains of New Mexico and Arizona. It was again my duty to station our pickets and outposts, and as I came back after placing the sentries, the fires were twinkling all over the plaza and throwing grotesque shadows of the men and the mules against the white walls of the houses. It was a most weird and impressive picture.

The troopers were exhausted with the forced march, and fell instantly to sleep, but for a long time I sat outside the Town Hall talking with General La Guerre and two of the Americans, Miller and old man Webster. Their talk was about Aiken, who so far had accompanied us as an untried prisoner. From what he had said to me on the march, and from what I remembered of his manner when Captain Leeds informed him of the loss of the guns, I was convinced that he was innocent of any treachery.

I related to the others just what had occurred at the coast, and after some talk with Aiken himself, La Guerre finally agreed that he was innocent of any evil against him, and that Quay was the man who had sold the secret. La Guerre then offered Aiken his choice of continuing on with us, or of returning to the coast, and Aiken said that he would prefer to go on with our column. Now that the Isthmian Line knew that he had tried to assist La Guerre, his usefulness at the coast was at an end. He added frankly that his only other reason for staying with us was because he thought we were going to win. General La Guerre gave him charge of our transport and commissary, that is of our twelve pack-mules and of the disposition of the coffee, flour, and beans. Aiken possessed real executive ability, and it is only fair to him to say that as commissary sergeant he served us well. By the time we had reached Tegucigalpa the twelve mules had increased to twenty, and our stock of rations, instead of diminishing as we consumed them, increased daily. We never asked how he managed it. Possibly, knowing Aiken, it was wiser not to inquire.

We broke camp at four in the morning, but in spite of our early start the next day's advance was marked by the most cruel heat. We had left the shade of the high lands and now pushed on over a plain of dry, burning sand, where nothing grew but naked bushes bristling with thorns, and tall grayish-green cacti with disjointed branching arms. They stretched out before us against the blazing sky, like a succession of fantastic telegraph-poles. We were marching over what had once been the bed of a great lake. Layers of tiny round pebbles rolled under our feet, and the rocks which rose out of the sand had been worn and polished by the water until they were as smooth as the steps of a cathedral. A mile away on each flank were dark green ridges, but ahead of us there was only a great stretch of glaring white sand. No wind was stirring, and not a drop of moisture. The air was like a breath from a brick oven, and the heat of the sun so fierce that if you touched your fingers to a gun-barrel it burned the flesh.

We did not escape out of this lime-kiln until three in the afternoon, when the trail again led us into the protecting shade of the jungle. The men plunged into it as eagerly as though they were diving into water.

About four o'clock we heard great cheering ahead of us, and word was passed to the rear that Miller had come in touch with Garcia's scouts. A half hour later, we marched into the camp of the revolutionists. It was situated about three miles outside of Santa Barbara, on the banks of the river where the trail crossed it at a ford. Our fellows made a rather fine appearance as they rode out of the jungle among the revolutionists; and, considering the fact that we had come to fight for them, I thought the little beggars might have given

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us a cheer, but they only stared at us, and nodded stupidly. They were a mixed assortment, all of them under-size and either broad and swarthy, with the straight hair and wide cheek-bones of the Carib Indian, or slight and nervous looking, with the soft eyes and sharp profile of the Spaniard. The greater part of them had deserted in compânies from the army, and they still wore the blue-jean uniform and carried the rifle and accoutrements of the Government. To distinguish themselves from those soldiers who had remained with Alvarez, they had torn off the red braid with which their tunics were embroidered.

All the officers of the Foreign Legion rode up the stream with La Guerre to meet General Garcia, whom we found sitting in the shade of his tent surrounded by his staff. He gave us a most enthusiastic greeting, embracing the General, and shaking hands with each of us in turn. He seemed to be in the highest state of excitement, and bustled about ordering us things to drink, and chattering, gesticulating, and laughing. He reminded me of a little, fat French poodle trying to express his delight by bounds and barks. They brought us out a great many bottles of rum and limes, and we all had a long, deep drink. After the fatigue and dust of the day, it was the best I ever tasted. Garcia's officers seemed just as much excited over nothing as he was, but were exceedingly friendly, treating us with an exaggerated "comrades-in-arms" and "brother-officers" sort of manner. The young man who entertained me was quite a swell, with a tortoise-shell visor to his cap and a Malacca sword-cane which swung from a gold cord. He was as much pleased over it as a boy with his first watch, and informed me that it had been used to assassinate his uncle, ex-President Rojas. As he seemed to consider it a very valuable heirloom, I moved my legs so that, as though by accident, my sword fell forward where he could see it. When he did he exclaimed upon its magnificence, and I showed him my name on the scabbard. He thought it had been presented to me for bravery. He was very much impressed.

Garcia and La Guerre talked together for a long time and then shook hands warmly, and we all saluted and returned to the ford.

As soon as we had reached it La Guerre seated himself under a tree and sent for all of his officers.

"We are to attack at daybreak to-morrow morning," he said. "Garcia is to return along the trail and make a demonstration on this side of the town, while we are here to attack from the other. There is another ford half a mile below this one. A cattle-path leads from it, and we are to follow that path until it adjoins the main trail as it enters Santa Barbara from the side of the town opposite to where we are now. The plaza is about three hundred yards from where the main trail enters the town. On the corner of the plaza and the main street there is a large warehouse. One side of the warehouse looks across the plaza to the barracks, which are on the other side of the square. General Garcia's plan is that we make this warehouse our objective point. He selected this particular building because it overlooks the barracks, and because it is the only one on the plaza with two stories. Men on its roof will have a great advantage over those in the barracks and in the streets. He believes that when he begins his attack from this side, the Government troops will rush from the barracks and hasten toward the sound of the firing. At the same signal we are to hurry in from the opposite side of the town, seize the warehouse, and throw up barricades across the plaza. Should this plan succeed, the Government troops will find themselves shut in between two fires. It seems to be a good plan, and I have agreed to it. The cattle-path is much too rough for our guns, so Captain Heinze and the gun detail will remain here and co-operate with General Garcia. Let your men get all the sleep they can now. They must march again at midnight. They will carry nothing but their guns and ammunition and rations for one meal. If everything goes as we expect, we will breakfast in Santa Barbara."

I like to remember the happiness I got out of the excitement of that moment. I lived at the rate of an hour a minute, and I was as upset from pure delight as though I had been in a funk of abject terror. And I was scared in a way, too, for whenever I remembered I knew

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nothing of actual fighting, and of what chances there were to make mistakes, I shivered down to my heels. But I would not let myself think of the chances to make a failure, but rather of the opportunities of doing something distinguished and of making myself conspicuous. I laughed when I thought of my classmates at the Point with their eyes bent on a book of tactics, while here was I, within three hours of a real battle, of the most exciting of all engagements, an attack upon a city. A full year, perhaps many years, would pass before they would get the chance to hear a hostile shot, the shot fired in anger, which every soldier must first hear before he can enter upon his inheritance, and hold his own in the talk of the mess-table. I felt almost sorry for them when I thought how they would envy me when they read of the fight in the newspapers. I decided it would be called the battle of Santa Barbara, and I imagined how it would look in the headlines. I was even generous enough to wish that three or four of the cadets were with me; that is, of course, under me, so that they could tell afterward how well I had led them.

Garcia loaned us two of his officers to act as guides. They had been with him in the town for six weeks before they had permitted the Government troops to drive them out of it, and in consequence were familiar with it and its approaches. But when La Guerre asked one of them in what way the town was defended toward the west, he answered that unless the Government troops had erected defences during the three days in which they had occupied it, there were none. That is a good instance of the manner in which our allies and, fortunately, our enemies also, conducted the war.

La Guerre had asked Garcia why he had no spies nor pickets to warn him of the approach of such a large force.

"Spies and pickets!" he exclaimed. "I had too many spies and pickets. It was through them that I lost the town. Every hour they came running in to tell me the enemy was advancing. I could not sleep, I could not eat my meals in peace for them. So, when they told me the enemy was coming for the five hundredth time I remained in my hammock—and that was the only time they were telling the truth."

At midnight we filed silently out of camp, and felt our way in the dark through the worst stretch of country we had yet encountered. The ferns rose above our hips, and the rocks and fallen logs over which we stumbled were slippery with moss. Every minute a man was thrown by a trailing vine or would plunge over a fallen tree-trunk, and there would be a yell of disgust and an oath and a rattle of accoutrements. The men would certainly have been lost if they had not kept in touch by calling to one another, and the noise we made hissing at them for silence only added to the uproar.

At the end of three hours our guides informed us that for the last half-mile they had been guessing at the trail, and that they had now completely lost themselves. So La Guerre sent out Miller and the native scouts to buskey about and find out where we were, and almost immediately we heard the welcome barking of a dog, and one of the men returned to report that we had walked right into the town. We found that the first huts were not a hundred yards distant. La Guerre accordingly ordered the men to conceal themselves and sent Miller, one of Garcia's officers, and myself to reconnoitre.

The moonlight had given way to the faint gray light which comes just before dawn, and by it we could distinguish lumps of blackness which as we approached turned into the thatched huts of the villagers. Until we found the main trail into the town we kept close to the bamboo fences of these huts, and then, still keeping in the shadows, we followed the trail until it turned into a broad and well-paved street.

Except for many mongrel dogs that attacked us, and the roosters that began to challenge us from every garden, we had not been observed, and, so far as we could distinguish, the approach to the town was totally unprotected. By this time the light had increased sufficiently for us to see the white fronts of the houses, and the long empty street, where rows of oil-lamps were sputtering and flickering, and, as they went out, filling the clean, morning air with the fumes of the dying wicks. It had been only two weeks since I had seen

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paved streets, and shops, and lamp-posts, but I had been sleeping long enough in the open to make the little town of Santa Barbara appear to me like a modern and well-appointed city. Viewed as I now saw it, our purpose to seize it appeared credulous and grotesque. I could not believe that we contemplated such a piece of folly. But the native officer pointed down the street toward a square building with overhanging balconies. In the morning mist the warehouse loomed up above its fellows of one story like an impregnable fortress.

Miller purred with satisfaction.

"That's the place," he whispered; "I remember it now. If we can get into it, they can never get us out." It seemed to me somewhat like burglary, but I nodded in assent, and we ran back through the outskirts to where La Guerre was awaiting us. We reported that there were no pickets guarding our side of the town, and the building Garcia had designated for defence seemed to us most admirably selected.

It was now near to the time set for the attack to begin, and La Guerre called the men together, and, as was his custom, explained to them what he was going to do. He ordered that when we reached the warehouse I was to spread out my men over the plaza and along the two streets on which the warehouse stood. Porter was to mount at once to the roof and open fire on the barracks, and the men of B and C Troops were to fortify the warehouse and erect the barricades.

It was still dark, but through the chinks of a few of the mud huts we could see the red glow of a fire, and were warned by this to move forward and take up our position at the head of the main street. Before we advanced, skirmishers were sent out to restrain any of the people in the huts who might attempt to arouse the garrison. But we need not have concerned ourselves, for those of the natives who came to their doors, yawning and shivering in the cool morning air, shrank back at the sight of us, and held up their hands. I suppose, as we crept out of the mist, we were a somewhat terrifying spectacle, but I know that I personally felt none of the pride of a conquering hero. The glimpse I had caught of the sleeping town, peaceful and unconscious, and the stealth and silence of our movements, depressed me greatly, and I was convinced that I had either perpetrated or was about to perpetrate some hideous crime. I had anticipated excitement and the joy of danger, instead of which, as I tiptoed between the poor gardens, I suffered all the quaking terrors of a chicken thief.

We had halted behind a long adobe wall to the right of the main street, and as we crouched there the sun rose like a great searchlight and pointed us out, and exposed us, and seemed to hold up each one of us to the derision of Santa Barbara. As the light flooded us we all ducked our heads simultaneously, and looked wildly about us as though seeking for some place to hide. I felt as though I had been caught in the open street in my night-gown. It was impossible to justify our presence. As I lay, straining my ears for Garcia's signal, I wondered what we would do if the worthy citizen who owned the garden wall, against which we lay huddled, should open the gate and ask us what we wanted. Could we reply that we, a hundred and fifty men, proposed to seize and occupy his city? I felt sure he would tell us to go away at once or he would call the police. I looked at the men near me, and saw that each was as disturbed as myself. A full quarter of an hour had passed since the time set for the attack, and still there was no signal from Garcia. The strain was becoming intolerable. At any moment some servant, rising earlier than his fellows, might stumble upon us, and in his surprise sound the alarm. Already in the trail behind us a number of natives, on their way to market, had been halted by our men, who were silently waving them back into the forest. The town was beginning to stir, wooden shutters banged against stone walls, and from but just around the corner of the main street came the clatter of iron bars as they fell from the door of a shop. We could hear the man who was taking them down whistling cheerily.

And then from the barracks came, sharply and clearly, the ringing notes of the reveille. I jumped to my feet and ran to where La Guerre was sitting with his back to the wall.

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"General, can't I begin now?" I begged. "You said D Troop was to go in first."

He shook his head impatiently. "Listen!" he commanded.

We heard a single report, but so faintly and from such a distance that had it not instantly been followed by two more we could not have distinguished it. Even then we were not certain. Then as we crouched listening, each reading the face of the others and no one venturing to breathe, there came the sharp, broken roll of musketry. It was unmistakable. The men gave a great gasp of relief, and without orders sprang to "attention." A ripple of rifle-fire, wild and scattered, answered the first volley.

"They have engaged the pickets," said La Guerre.

The volleys were followed by others, and volleys, more uneven, answered them still more wildly.

"They are driving the pickets back," explained La Guerre. We all stood looking at him as though he were describing something which he actually saw. Suddenly from the barracks came the discordant calls of many bugles, warning, commanding, beseeching.

La Guerre tossed back his head, like a horse that has been too tightly curbed.

"They are leaving the barracks," he said. He pulled out his watch and stood looking down at it in his hand.

"I will give them three minutes to get under way," he said. "Then we will start for the warehouse. When they come back again, they will find us waiting for them."

It seemed an hour that we stood there, and during every second of that hour the rifle fire increased in fierceness and came nearer, and seemed to make another instant of inaction a crime. The men were listening with their mouths wide apart, their heads cocked on one side, and their eyes staring. They tightened their cartridge-belts nervously, and opened and shot back the breech-bolts of their rifles. I took out my revolver, and spun the cylinder to reassure myself for the hundredth time that it was ready. But La Guerre stood quite motionless, with his eyes fixed impassively upon his watch as though he were a physician at a sick-bed. Only once did he raise his eyes. It was when the human savageness of the rifle fire was broken by a low mechanical rattle, like the whirr of a mowing-machine as one hears it across the hay-fields. It spanked the air with sharp hot reports.

"Heinz has turned the Gatlings on them," he said. "They will be coming back soon." He closed the lid of his watch with a click and nodded gravely at me. "You can go ahead now, Captain," he said. His tone was the same as though he had asked me to announce dinner.

(To be continued.)

ASLEEP

By Elsa Barker

Beyond the boundaries of dream he lies,
  Wrapt in the veil of immemorial sleep.
  The far-off murmur of the rhythmic deep
Of being is his breath; it magnifies
The soul that studies with illumined eyes
  This ageless mystery that mortals keep.
  The spellbound watcher is too still to weep;
Her ears have caught the silence of the wise.

O Sleep, pale prophet of immortal rest—
  Sleep, that relieves the angel of the clod!
Rocked on the waves of dream that manifest
  The spirit to the seed within the sod,
The slumberer sees the shadow of his quest,
  And wakens wondering at the ways of God.

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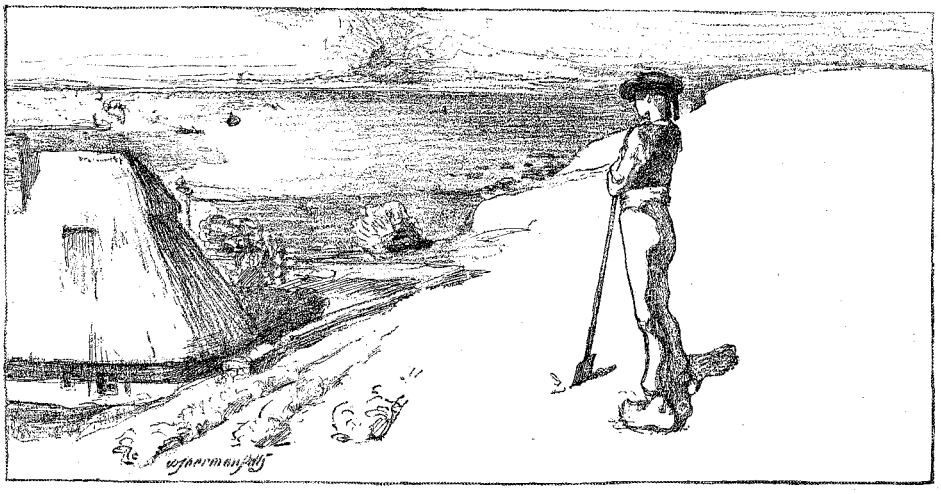

LITTLE TAPIN

By Guy Wetmore Carryl

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. SHERMAN POTTS

HIS name was Jean-Marie-Michel Jumière, and the first eighteen years of his life were spent near the little Breton village of Plougastel. They were years of which each was, in every respect, like that which went before, and, in every respect, like that which followed after: devoid, that is to say, of incident, beyond the annual *pardon*, when the peasants came from far and near to the quaint little church, to offer their prayers at the cemetery Calvary, and display their holiday costumes, and make love, and exchange gossip on the turf round about. It is a land of wide and wind-swept hillsides; this, imbued with the strange melancholy of a wild and merciless sea, and wherein there are no barriers of convention or artificiality between earth and sky, man and his Maker, but Jean-Marie loved it for its very bleakness. From the doorway of his mother's cottage, standing, primly white, in the midst of great rocks and strawberry fields, with its thatched roof drawn down, like a hood, about its ears, as if in protection against the western gales, he could look out across the broad harbor of Brest to the Goulet, that gateway to the great Atlantic whose mighty voice came to his ears in stormy weather, muttering against the barrier of the shore. And this voice of the sea spoke to Jean-Marie of many things, but, most of all, of the navies of France, of the mighty battleships which went out from Brest to unimagined lands, far distant—China, America, and the southern islands—whence comrades, older than himself, brought back curious treasures—coral and shells and coins and even parrots—to surprise the good people of Plougastel. He looked at them enviously as they gathered about the door of Père Yvetot's wine-shop, when they were home on leave, and spun sailor-yarns for his delighted ears. How wonderful they were, these men who had seen the world, Toulon and Marseilles, and Tonkin—how wonderful, with their flapping trousers and their jaunty caps, with a white strap and a red *pompon*, and their throats and breasts showing, ruddy-bronze, at the necks of their shirts!

At such times Jean-Marie would join timidly in the talk, and, perhaps, speak of the time when he, too, should be *marin français*, and see the world. And the big

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Breton sailors would laugh good-naturedly, and slap him on the shoulder, and say: "*Tiens!* And how then shall the cruisers find their way into Brest Harbor, when the little *phare* is gone?" For it was a famous joke in Plougastel to pretend that Jean-Marie, with his flaming red hair, was a light-house which could be seen through the Goulet, far, far out at sea.

But Jean-Marie only smiled quietly in reply, for he knew that his day would come. At night the west wind, sweeping in from the Atlantic, and rattling his casement, seemed to be calling him, and it was a fancy of his to answer its summons in a whisper, turning his face toward the window:

"All in good time, my friend. All in good time!"

Again, when he was working in the strawberry fields, he would strain his eyes to catch the outline of some big green battle-ship, anchored off Brest, or, during one of his rare visits to the town, lean upon the railing of the *pont tournant*, to watch the sailors and marines moving about the barracks and magazines on the *quais* of the *port militaire*. All in good time, my friends. All in good time!

Only, there were two to whom one did not speak of these things—the Little Mother and Rosalie Vivieu. Already the sea had taken three from Madame Jumière—Baptiste, her husband, and Philippe and Yves, the older boys, who went out together, with the fishing fleet, seven years before, in the stanch little smack *La Belle Fortune*. She had been cheerful, even merry, during the long weeks of waiting for the fleet's return, and, when it came in one evening, with news of *La Belle Fortune* cut down in the fog by a North Cape German Lloyd, and all hands lost, she had taken the news as only a Breton woman can. Jean-Marie was but twelve at the time, but there is an intuition, beyond all reckoning in years, in the heart of a fisher's son, and never should he forget how the Little Mother had caught him to her heart that night, at the doorway of their cottage, crying: "Holy Saviour! Holy Saviour!" with her patient blue eyes upturned to the cold, gray sky of Finistère! As for Rosalie, Jean-Marie could not remember when they two had not been sweethearts, since the day when, as a round-eyed boy of six, he had watched Madame Vivieu crowding morsels of blessed bread into her baby mouth at the *pardon* of Plougastel, since all the world knows that in such manner only can backwardness of speech be cured. Rosalie was sixteen now, as round and pink and sweet as one of her own late peaches, and she had promised to marry Jean-Marie some day. For the time being, he was allowed to kiss her only on the great occasion of the *pardon*, but that was once more each year than any other *gars* in Plougastel could do, so Jean-Marie was content. No, evidently, to these two there must be no mention of his dreamings of the wide and wonderful sea, of that summons of the impatient western wind, of those long reveries upon the *pont tournant*.

So Jean-Marie hugged his visions to his heart for another year, working in the strawberry fields, gazing out with longing eyes toward the warships in the harbor, and whispering, when the fingers of the wind tapped upon his little casement: "All in good time, my friend. All in good time!"

And his day came at last, as he had known it would. But with what a difference! For there were many for the navy that spring. Plougastel had nine, and Daoulas fifteen ready, and Hanvec seven, and Crozon twenty-one, and, from Landerneau and Chateaulin and Lambezellec and Le Folgoet, came fifty more, and from Brest itself a hundred; and all of these, with few exceptions, were great, broad-shouldered lads, strong of arm and deep of chest; and so the few, it seemed, who were slender and fragile, like Jean-Marie, were assigned to the infantry, and sent, as is the custom, far from Finistère, because, says the code, change of scene prevents homesickness, and what the code says must, of course, be true.

When Madame Jumière heard this she smiled as she was seldom known to smile. The Holy Virgin then had listened to her prayers. The *gars* was to be a *pioupiou* instead of a *col bleu*, after all! The great sea should not rob her again, as it had robbed her in the time. It was very well, oh, *grâce au saint Sauveur*, it was very well! And all that night the Little Mother prayed, and watched a tiny taper

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flickering before her porcelain image of *Notre Dame de la Recouvrance*, while Jean-Marie tossed and turned upon his little garret bed, and made no reply, even in a whisper, to the west wind rattling his casement with insistent fingers.

But it was all to be far worse than he had pictured it to himself, even in those first few hours of disappointment and despair. The last Sunday afternoon which he and Rosalie passed, hand in hand, seated by the Calvary in Plougastel cemetery, striving dumbly to realize that they should see each other no more for three long years; the following morning, chill and bleak for that season, when he and the Little Mother, standing on the platform of the station at Brest, could barely see each other's faces for the sea-fog and their own hot tears; the shouts and laughter and noisy farewells of the *classe* crowding out of the windows of their third-class carriages; and, finally, the interminable journey to Paris—all of these were to Jean-Marie like the successive stages of a feverish, uneasy dream. He knew none of the noisy Breton peasant lads about him, but sat by himself in the centre of the compartment, too far from either window to catch more than fleeting glimpses of the fog-wrapped landscape through which the train crept at thirty kilometres the hour. At long intervals they stopped in great stations, of which little Jean-Marie remembered to have heard—Morlaix, St. Brieuc, Rennes, and Laval—where the recruits bought cakes and bottles of cheap wine, and joked with white-capped peasant women on the platforms; and twice again during the long night he was roused from a fitful, troubled sleep to a consciousness of raucous voices crying "Le Mans!" and "Chartres!" and gasped in sudden terror, before he could remember where he was, at the faces of his slumbering companions, ghastly and distorted in the wretched light of the compartment lamp. So, as the dawn was breaking over Paris, they came into the Gare Montparnasse, and, too drowsy to realize what was demanded of them, were herded together by the drill-sergeants in charge, and marched away across the city to the barracks of La Pépinière.

The weeks that followed were to Jean-Marie hideous beyond any hope of resignation. From the first he had been assigned to the drum-corps, and spent hours daily, under the command of a corporal expert in the art, laboriously learning double rolls and ruffles in the *fosse* of the fortifications. For they are not in the way of enduring martyrdom, the Parisians, and even while they cry "*Vive l'armée!*" with their hats off, and their eyes blazing, the drummers and buglers are sent out of hearing to practise the music that later, when the regiments parade, will stir the throng to loyal enthusiasm!

But this part of his new life was no hardship to Jean-Marie, or Little Tapin, as his comrades soon learned to call him, because he was the smallest drummer in the corps. On the contrary, it was something to be in the open air, even though that air was tainted with sluggish smoke from the factory chimneys of Levallois-Perret, instead of being swept and refreshed by the west wind from beyond the Goulet. And he was very earnest, very anxious to please, was Little Tapin. First of all the new drummers, he learned the intricacies of the roll, and so diligently did he improve the hours of practice that he was first, as well, to be regularly assigned to a place in the regimental band. No, this was no hardship. What cramped and crushed his kindly little heart, what clouded his queer, quizzical eyes, was nothing less than Paris, beautiful, careless Paris, that laughed and danced and sang about him, and had never a thought for Little Tapin, with his funny freckled face and his ill-fitting uniform of red and blue and his coarse boots and his ineradicable Breton stare.

In Plougastel he had been wont to greet and to be greeted, to hear cheery words from those who passed him on the wide, white roads. He was part of it all, one who was called by his honest name, instead of by a ridiculous *sobriquet*, and who had his share in all that went forward from the strawberry harvest to the procession of the *pardon*. And if all this was but neighborly interest, at least there were two to whom Jean-Marie meant more, and who meant more to him.

But Paris—Paris, with her throngs of strange faces hurrying past, her brilliantly lighted *boulevards*, her crowded *cafés*, her

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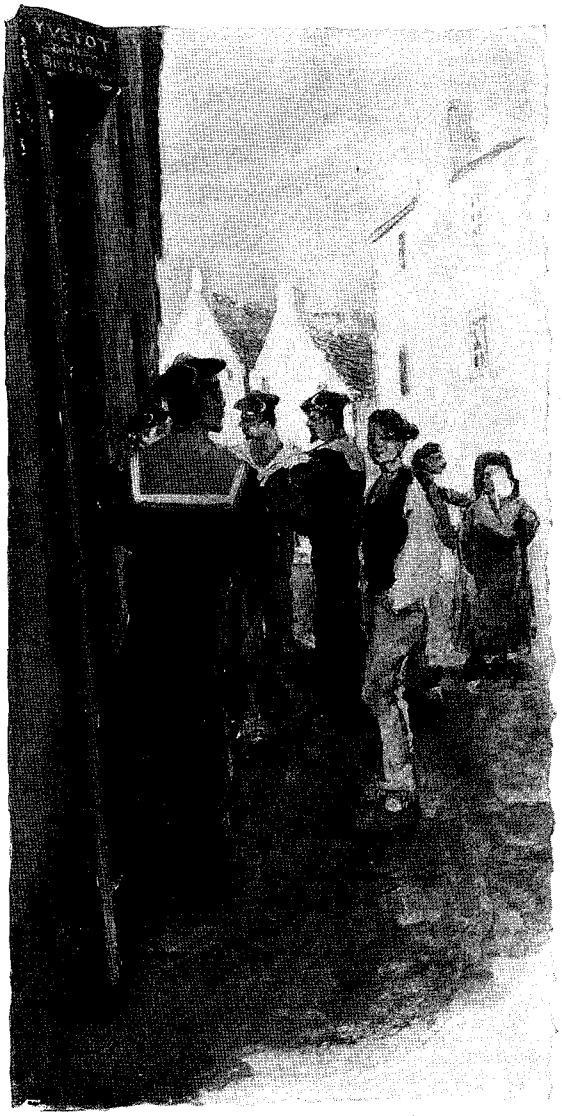
swirl of traffic along avenues that one crossed only at peril of one's life—he was lost amid her clamor and confusion as utterly as a bubble in a whirlpool!



When they were home on leave, and spun sailor-yarns.—Page 730.

The bitterest hours of his new life were those of his leave, in which, with a band of his fellows, he went out of the great green gates of the *caserne* to seek amusement. Amusement! They soon lost Little Tapin, the others, for he was one who did not drink, and walked straight on when they turned to speak to passing *grisettes*, who clung to each other's arms, and looked back, laughing at the sallies of the *pioupious*. He was not *bon camarade*. He seemed to disapprove. So, presently, while he was staring into a shop-window, they would slip down a side street or into a tiny café, and Little Tapin would find himself alone in the great city which he dreaded.

He came to spending long hours of his days of leave in the galleries of the Louvre, hastening past row upon row of nude statues with startled eyes, or making his way wearily from picture to picture of the old Dutch masters, striving, striving to understand. Then, foot-sore and heart-

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sick, he would creep out upon the Pont du Carrousel, and stand for half an afternoon with his elbows on the railing. Behind him the human tide swung to and fro from bank to bank, the big omnibuses making the bridge throb and sway under his feet. It was good, that, like the rise and fall of his little boat on the swells of the Bras de Landerneau, when he rowed up with a comrade to fish at the mouth of the Elorn. And there was always the Seine, whirling, brown and angry, under

So three months went by, and then, one morning, the news ran through La Pépinière that the regiment was going to move. There is no telling how such tidings get abroad, for the pawns are not supposed to know what part in the game they are to play. A loose-tongued lieutenant, perhaps, and a sharp-eared *ordonnance*, or a word between two *commandants* overheard by the sentry in his box at the gates of the *caserne*. Whatever the source of the information, certain it was that, six hours after

Were herded together by the drill-sergeants.—Page 732.

the arches of the Pont Royal beyond, on its way to the sea, where were the great, green battle-ships. Little Tapin strained his eyes in an attempt to follow the river's long sweep to the left, toward the distant towers of the Trocadéro, and then pictured to himself how it would go on and on, out into the good, green country, past hillsides crowded with vineyards and broad, flat meadows, where the poplars stood, aligned like soldiers, against the sky, until it broadened toward its end, running swifter and more joyously, for now the wind had met it and was crying: "Come! Come! The sea! The sea!" as it was used to cry, rattling the casement of his little room at Plougastel. Then two great tears ran slowly down his freckled cheeks, and dropped, unnoted, into the flying river, wherein so many fall. Ah, what a baby he was, to be sure, Little Tapin!

the colonel of the 107th of the line had received his orders, his newest recruit could have told you as much of them as was known to General de Galliffet himself in his office on the boulevard Saint-Germain.

A more than usually friendly comrade confided the news to Little Tapin, exulting. The regiment was to move—in three days, name of God! *Épatant*—what? And, what was more, they were to go to the south, to Grenoble, whence one saw the Alpes Maritimes, with snow upon them—*snow* upon them, did Tapin comprehend?—and *always!* No matter whether it was a Tuesday, or a Friday, or even a Sunday! There was *always* snow!

No, Little Tapin could hardly comprehend. He pondered dully upon this new development of his fate all that afternoon, and then, suddenly, while he was beating the staccato roll of the *retraite* in the court

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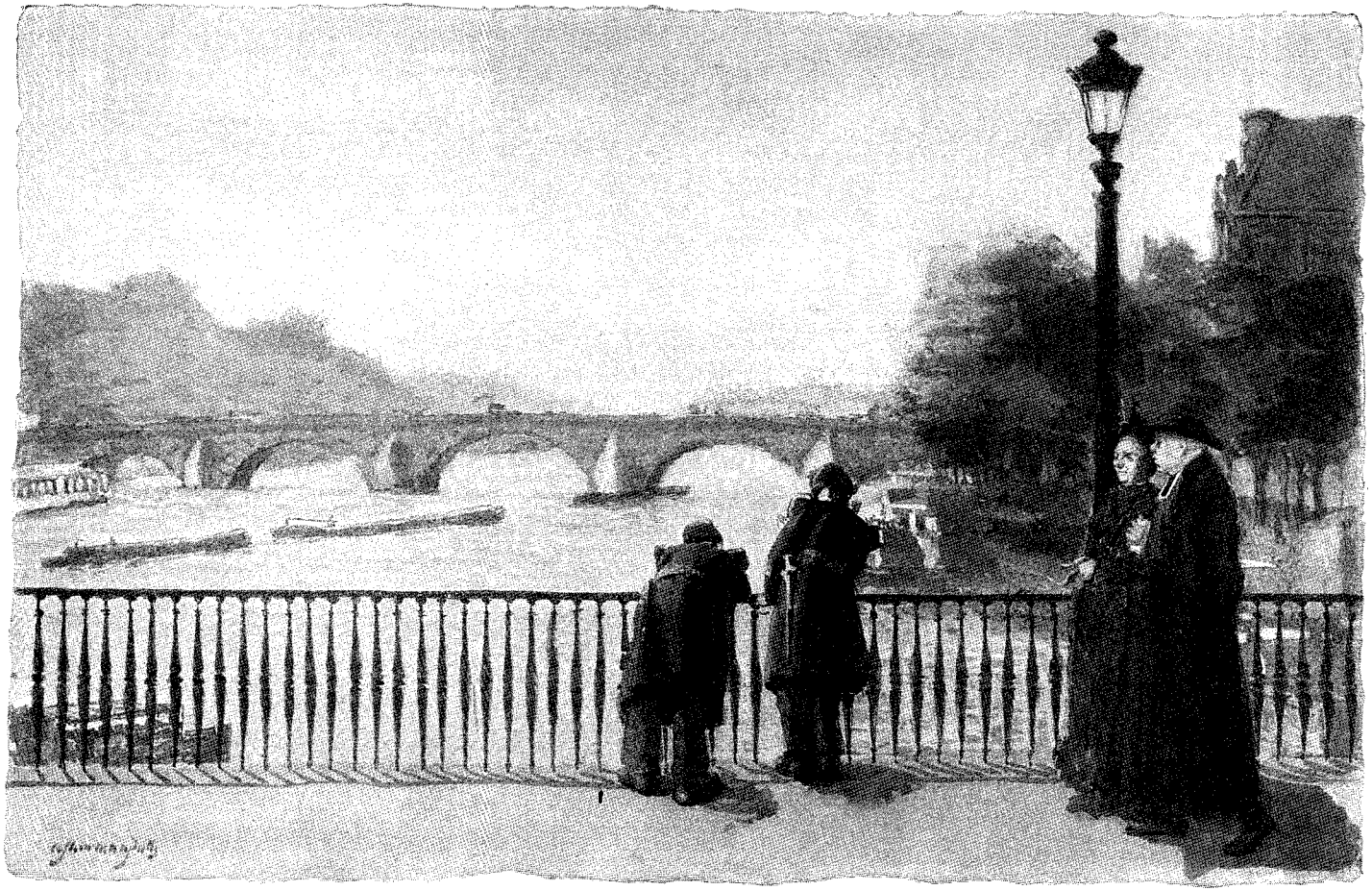

Drawn by W. Sherman Potts.

And there was always the Seine.—Page 734.

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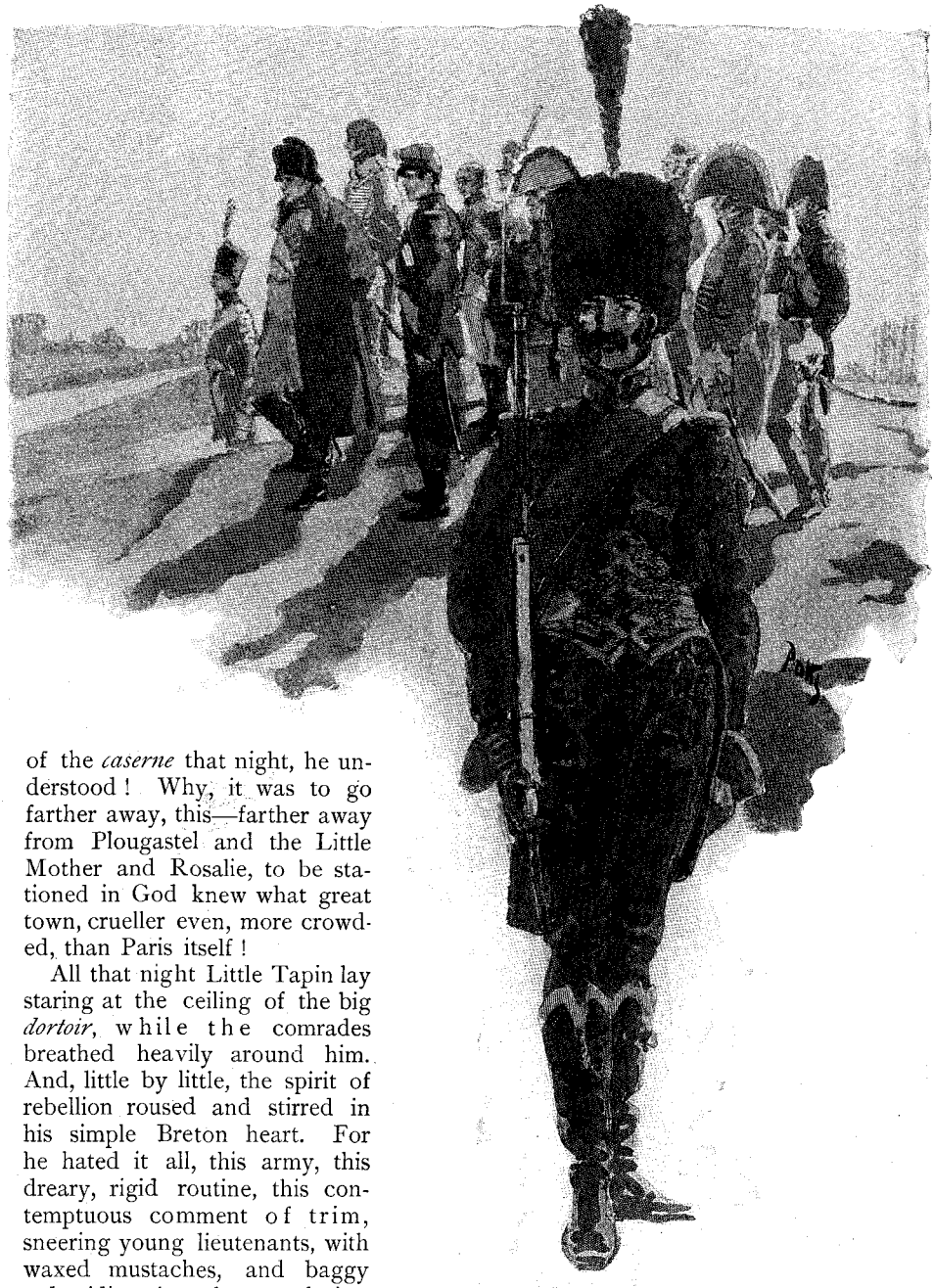

Surrounding Little Tapin and his companion were the most brilliant figures of the scene.—Page 739.

of the *caserne* that night, he understood! Why, it was to go farther away, this—farther away from Plougastel and the Little Mother and Rosalie, to be stationed in God knew what great town, crueller even, more crowded, than Paris itself!

All that night Little Tapin lay staring at the ceiling of the big *dortoir*, while the comrades breathed heavily around him. And, little by little, the spirit of rebellion roused and stirred in his simple Breton heart. For he hated it all, this army, this dreary, rigid routine, this contemptuous comment of trim, sneering young lieutenants, with waxed mustaches, and baggy red riding breeches, and immaculately varnished boots. He hated his own uniform, which another *tapin* had worn before him, and which, in consequence, had never even had the charm of freshness. He hated the bugles and the drums—yes, and, more than all, the *tricolor*, the flag of the great, cruel Republic, which had cooped him up in these desolate barracks of La Pépinière, instead of sending him with other Bretons out to the arms of the blue sea! And, when morning crept, gaunt and gray, through the windows of the *dortoir*, there lay upon the pallet of Little Tapin a deserter, in spirit, at least, from the 107th of the line!

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For the third time since joining the regiment Little Tapin was detailed as drummer to the guard at the Palais du Louvre. He knew what *that* meant—a long, insufferably tiresome day, with nothing to do save to idle about a doorway of the palace, opposite the Place du Palais Royal, watching the throng of shoppers scurrying to and fro and passing in and out of the big Magasins du Louvre. It was only as sunset approached that the drummer of the guard detail had any duty to perform. Then he marched, all alone, with his drum slung on his hip, across the Place du Carrousel, and down the wide central *promenade* of the Tuileries gardens, to the circular basin at their western end, where, on pleasant afternoons, the little Parisians — and some, too, of larger growth — manœuvred their miniature yachts to the extreme vexation of the sluggish gold-fish. There, standing motionless, like a sketch of Édouard Detaille, he watched the sun creep lower, lower, behind the Arc de l'Étoile, until it went out of sight, and then, turning, he marched back, drumming sturdily, to warn all who lingered in the gardens that the gates were about to close.

But they were not good for Little Tapin, those hours of idleness at the portals of the palace. It is the second busiest and most densely thronged spot in Paris, this—first the Place de l'Opéra, and then the Place du Palais Royal. And to Little Tapin's eyes, as he glanced up and down the Rue de Rivoli, the great city seemed more careless, more cruel than ever, and bit by bit the rebellious impulse born in the *dortoir* grew stronger, more irresistible. His Breton mind was slow to action, but, once set in one direction, it was obstinacy itself. He took no heed of consequences. If he realized at any stage of his meditation what the outcome of desertion must inevitably be, it was only to put the thought resolutely from him. Capture, court-martial, imprisonment, they were only names to him. What was real was that he should see Plougastel again, sit hand in hand with Rosalie, and refind his comrades, the wide, sunlit harbor, and the impatient western wind for which his heart was aching. What was false and unbearable was longer service in an army that he loathed.

He arranged the details of escape in his mind, as he sat apart from his comrades of the guard, fingering the drum-cords. An hour's leave upon the morrow —certainly the *tambour-major* would grant him so much, if he said it was to bid his sister good-by: then, a change from his detested uniform to a cheap *civile* in the shop of some second-hand dealer in the Gobelins quarter, and, finally, a quick dash to the Gare Montparnasse, when he should have learned the hour of his train, and so, away to Finistère! It sounded extremely simple, as all such plans do, when the wish is father to the thought, and in his calculations he went no farther than Plougastel. After that, one would see. So the long afternoon stole past.

At seven o'clock the lieutenant of the guard touched Little Tapin upon the shoulder, and, more by instinct than actual perception, he sprang to his feet and saluted.

"*Voyons, mon petit,*" said the officer, not unkindly. "It is time thou wast off. Thou knowest thy duty, eh? There is no need of instructions?"

"*Oh, ça me connait, mon lieutenant,*" answered Little Tapin quaintly, and presently he was striding away to his post, under the Arc de Triomphe, past the statues and the flower-beds and the dancing fountains, across the Rue des Tuileries, and so into the wide, central *promenade* of the gardens beyond.

The old woman who sold cakes and *réglisse* and balloons to the children was putting up the shutters of her little booth as he passed, and two others were piling wooden chairs in ungainly pyramids under the trees, though the gardens were still full of people hurrying north and south on the transverse paths leading to the Rue de Rivoli or to the *quai* and the Pont de Solférino. But, curiously enough, the open space around the western basin was almost deserted as Little Tapin took his position, facing the opening of the great *grille*.

The mid-August afternoon had been oppressively warm, and now a thin haze had risen from the wet wood pavement of the Place de la Concorde and hovered low, pink in the light of the setting sun. Directly before Little Tapin the obelisk raised its warning finger, and, beyond, the

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Champs Elysées, thickly dotted with carriages and half-veiled by great splotches of ruddy-yellow dust, swept away in a long, upward curve toward the distant Arc de l'Étoile.

But of all this Little Tapin saw nothing. He stood very still, with his back to the basin, where the fat goldfish went to and fro like lazy sentinels, on the watch for a possible belated small boy with a pocket full of crumbs. He was still deep in his dream of Plougastel, so deep that he could almost smell the salt breeze rollicking in from the Goulet, and hear the chapel bell sending the *Angelus* out over the strawberry fields and the rock-dotted hillside.

After a minute something, a teamster's shout or the snap of a *cocher's* whip, roused him, and he glanced around with the same half-sensation of terror with which he had wakened in the night to hear the guards shouting "Le Mans!" and "Chartres!" Then the reality came back to him with a rush, and he grumbled to himself. Oh, it was all very well, the wonderful French army, all very well if one could have been a marshal or a general, or even a soldier of the line in time of war. There was a chance for glory, *bon sang!* But to be a drummer — a drummer, one metre seventy in height, with flaming red hair and a freckled face —a drummer who was called Little Tapin, and to have for one's most important duty to drum the loungers out of a public garden! No, evidently he would desert!

"But why?" said a grave voice beside him.

Little Tapin was greatly startled. He had not thought he was saying the words aloud. And his fear increased when, on turning to see who had spoken, he found himself looking into the eyes of one who was evidently an officer, though his uniform was unfamiliar. He was plain shaven and very short, almost as short, indeed, as Little Tapin himself, but about him there was a something of dignity and command which could not fail of its effect. He wore a great black hat like a *gendarme's*, but without trimming, a blue coat with a white *plastron*, the tails lined with scarlet, and the sleeves ending in red and white cuffs. White breeches, and kneeboots carefully polished, completed the uniform, and from over his right shoulder a broad band of crimson silk was drawn tightly across his breast. A short sword hung straight at his hip, and on his left breast were three orders on red ribbons: a great star, with an eagle in the centre, backed by a sunburst studded with brilliants; another eagle, this one of white enamel, pendant from a jewelled crown; and a smaller star of enamelled white and green, similar to the large one.

Little Tapin had barely mastered these details when the other spoke again.

"Why art thou thinking to desert?" he said.

"*Monsieur* is an officer?" faltered the drummer—"a general, perhaps. *Pardon*, but I do not know the uniform."

"A corporal, simply — a soldier of France, like thyself. Be not afraid, my little one. All thou sayest shall be held in confidence. Tell me thy difficulties."

His voice was very kind, the kindest Little Tapin had heard in three long months, and suddenly the barrier of his Breton reserve gave and broke. The nervous strain had been too great. He must have sympathy and advice, yes, even though it meant confiding in a stranger, and the possible failure of his dearly cherished plans.

"A soldier of France!" he exclaimed, impulsively. "Ah, *monsieur*, there you have all my difficulty. What a thing it is to be a soldier of France! And not even that, but a drummer, a drummer who is called 'Little Tapin,' because he is the smallest and weakest in the corps. To be taken from home, from the country he loves, from Brittany, and made to serve among men who despise him, who laugh at him, who avoid him in the hours of leave because he is not *bon camarade*. To wear a uniform that has been already worn. To sleep in a dormitory where there are *bêtes funestes!* To have no friends. To know that he is not to see Plougastel and the sweetheart and the Little Mother for three long years. Never to fight, but, at best, to drum *voyous* out of a garden! *That*, monsieur, is what it is to be a soldier of France!"

There were tears in Little Tapin's eyes now, but he was more angry than sad. The silence of months was broken, and

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the hoarded resentment and despair of his long martyrdom, once given rein, were not to be checked a second time. He threw back his narrow shoulders defiantly, and said a hideous thing :

" *Conspuez l'armée française !* "

There was an instant's pause, and then the other leaned forward and with one white-gloved hand touched Little Tapin on the eyes.

. . . . . .

Before them a great plain, sloping very gradually upward in all directions, like a vast, shallow amphitheatre, spread away in a long series of low terraces to where, in the dim distance, the peaks of a range of purple hills nicked and notched a sky of palest turquoise. From where they stood, upon a slight elevation, the details of even the farthest slopes seemed singularly clean-cut and distinct—the group of gray willows ; the poplars, standing stiffly in twos and threes; the short silver reaches of a little river, lying in the hollows where the land occasionally dipped ; at long intervals a white-washed cottage, gleaming like a sail against this sea of green ; even, on the most distant swell of all, a herd of ruddy cattle, moving slowly up toward the crest—each and all of these, although in merest miniature, as clear and vivid in form and color as if they had been the careful creations of a Claude Lorrain.

Directly before the knoll upon which they were stationed, a wide road, dazzling white in the sunlight, swept in a superb full curve from left to right, and on its farther side the ground was covered with close-clipped turf, and completely empty for a distance of two hundred metres. But beyond ! Beyond, every hectare of the great semicircle was occupied by dense masses of cavalry, infantry, and artillery, regiment upon regiment, division upon division, corps upon corps, an innumerable multitude, motionless, as if carved out of many colored marbles !

In some curious, unaccountable fashion, Little Tapin seemed to know all these by name. There, to the left, were the *chasseurs à pied,* their huge bearskins flecked with red and green *pompons,* and their cross-belts slashed like capital X's against the blue of their tunics ; there, beside them, the foot artillery, a long row of metal collar-plates, like dots of gold, and gold trappings against dark blue ; to the right, the Garde Royale Hollandaise, in brilliant crimson and white ; in the centre, the infantry of the Guard, with tall, straight *pompons*, red above white, and square black shakos, trimmed with scarlet cord.

Close at hand, surrounding Little Tapin and his companion, were the most brilliant figures of the scene, and these, too, he seemed to know by name. None was missing. Prince Murat, in a cream-white uniform blazing with gold embroidery, and with a scarlet ribbon across his breast ; a group of marshals—Ney, Oudinot, Duroc, Macdonald, Augereau, Soult, and Bernadotte—with their yellow sashes and cocked hats laced with gold ; a score of generals—Laroche, Durosnel, Marmont, Letort, Henrion, Chasteler, and the rest—with white instead of gold upon their hats—clean-shaven, severe of brow and lip-line, they stood without movement, their gauntleted hands upon their sword-hilts, gazing straight before them.

Little Tapin drew a deep breath.

Suddenly, from somewhere, came a short, sharp bugle note, and instantly the air was full of the sound of hoofs and the ring of scabbards and stirrup-irons, and the wide white road before them alive with flying cavalry. Squadron after squadron, they thundered by ; mounted *chasseurs*, with pendants of orange-colored cloth fluttering from their shakos and plaits of curiously powdered hair bobbing at their cheeks; Polish light horse, with metal sunbursts gleaming on their square-topped helmets, and crimson and white pennons snapping in the wind at the points of their lances; Old Guard Cavalry, with curving helmets like Roman legionaries ; Mamelukes, with full red trousers, white and scarlet turbans, strange standards of horse-hair, surmounted by the imperial eagle, brazen stirrups singularly fashioned and horse-trappings of silver with flying crimson tassels ; Horse Chasseurs of the Guard, in hussar tunics and yellow breeches, their *sabretaches* swinging as they rode ; and Red Lancers, in gay uniforms of green and scarlet. Like a whirlwind they went past, each squadron, in turn, wheeling to the left and coming to a halt in the open space beyond the road, until the last lancer had swept by.

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A thick cloud of white dust, stirred into being by the flying horses, now hung between the army and the knoll, and through this one saw dimly the mounted band of the Twentieth Chasseurs, on gray stallions, occupying the centre of the line, and heard, what before had been drowned by the thunder of hoofs, the strains of "*Partant pour la Syrie.*"

Slowly, slowly, the dust-cloud thinned and lifted, so slowly that it seemed as if it would never wholly clear. But, on a sudden, a sharp puff of the wind sent it whirling off in arabesques to the left, and the whole plain lay revealed.

"*Bon Dieu!*" said Little Tapin.

The first rank of cavalry was stationed within a metre of the farther border of the road, the line sweeping off to left and right until details became indistinguishable. And beyond, reaching away in a solid mass, the vast host dwindled and dwindled, back to where the ascending slopes were broken by the distant willows and the reaches of the silver stream. With snowy white of breeches and *plastrons*, with lustre of scarlet velvet and gold lace, with sparkle of helmet and cuirass, and dull black of bearskin and smoothly groomed flanks, the army blazed and glowed in the golden sunlight like a mosaic of a hundred thousand jewels. Silent, expectant, the legions flashed crimson, emerald, and sapphire, rolling away in broad swells of light and color, motionless save for a long, slow heave, as of the ocean, lying, vividly iridescent, under the last rays of the setting sun. Then, without warning, as if the touch of a magician's wand had roused the multitude to life, a myriad sabres swept twinkling from their scabbards, and, by tens of thousands, the guns of the infantry snapped with a sharp click to a present arms. The bugles sounded all along the line, the *tricolors* dipped until their golden fringes almost swept the ground, the troopers stood upright in their stirrups, their heads thrown back, their bronzed faces turned toward the knoll, their eyes blazing. And from the farthest slopes inward, like thunder that growls afar, and, coming nearer, swells into unbearable volume, a hoarse cry ran down the massed battalions and broke in a stupendous roar upon the shuddering air:

"*Vive l'empereur!*"

. . . . . .

Little Tapin rubbed his eyes.

"I am ill," he murmured. "I have been faint. I seemed to see——"

"Thou hast seen," said the voice of his companion, very softly, very solemnly; "thou hast seen simply what it is to be a soldier of France!"

His hand rested an instant on the drummer's shoulder, with the ghost of a caress.

"My little one," he added, tenderly, "forget not this. It matters nothing whether one is Emperor of the French or the smallest drummer of the corps, whom men call 'Little Tapin.' I, too, was called 'little' in the time—'The Little Corporal' they called me, from Moscow to the Loire. But it is all the same. Chief of the army, drummer in the corps, on the field of battle, in the gardens of the Tuileries, routing the Prussians, or drumming out the *voyous*—it is all the same, my little one, it is all the same. All that is necessary is to understand—to understand that it is all and always for *la belle France*. Empire or republic, in peace or war—what difference? It is still France, still the *tricolor*, still *l'armée française!*"

He lifted his hat, and looked steadily up at the sky, where the first stars were shouldering their way into view.

"*Vive la France!*" he added. And on his lips the phrase was like a prayer.

Through the Arc de l'Étoile the fading sunset looked back on him as upon something it was loath to leave. Then Little Tapin flung back his head. There was a strange, new light in his eyes, and his breath came quickly, between parted lips. Without a word he swung upon his heels, slipped his drum into place, and marched steadily away, beating the long roll. Once, when he had gone a hundred metres, he looked back. The figure of the Little Corporal was still standing beside the basin, though now it was very thin and faint, like the dust clouds on the Champs Élysées. But, as the little drummer turned, it raised one hand to its forehead in salute.

Little Tapin stood motionless for an instant and then he smiled, and, through the deeping twilight:

"*Vive l'armée!*" he shouted, shrilly. "*Vive la France!*"

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Drawn by W. Sherman Potts.

"Vive l'armée!" he shouted.—Page 740.

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THE FORTUNES OF OLIVER HORN

BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH

ILLUSTRATION BY WALTER APPLETON CLARK

CHAPTER XVII

THE LAST HOURS OF A CIVILIZATION

MISS CLENDENNING, true to her promise, sent by the next post a letter so dainty in form and so delicate in color that only a turtle-dove should have carried it to Brookfield Farm, and have dropped it into Margaret's hand. This billet-doux began by inviting Miss Margaret Grant, of Brookfield Farm, to pass a week with Miss Lavinia Clendenning, of "Kennedy Square," she, Miss Lavinia, desiring to know the better one who had so charmed and delighted "our dear Oliver," and ended with "Please say to your dear, good mother, that I am twice your age, and will take as much care of you as if you were my own daughter. I feel assured she will waive all ceremony when she thinks of how warm a greeting awaits you."

Margaret looked at the post-mark, and then at the little oval of violet wax bearing the crest of the Clendennings—granted in the time of Queen Elizabeth for distinguished services to the Throne—and after she had read it to her mother, and had shown the seal to her father, who had put on his glasses, scanned it closely, and tossed it back to her with a dry laugh, and after she had talked it all over with John, who said it was certainly very kind of the woman, and that Oliver's people were evidently "nobs," but, of course, Madge couldn't go, not knowing any of them, Margaret took a sheet of plain white paper from her desk, thanked Miss Clendenning for her kind thought of her, and declined the honor in a firm, round hand. This she closed with a red wafer, and then, with a little bridling of her head and a determined look in her face, she laid the letter on the gate-post, ready for the early stage in the morning.

This missive was duly received by Miss Clendenning, and read at once to Mrs. Horn, who raised her eyebrows and pursed her lips in deep thought. After some moments she looked over her glasses at Miss Lavinia and said:

"I must say, Lavinia, I am very greatly astonished. Won't come? She has done perfectly right. I think all the better of her for it. Really, there may be something in the girl, after all. Let me look at her handwriting again—writes like a woman of some force. Won't come, eh? What do you think, Lavinia?"

"Merely a question of grandmothers, my dear; she seems to have had one, too," answered the little old maid, with a quizzical smile in her eye, as she folded the letter and slipped it back in her pocket.

Oliver's disappointment over Margaret's decision saddened his last days at home, and he returned to New York with none of his former buoyancy. Here other troubles began to multiply. Before the winter was over, Morton, Slade & Co., unable longer to make headway against the financial difficulties that beset them, went to the wall, involving many of their fellow-merchants. Oliver lost his situation, in consequence, and was forced to support himself by making lithographic drawings for Bianchi, at prices that barely paid his board.

To these troubles were added other anxieties. The political outlook had become even more gloomy than the financial. The roar of Sumter's guns had reverberated throughout the land, and men of all minds were holding their breath and listening, with ears to the ground, for the sound of the next shot. Even Margaret's letters were full of foreboding. "Father is more bitter against the South than ever," she wrote. "He says if he had ten sons, each should shoulder a musket. We must wait, Ollie dear. I can only talk to mother about you. Father won't listen, and I never mention your name before him. Not because it is you, Ollie, but because you represent a class whom he hates.

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Dear John would listen, but he is still in Boston. Even his fellow-classmen want to fight, he says. I fear all this will hurt my work, and keep me from painting."

These letters of Margaret's, sad as they were, were his greatest and sometimes his only comfort. She knew his ups and downs and they must have no secrets from each other. From his mother, however, he kept all records of his privations during these troublous months. Neither his father nor his dear mother must deprive themselves for his benefit.

One warm spring day, when the grass was struggling into life, and the twigs on the scraggly trees in Union Square were growing pink and green with impatient buds and leaves, a telegram was laid beside Oliver's plate. It read as follows :

" Father ill. Come at once.
" MOTHER."

Instinctively Oliver felt in his pockets for his purse. There was just money enough to take him to Kennedy Square and back.

His mother met him at the door.

" It was only a fainting turn, my son," were her first words. " I am sorry I sent for you. Your father is himself again, so Dr. Wallace says. He has been working too hard lately—sometimes far into the night. I could have stopped you from coming ; but, somehow, I wanted you—" and she held him close in her arms, and laid her cheek against his. " I get so lonely, my boy, and feel so helpless sometimes."

The weak and strong were changing places. She felt the man in him now.

Nathan was in the library. He and Malachi had been taking turns at Richard's bedside. Malachi had not closed his eyes all night. Nathan came out into the hall when he heard Oliver's voice, and put his hand on his shoulder.

" We had a great scare, Ollie," he said, " but he's all right again, thank God ! He's asleep now—better not wake him." Then he put on his coat and went home.

Malachi shook his head. " Sumpin's de matter wid him, an' dis ain't de las' ob it. Drapped jes' like a shote when he's hit, Marse Oliver," he said, in a low whisper, as if afraid of disturbing his master on the floor above. " I was a-layin' out his clo'es an' he called quick like, ' Malachi ! Malachi ! ' an' when I got dar, he was lyin' on de flo' wid his head on de mat. I ain't nebber seen Marse Richard do like dat befo'—" The old servant trembled as he spoke. He evidently did not share Nathan's hopeful views. Neither did Dr. Wallace, although he did not say so to anyone.

Malachi's fears, however, were not realized. Richard not only revived, but by the end of the week he was in the drawing-room again, Malachi, in accordance with the time-honored custom, wheeling out his chair, puffing up the cushions, and, with a wave of the hand and a sweeping bow, saying :

" Yo' ch'ar's all ready, Marse Richard. Hope you'se feelin' fine dis evenin', sah ! "

The following day he was in his " li'l' room," Oliver constantly helping him. It was the lifting of the heavy plate of the motor that had hurt him so, Nathan said. Not the same motor which Oliver remembered ; that one had been abandoned. Another, much larger and built on different lines, had taken its place. Richard used twenty-four cells now instead of ten, and the magnets had been wrapped with finer wire.

These days in the shop were delightful to Oliver. His father no longer treated him as an inexperienced youth, but as his equal. " I hope you will agree with me, my son," he would say ; or, " What do you think of the idea of using a ' cam ' here instead of a lever ? " or, " I wish you would find the last issue of the *Review*, and tell me what you think of that article of Latrobe's. He puts the case very clearly, it seems to me," etc. And Oliver would bend his head in attention and try to follow his father's lead, wishing all the time that he could really be of use to the man he revered beyond all others, and so lighten some of the burdens that were weighing him down.

And none the less joyful were the hours spent with his mother. All the old-time affection, the devotion of a lover-son, were lavished upon her. And she was so supremely happy in it all. Now that Richard had recovered, there was no other cloud on her horizon. Even the dread of the Northern girl had passed out of her mind.

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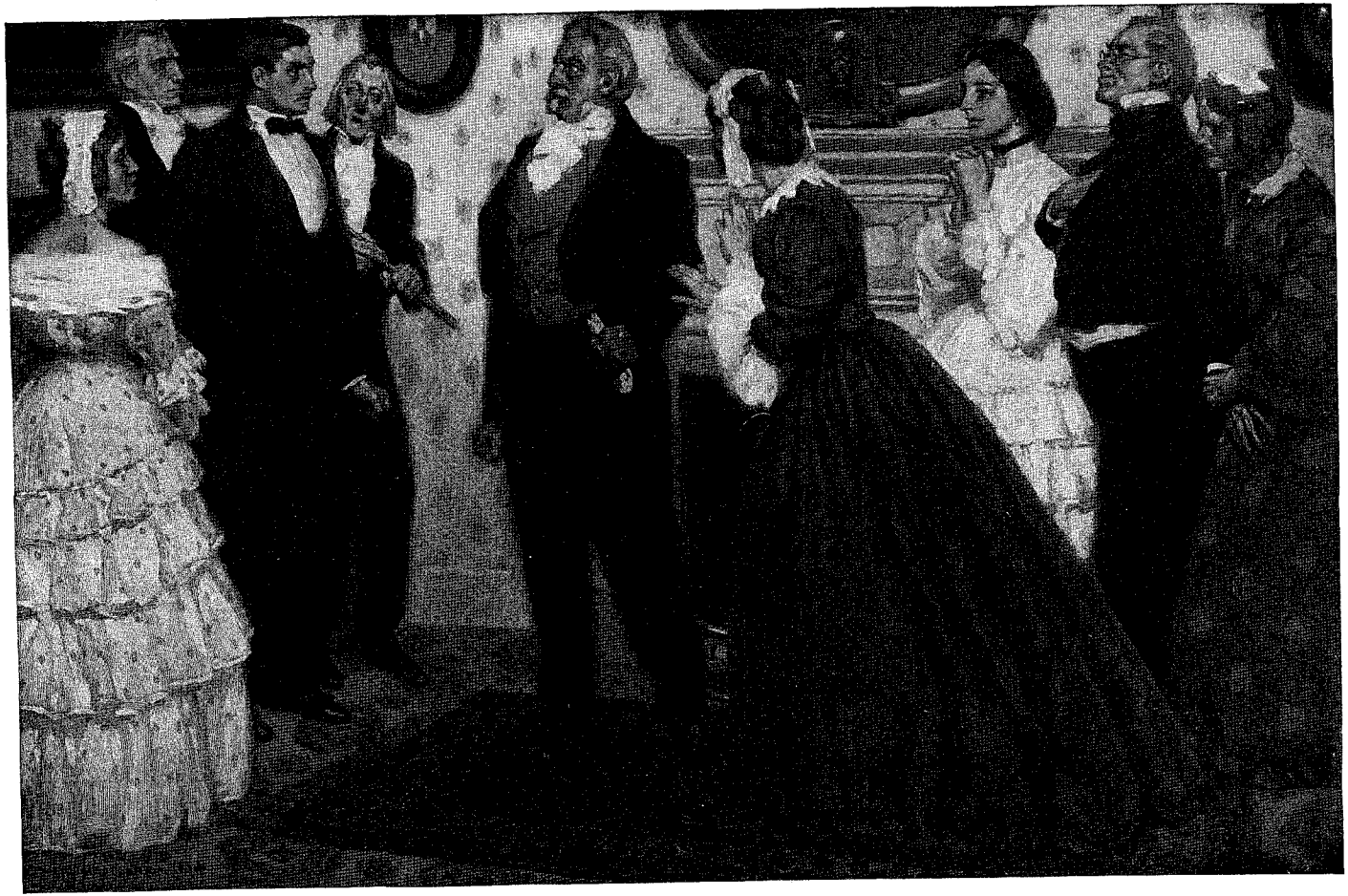

Drawn by Walter Appleton Clark.

The Colonel turned upon him with a snarl.—Page 746.

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If Oliver intended marrying Miss Grant he would have told her, she knew. Then again, he was so much stronger and wiser —so much more thoughtful than he had been—so much more able to keep his head in matters of this kind.

As his position was different with his father in the "li'l' room" and with his mother in the stillness of her chamber—for often they talked there together until far into the night—so were his relations altered with his old friends and neighbors in the drawing-room. While the young men and girls filled the house, as had always been their custom, the older men, as well, now paid their respects to Richard Horn's son.

"One of our own kind," Judge Bowman said to Richard. "Does you credit, Horn—a son to be proud of."

Even Amos Cobb came to look him over, a courtesy which pleased Richard who greatly admired the Vermonter. The courage with which this alien in Kennedy Square defended his opinions had always appealed to the inventor. He had said so one day at the Club to Colonel Clayton's infinite displeasure. When Cobb heard of it, he called on Richard that same day and asked to see the motor, and that same night astounded the circles about the Club tables, by remarking, in a tone of voice loud enough for everybody to hear: "We have all been wrong about Horn. He has got hold of something that will one day knock steam higher than Gilroy's kite." A friendship was thus established between the two which had become closer every day—the friendship of a clearer understanding.

It was quite natural, therefore, that Amos Cobb should be among Oliver's earliest callers. He must have been pleased with his inspection, for he took occasion at the Club to say to Colonel Clayton, in his quick, crisp way:

"Dropped in at Horn's last night. His boy's over from New York. Looks like a different man since he quit fooling round here a couple of years ago. Clean cut a young fellow as I've seen for many a day. Got a look out of his eyes like his mother's. Level-headed woman, his mother—no better anywhere. If all the young bloods South had Oliver Horn's ideas we might pull through this crisis."

To which my Lord Chesterfield of Kennedy Square merely replied with a nod of the head and a drawing together of the eyebrows. He found it difficult to tolerate the Vermonter in these days with his continued tirades against "the epidemic of insanity sweeping over the South," as Cobb would invariably put it.

The young man's arrival and Richard's recovery brought an unusual number of guests in their honor to the usual Friday night musicale. Oliver had looked forward to it with exceptional pleasure. No function in the Horn mansion did he enjoy so much.

Richard was to play this evening his own interpretations of Handel's Largo. It was one of Ole Bull's favorite selections —one the inventor and the great virtuoso had played together some years before at one of these same musicales.

The guests, including Dr. Wallace and Mrs. Pancoast and the immediate neighbors, had assembled—Miss Clendenning in her place at the piano, Nathan standing beside her to turn the leaves of the accompaniment. Richard had picked up his violin, tucked it under his chin, poised the bow, and that peculiar hush which always precedes the sounding of the first notes on evenings of this kind had already fallen upon the room, when there came a loud rap at the front door that startled everyone, and the next instant Colonel Clayton burst in, his cheeks flaming, his hat still on his head.

"Ten thousand Yankees will be here in the morning, Horn!" he gasped out, holding one hand to his side as he spoke, to breathe the easier, and waving an open telegram in the other. "Stop! This is no time for fiddling. They're not going round by water; they're coming here by train. Read that," and he held out the bit of paper.

The Colonel's sudden entrance and the startling character of the news, brought every man to his feet.

Richard laid down his violin, read the telegram quietly, and handed it back.

"Well, suppose they do come, Clayton?"

His voice was so sustained, and his manner so temperate, that a certain calming reassurance was felt.

"Suppose they *do* come! They'll burn

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the town, I tell you," shouted the infuriated man, suddenly remembering his hat and handing it to Malachi. "That's what they're coming for. We want no troops here, and the Government ought to know it. It's an outrage to send armed men here at this time!"

"You're all wrong, Clayton," answered Richard, without raising his voice. "You have always been wrong about this matter. There are two sides to this question. Virginia troops occupied Harper's Ferry yesterday. If the authorities consider that more troops are needed to protect Washington, that's their affair, not yours nor mine."

"We'll *make* it our affair. What right has this damnable Government to march their troops through a free and sovereign State without its permission? Whom do they think this town belongs to, I want to know, that this Northern scum should foul it. Not a man shall set foot here if I can help it. I would rather——"

Richard turned to stay the torrent of invectives in which such words as "renegades," "traitors," "mud-sills," were heard, but the Colonel, completely unmanned by the rage he was in, and seemingly unconscious of the presence of the ladies, waved him aside with his hand, and faced the row of frightened, expectant faces.

"Gentlemen, when you are through with this tomfoolery, I shall be glad if you will come to the Club; any of you who have got guns had better look them up; they'll be wanted before this is over. We'll meet these dirty skinflints with cold lead, and plenty of it."

Oliver's blood boiled at the Colonel's words, and he was about to speak, when his mother laid her hand on his arm. Visions of the kindly face of Professor Cummings, and the strong, well-knit figures of Fred Stone, John Grant, Hank, Jonathan Gordon, and the others that he loved came before his eyes.

Richard raised his hand in protest:

"You are mad, Clayton; you don't know what you are doing. The hour you try to stop these troops, that hour our streets will run blood. I beg and beseech you to keep cool. Because South Carolina has lost her head, that is no reason why we should. This is not our fight! If my State called me to defend her against foreign invasion, old as I am I would be ready, and so should you. But the Government is part of ourselves, and should not be looked upon as an enemy. You are wrong, I tell you, Clayton."

"Wrong or right, they'll have to walk over my dead body if they attempt to cross the streets of this town. That's my right as a citizen, and that I shall maintain. Gentlemen, I have called a meeting at the Club at ten o'clock to-night. All of you able to carry a gun will do me the kindness to be present. I'd rather die right here in my tracks than let a lot of low-lived mud-sills who never entered a gentleman's house in their lives come down here at the beck and call of this rail-splitter they've put in the White House and walk over us rough-shod!"

Richard's eyes flashed. They blazed now as brightly as those of Clayton. Not even a life-long friend had the right to use such language in his presence, or in that of his guests. His figure grew tense with indignation. Confronting the now reckless man, he raised his hand and was about to order him out of the house when Oliver stepped quickly in front of his father.

"You are unjust, Colonel Clayton." The words came slowly between the boy's partly closed teeth. "You know nothing of these people. I have lived among them long enough not only to know but to love them. There are as many gentlemen North as South. If you would go among them as I have done, you would be man enough to admit it."

The Colonel turned upon him with a snarl:

"And so you have become a dirty renegade, too, have you, and gone back on your blood and your State? That's what comes of sending boys like you away from home!"

The guests stood amazed. The spectacle of the most courteous man of his time acting like a blackguard was more astounding than the news he had brought. Even Malachi, at the open door, trembled with fear.

As the words fell from his lips Mrs. Horn's firm, clear voice, crying "Shame! Shame!" rang through the room. She had risen from her seat and was walking rapidly to where the Colonel was standing.

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"Shame, I say, John Clayton! How dare you speak so? What has our young son ever done to you, that you should insult him in his father's house? What madness has come over you?"

The horrified guests looked from one to the other. Every eye was fixed on the Colonel, shaking with rage.

For a brief instant he faced his hostess, started to speak, checked himself as if some better judgment prevailed, and with upraised hands flung himself from the room, shouting, as he went:

"Ten o'clock, gentlemen! Chesapeake Club! Every man with a gun!"

When the last of the guests had departed Richard, with a sigh, laid his violin in its case, its bow beside it. For years after no hand awoke its melodies; no voice spoke to it; no cheek caressed it; it did not even see the light. Then when the madness which possessed men's souls had passed away a loving hand tried to arouse it to consciousness and song. It answered faintly and sweetly, but the old-time thrill had fled with the old-time life.

. . . . . .

The halls of the club-house were already filled with angry and excited men, discussing the threatened invasion, when Richard and Nathan arrived with Oliver between them. Many of them met the young man with scowling looks, Clayton having evidently informed them of Oliver's protest.

Some of the younger members had brought their sporting guns. These had been handed to the gouty old porter, who, half frightened out of his wits, had stacked them in a row against the wall of the outer hall. Billy Talbot arrived a few moments after Oliver. He carried a heavy ducking gun loaded for swan. He had been dining out when summoned and had hurriedly left the table, excusing himself on the ground that he had been "called to arms." He had taken time, however, to stop at his own house, slip out of his English dress-suit and into a brown ducking outfit.

"We'll shoot 'em on the run, damn 'em—like rabbits, sir," he said to Cobb as he entered, the Vermonter being the only man likely to communicate with the invaders and so make known the warlike intentions of at least one citizen, and the utter hopelessness of any prolonged resistance. Waggles, who had followed close on his master's heels, was too excited to sit down, but stood on three legs, his eye turned toward Talbot, as if wanting to pick up any game which Billy's trusty fowling-piece might bring down.

A quiet, repressed smile passed over Oliver's face as he watched Waggles and his master, but he spoke no word to the Nimrod. He could not help thinking how Hank would handle the fashion-plate if he ever closed his great bony hands upon him.

Judge Bowman now joined the group, bowing to Richard rather coldly and planting himself squarely in front of Oliver.

"There's only one side to this question, young man, for you," he said. "Don't be fooled by those fellows up in New York. I know them—known them for years. Look up there"—and he pointed to the portrait of Oliver's ancestor above the mantel. "What do you think *he* would do if he were alive to-day? Stick to your own, my boy—stick to your own!"

General Mactavish now hurried in, drawing off his white gloves as he entered the room, followed by Tom Gunning, Carter Thom, and Mowbray, an up-county man. The four had been dining together and had also left the table on receipt of the Colonel's message. They evidently appreciated the gravity of the situation, for they stood just outside the excited group that filled the centre of the large room, listening eagerly.

Above the hum of conflicting voices Oliver could now and then catch his father's clear tones pleading for moderation—"in a crisis which," he urged, "requires the greatest public restraint and self-control; one which will surely plunge the country into the most horrible of wars."

Amos Cobb stood silent during the whole discussion, leaning against the mantelpiece, his cold gray eyes fixed on the excited throng, his thin lips curling now and then. When the Defence Committee had at last been formed, and its members formally instructed to meet the enemy outside the city and protest, first by voice and then, if necessary, by arms, against the unwarrantable invasion of the soil of their State, the Vermonter buttoned up his coat

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slowly, one button after another, fastened each one with a determined gesture, drew on his gloves, set his lips tight, singled out Oliver and Richard, shook their hands in the most marked manner and with the greatest warmth, and walked straight out of the club-house. Some time during the night he drove in a hack to Mr. Stiger's house; roused the old cashier from his sleep; took him and the big walled-town-key down to the bank; unlocked the vault and dragged from it two wooden boxes, filled with gold coin, his own property, and which the month before he had deposited there for safe keeping. These, with Stiger's assistance, he carried to the hack. Within the hour the two boxes with their contents were locked up in a bureau drawer in his own house awaiting their immediate shipment to New York.

. . . . . .

The next morning Malachi's wizened face was thrust inside Oliver's bedroom door. He was shaking with terror, his eyes almost starting from his head.

"Marse Ollie, Marse Ollie, git up quick as you kin! De Yankees is come; de town is black wid 'em!"

Oliver sprang from his bed and stood half dazed looking into Malachi's eyes.

"How do you know? Who told you?"

"I done seen 'em. Been up since daylight. Dey got guns wid 'em. Fo' Gawd dis is tur-ble!" The old man's voice trembled—he could hardly articulate.

Oliver hurried into his clothes; stepped noiselessly down-stairs so as not to wake his father and mother, and, closing the front door softly behind him, stood for a moment on the top step. Should he forget the insults of the night before and go straight to Colonel Clayton, and try to dissuade him from his purpose, or should he find the regiment and warn them of their danger?

A vague sense of personal responsibility for whatever the day might bring forth took possession of him—as though the turning-point in his life had come, without his altogether realizing it. These men from the North were coming to his own town, where he had been born and brought up, and where they should be hospitably received. If Clayton had his way they would be met with clenched hands and perhaps with blows. That these invaders were armed, and that each man carried forty rounds of ammunition and was perfectly able to take care of himself, did not impress him. He only remembered that they were of the same blood as the men who had befriended him, and that they were in great personal danger.

The angry shouts of a crowd of men and boys approaching the Square from a side street, now attracted his attention. They rushed past Oliver without noticing him, and, hurrying on through the gate, crossed the park, in the direction of the railroad station and docks. As they swept by the Clayton house, half a dozen men, led by the Colonel, ran down the steps and joined the throng. One of the mob, lacking a club, stopped long enough to wrench a paling from the rickety fence enclosing the Square, trampling the pretty crocuses and the yellow tulips under foot. Each new arrival, seeing the gap, followed the first man's example, throwing the branches and tendrils to the ground as they worked, until the whole panel was wrecked and the vines were torn from their roots.

Oliver, seeing now that all his efforts for peace would be hopeless, ran through the Square close behind the shouting mob, dashed down a side street parallel to that through which the cars carrying the troops were to pass on their way to Washington, turned into an alley, and found himself on the water-front, opposite one of the dock slips.

These slips were crowded with vessels, their bowsprits, like huge bayonets, thrust out over the car-tracks, as if to protect the cellars of the opposite warehouses, used by the ship-chandlers for the storage of coarse merchandise, and always left open during the day. The narrow strip of dock-front, between the car-tracks and the water-line—an unpaved strip of foot-trodden earth and rotting planks, on which lay enormous ship-anchors, anchor-chains in coils, piles of squared timber, and other maritime properties, stored here for years—was now a seething mass of people completely hiding the things on which they stood.

Oliver mounted a pile of barrels in front of one of these ship-chandler cellars, and, holding to an awning-post, looked off over the heads of the surging crowd

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and in the direction of the railroad station at the end of the long street. From his position on the top barrel he could see the white steam of the locomotives rising above the buildings and the line of cars. He could see, too, a yard engine backing and puffing, as if making up a train.

Suddenly, without apparent cause, there rose above the murmurs of the street an ominous sound, like that of a fierce wind soughing through a forest of pines. All eyes were directed down the long street upon a line of cars that had been shunted on the street track; about these moved a group of men in blue uniforms, the sun flashing on their bayonets and the brass shields of their belts.

Oliver, stirred by the sound, climbed to the top of the awning-post for a better view and clung to the cross-piece. Every man who could gain an inch of vantage, roused to an extra effort by the distant roar, took equal advantage of his fellows. Sailors sprang farther into the rigging or crawled out to ends of the bowsprits; the windows of the warehouses were thrown up, the clerks and employees standing on the sills, balancing themselves by the shutters; even the skylights were burst open, men and boys crawling out edging their way along the ridge-poles of the roofs or holding to the chimneys. Every inch of standing-room was black with spectators.

The distant roar died away in fitful gusts as suddenly as it had arisen, and a silence even more terrifying fell upon the throng as a body of police poured out of a side street and marched in a compact body toward the cars.

Then came long strings of horses, eight or ten in tandem. These were backed down and hooked to the cars.

The flash of bayonets was now cut off as the troops crowded into the cars; the body of police wheeled and took their places ahead of the horses; the tandems straightened out and the leaders lunged forward under the lash.

The advance through the town had begun.

All this time the mob about Oliver stood with hands clenched, jaws tight shut, great lumps in their throats. Their eyes were the eyes of hungry beasts watching an approaching prey.

As the distant rumbling of the cars, drawn by teams of straining horses, sounded the nearer, a bare-headed man, with white hair and mustache and black garments that distinguished him from the mob about him, and whom Oliver instantly recognized as Colonel Clayton, mounted the mass of squared timber lining the track, ran the length of the pile, climbed to the topmost stick, and shouted, in a voice which reverberated throughout the street:

"Block the tracks!"

A torrent of oaths broke loose as the words left his lips, and a rush was made for the pile of squared timber. Men struggled and fought like demons for the ends of the great sticks, carrying them by main strength, crossing them over the rails, heaping them one on the other like a pile of huge jack-straws, a dozen men to a length, the mobs on the house-tops and in the windows cheering like mad. The ends of the heavy chains resting on the strip of dirt were now caught up and hauled along the cobbles to be intertwined with the squared timber; anchors weighing tons were pried up and dragged across the tracks, a dozen men to each, urged on by gray-haired old merchants in Quaker-cut dress coats, many of them bare-headed, who had yielded to the sudden unaccountable delirium that had seized upon everyone. Colonel Clayton, Carter Thom, and Mowbray could be seen working side by side with stevedores from the docks and the rabble from the shipyards. John Camblin, a millionnaire and nearly eighty years of age, head of the largest East India house on the wharves, his hat and wig gone, his coat split from the collar to the tails, was tugging at an anchor ten men could not have moved. Staid citizens, men who had not used an oath for years, stood on the sidewalks swearing like pirates; others looked out from their office-windows, the tears streaming down their cheeks. A woman with a coarse shawl about her shoulders, her hair hanging loose, a broom in one hand, was haranguing the mob from the top of a tobacco hogshead, her curses filling the air.

Oliver held to his seat on the cross-piece of the awning, his teeth set, his eye fixed on the rapidly advancing cars, his mind wavering between two opinions—loyalty to his home, now invaded by troops whose bayonets might be turned upon his

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own people, and loyalty to the friends he loved and to the woman who loved him.

The shouting now became a continuous roar! The front line of policemen, as they neared the obstructions, swung their clubs right and left, beating back the crowd. Then the rumbling cars, drawn by the horses, came to a halt.

The barricades must be reckoned with.

Again there came the flashing of steel and the intermingling of blue and white uniforms. The troops were leaving the cars and were forming in line to pass the barricades; the officers marching in front, the compact mass following elbow to elbow, their eyes straight before them, their muskets flat against their shoulders.

The approaching column now deployed sharply, wheeled to the right of the obstruction, and became once more a solid mass, leaving the barricades behind them, the Chief of Police at the head of the line forcing the mob back to the curbstone, laying about him with his club, cracking heads and breaking wrists as he cleared the way.

The colonel of the regiment, his fatigue cap pulled over his eyes, sword in hand, shoulders erect, cape thrown back, was now abreast of the awning to which Oliver clung. Now and then he would glance furtively at the house-tops, as if expecting a missile.

The mob looked on sullenly, awed into submission by the gleaming bayonets. But for the shouts of the police, beating back the crowd, and the muttered curses, one would have thought a parade was in progress.

The first company had now passed Oliver—pale, haggard-looking men, their lips twitching, showing little flecks of dried saliva caked in the corners of their mouths, their hands tight about the butts of their muskets.

Oliver looked on with beating heart. The dull, monotonous tramp of their feet strangely affected him.

As the second line of bayonets came abreast of the awning-post, a man in a red shirt, looking like a stevedore, sprang from the packed sidewalk into the open space between the troops and the gutter, lifted a paving stone high above his head and hurled it, with all his might, straight against the soldier nearest him. The man reeled, clutched at the comrade next him, and sank to the ground. Then, quick as an echo, a puff of white smoke burst out down the line of troops, and a sharp, ringing report split the air. The first shot of defence had been fired.

The whole column swayed as if breasting a gale.

Another and an answering shot now rang through the street. This came from a window filled with men gesticulating wildly. Instantly the troops wheeled, raised their muskets, and a line of fire and smoke belched forth.

A terrible fear, that blanched men's faces, followed by an ominous silence, seized upon the mob, and then a wild roar burst out from thousands of human throats. The rectangular body of soldiers and the ragged-edged mob merged into a common mass. Men wrenched the guns from the soldiers and beat them down with the butt-ends of the muskets. Stalwart policemen flung themselves into the midst of the disorganized militia, begging the men to hold their fire. The air was thick with missiles: bricks from the house-tops; sticks of wood and coal from the fire-places of the offices; iron bolts, castings, anything the crazed mob could find with which to kill their fellow-men. The roar was deafening, drowning the orders of the officers.

Oliver had clung to his post, not knowing whether to drop into the seething mass or to run the risk of being shot where he was. At this moment his eye singled out a soldier who stood at bay below him, swinging his musket, widening the circle about him with every blow. The man's movements were hampered by his heavy overcoat and army blanket slung across his shoulder. His face and neck were covered with blood and dirt, disfiguring him beyond recognition.

Suddenly Oliver became conscious that a man in blue overalls was creeping up on the soldier's rear to brain him with a cart-rung that he held in his hand. A mist swam before the boy's eyes, and a great lump rose in his throat. The cowardice of the attack incensed him; some of the hot blood of the old ancestor that had crossed the flood at Trenton flamed up in his face. With the quickness of a cat he dropped to the side-

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walk, darted forward, struck the coward full in the face with his clenched fist, tumbling him to the ground, wrenched the rung from his hands, and, jumping in front of the now almost overpowered soldier, swung the heavy stick about him like a flail, clearing the space before him.

The assaulting crowd wavered, fell back for a moment, and then, maddened at Oliver's defence of the invader, swept the two young men off their feet, throwing them bodily down the steps of a ship chandler's shop, the soldier knocked senseless by a blow from a brick which had struck him full in the chest.

Oliver lay still for a moment, raised his head cautiously and, putting forth all his strength, twisted his arms around the stricken man and rolled with him into the cellar. Then, springing to his feet, he slammed the door behind them and slipped in the bolt, before the mob could guess his meaning.

Listening at the crack of the door for a moment, and finding they were not pursued, he stooped over the limp body, lifted it in his arms, laid it on a pile of sails, and ran to the rear of the cellar for a bucket of water standing under a grimy window scarcely visible in the gloom, now that the door was shut.

Under the touch of the cold water, the man slowly opened his eyes, straining them toward Oliver, as if in pain.

The two men looked intently at each other, the soldier passing his hand across his forehead as if trying to clear his brain. Then lifting himself up on his elbow he gasped :

"Horn! Horn! My God! is that you?"

Oliver jumped back.

"Yes. Who are you?"

"John Grant."

Oliver saw Margaret's face !

With infinite tenderness, as though he was working for the woman he loved—doing what she would have done—he knelt beside him, wiped the blood and grime from her brother's cheeks with his handkerchief, loosening his coat, rubbing his hands, calling him "Old fellow," "Dear John," so that before long the wounded soldier stood once more upon his feet.

The two men after a breathing spell, barricaded the doors more strongly, rolling heavy barrels against them, the sounds from the street seeming to indicate that an attack might be made upon them. But the mob had swept on and forgotten them, as mobs often do, while the fugitives waited, hardly daring to speak.

Absolute silence now reigned, the men fearing to speak, except in whispers, lest some one of the inmates of the warehouse overhead might hear them.

Toward noon a low tap was heard at the window, which was level with an alley in the rear, and a man's hand was thrust through a broken pane. Oliver pressed Grant's arm, laid his finger on his lips, caught up a heavy hammer lying on an oil barrel, crept noiselessly along the wall toward the sound, and stopped to listen. Then he heard his name called in a hoarse whisper.

"Marse Ollie ! Marse Ollie ! Is you in here? "

"Who is it?" Oliver called back, crouching beneath the window, his fingers tightly around the handle of the hammer.

"It's me, Marse Ollie."

"You ! Malachi ! "

"Yassir, I'se been a-followin' ye all de mawnin'. I see 'em tryin' to kill ye an' I tried ter git to ye. I kin git through—ye needn't help me," and he squeezed himself under the raised sash. "Malachi like de snake—crawl through anywheres. An' ye ain't hurted?" he asked when he was inside. "De bressed Lord, ain't dat good ! I been a-waitin' outside ; I was feared dey'd see me if I tried de door."

"Where are the soldiers? "

"Gone. Ain't nobody outside at all. Mos' to de railroad by dis time, dey tells me. An' dere ain't nary soul 'bout dis place needer—all run away. Come 'long wid me, son—I ain't gwine ter leabe ye a minute. Marse Richard'll be waitin'. Come 'long home, son. I been a-followin' ye all de mawnin'." The tears were in his eyes now. "An' ye ain't hurted," and he felt him all over with trembling hands.

John raised himself above the oil barrels. He had heard the strange talk and was anxiously watching the approaching figures.

"It's all right, Grant—it's our Malachi," Oliver called out in his natural voice, now that they were safe from being overheard.

The old man stopped and lifted both hands above his head.

"Gor'-a-mighty ! an' he ain't dead ? "

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His eyes had now become accustomed to the gloom.

"No; and just think, Mally, he is my own friend. Grant, this is our Malachi whom I told you about."

Grant stepped over the barrel and held out his hand to the old negro. There are no class distinctions where life and death are concerned.

"Glad to see you. Pretty close shave, but I guess I'm all right. They'd have done for me but for your master."

A council of war was now held. The uniform would be fatal if Grant were seen in it on the street. Malachi must crawl into the alley again, go to Oliver's house, and return at dusk with one of Oliver's suits of clothes; the uniform and blood-stained shirt could then be hidden in the cellar, and at dark, should the street still be deserted, the three would put on a bold front and walk out the front door of the shop. Once safe in the Horn house, they could perfect plans so that Grant could rejoin his regiment.

Their immediate safety provided for, Oliver felt now Malachi had gone that he could ask about Margaret. He had been turning over in his mind how he had best broach the subject, when Grant said:

"Father was the first man in Brookfield to indorse the President's call for troops," "He'd have come himself, old as he is, if I had not joined the regiment. He didn't like you, Horn; I always told him he was wrong. He'll never forgive himself now when he hears what you have done for me," and he laid his hand affectionately on Oliver's shoulder as he spoke. They were young men again now—brothers once more, as they had been that first afternoon in the library at Brookfield. "I liked you as soon as I saw you, and so did mother, and so does Madge, but father was always wrong about you. We told him so, again and again, and Madge said that father would see some day that you got your manners from the Cavaliers and we got ours from the Puritans, and that there was good and bad on both sides. The old gentleman was pretty mad about her saying so, I tell you, but she stuck to it. Madge is a dear girl, Horn. A fellow always knows just where to find Madge; no nonsense about her. She's grown handsome, too—handsomer than ever. There's a new look in her face, somehow, lately. I tell her she's met somebody in New York she likes, but she won't acknowledge it."

Oliver drank in every word, drawing out the brother with skilful questions and little exclamatory remarks that filled Grant with enthusiasm and induced him to talk on. In the joy of hearing from her our young lover entirely forgot his whereabouts, and the dangers that still beset them both; a joy intensified because it was the first and only time he had heard someone who knew her talk to him of the woman he loved. This went on until night fell and Malachi again crawled in through the same low window and helped John into Oliver's clothes.

When all was ready the door of the warehouse above was opened carefully and the three men walked out—Malachi ahead, John and Oliver following. The moonlit street was deserted; only the barricades of timber and the litter of stones and bricks marked the events of the morning. Dodging into a side alley and keeping on its shadow side, they made their way toward Oliver's home.

When the three reached the square, the white light of the moon lay full on the bleached columns of the Clayton house. Outside on the porch, resting against the wall, stood a row of long-barrelled guns glinting in the moon's rays. Through the open doorway could be seen the glow of the hall lantern, the hall itself crowded with men.

The Horn house was dark, except for a light in Mrs Horn's bedroom. The old servant's visit had calmed their fears, and they had only to wait now until Oliver's return.

Malachi stationed Oliver and John Grant in the shadow of the big sycamore that overhung the house, mounted the marble steps, and knocked twice. Aunt Hannah opened the door. She seemed to be expecting someone, for the knock was instantly followed by the turning of the knob.

Malachi spoke a few words in an undertone to Hannah, and stepped back to where the two young men were standing.

"You go in, Marse Oliver. Leabe de gemman yere wid me under de tree. Everybody's got dere eye wide open now—can't fool Malachi—I knows de signs."

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Oliver walked leisurely to the door, closed it softly behind him, and ran upstairs into his mother's arms.

Malachi whispered to Grant, and the two disappeared in the shadows. At the same moment a bolt shot back in a gate in the rear of the yard—a gate rarely unbolted. Old Hannah stood behind it shading a candle with her hand. Malachi led the way across the yard, through the green door of Richard's shop, mounted the work-bench, felt carefully along the edge of a trap-door in the ceiling, unhooked a latch, pushed it up with his two hands, the dust sifting down in showers on his head, and disclosed a large, empty loft, once used by the slaves as a sleeping-room, and which had not been opened for years.

Assisted by the negro's arms, Grant climbed to the floor above, where a dim skylight gave him light and air. A cup of hot coffee was then handed up and the door of the trap carefully fastened, Malachi rumpling the shavings on the work-bench to conceal the dust. No trace of the hiding-place of the fugitive was visible.

When Malachi reached the front hall again, it was in response to someone who was hammering at the door as if to break it down. The old man peered cautiously out through the small panes of glass. The sidewalk was crowded with men, most of them carrying guns. They had marched over from Clayton's house. Among them was a *posse* of detectives from the Police Department.

In answer to their summons Richard had thrown up the window of his bedroom and was talking to Clayton, whose voice Malachi recognized above the murmurs and threats of the small mob.

"Come down, Horn. Oliver has proved traitor, just as I knew he would. He's been hiding one of these damned Yankees all day. We want that man, I tell you, dead or alive, and we are going to have him."

When the door was flung wide Clayton confronted, not Richard, but Oliver. "This is my affair," he had told his father, "and I will see it through."

"Where's that Yankee?" cried Clayton. He had not expected to find Oliver. "We are in no mood for nonsense—where have you hidden him?"

Malachi stepped forward before Oliver could answer.

"Marse Oliver ain't hid him. If you want him, go hunt him!"

"You speak like that to me, you black scoundrel," burst out the Colonel, and he raised his arm as if to strike him.

"Yes—me! Ain't nobody gwine ter tech Marse Oliver while I lib. I's as free as you is, Marse Clayton. Ain't no man can lay a han' on me!"

Oliver stood irresolute. He knew nothing of Grant's whereabouts.

One of the detectives pushed his way closer to the group.

"There's no use your denying it, young feller; we've heard the whole story from one of our men who saw you jump in front of him. You bring him out or we'll go through the place from cellar to garret."

Oliver gazed straight at the speaker and still held his peace. He was wondering where Grant had hidden himself and what John's chances were if the crowd searched the house. Malachi's outburst had left him all the more in the dark.

Mrs. Horn and Richard, who had followed Oliver and were standing on the stairs, looked on in astonishment. Would Clayton dare to break all the rules of good manners, and search the house, she whispered to Richard

Another of the detectives now stepped forward—a dark, ugly looking man, with the face of a bull-dog.

"Look here! I'll settle this. You and two men crossed the Square ten minutes ago. This nigger was one of 'em; where's the other?"

Malachi turned and smiled significantly at Oliver—a smile he knew. It was the same the old man's face always wore whenever some tortuous lie of the darkey's own concoction had helped Oliver out of one of his scrapes.

"I am not here to answer your questions," he replied, quietly, a feeling of relief in his heart.

The officer turned angrily. "Send one man to the alley in the rear," he shouted to one of the detectives; "place another at this door. I'll search the yard and the house. Let no one of the family leave this hall. If that nigger moves put the irons on him."

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The men outside made a circle about the house, some of them moving up the alley to watch the rear. Oliver stood with folded arms under the eight-sided hall lantern which an officer had lighted. Now and then he spoke in restrained tones to his mother, who had taken her seat on the stairs, Richard standing beside her. It was not the fate of the soldier that interested her—it was the horror of the search. Clayton leaned against the jamb of the door. He addressed no word to Richard or Mrs. Horn, nor did he look their way.

Richard had not spoken except to direct Malachi to obey the officer's orders. The horror of the search did not affect the inventor—that only violated the sanctity of the home; it was the brute force behind it that appalled him; that might annihilate the Republic.

"It is the beginning of the end," he said to himself.

The tread of heavy feet was again heard coming through the hall. Malachi turned quickly and a subdued smile lighted his wrinkled face.

The two detectives were alone.

"He is not there, Colonel Clayton," said the man with the bull-dog face, slipping his pistol into his belt. "We went through the yard and the outhouses like a fine tooth comb and made a clean sweep of the cellar. He may have gotten over the wall, but I don't think it. There's a lot of broken bottles on top. I'll try the bedrooms now."

As the words fell from his lips Mrs. Horn, the light from the lantern illumining her gray hair, rose from her seat on the stairs, straight as a soldier on guard, her eyes flashing. The detective saw the movement and a grim smile came into his face.

"Unless they'll bring him out," he added, slowly. "This young fellow knows where he is. Make him tell."

Colonel Clayton turned to Oliver. "Is he upstairs, Oliver?"

"No."

"You give me your word of honor, Oliver, that he is not upstairs?"

"I do."

"Of course he'd say that. Here, I'll know pretty d—— quick," muttered the detective moving toward the stairway.

The Colonel stepped forward and barred his way with his arm.

"Stay where you are! You don't know these people. If Oliver says he is not upstairs I believe him. These Horns don't know how to lie. Your information is wrong. The man never entered the house. You must look for the Yankee somewhere else." Then he advanced toward Mrs. Horn, raised his hat, and with some show of feeling said:

"I am sorry, Sallie, that we had to upset you so. When you and Richard see this matter in its true light you'll think as I do. If these scoundrels are to be permitted to come here and burn our homes we want to know which side our friends are on."

"You are the judge of your own conduct, John Clayton," she answered, calmly. "This night's work will follow you all your life. Malachi, show Colonel Clayton to the door and close it behind him."

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Three nights later Malachi admitted a man he had never seen before. He was short and thick-set and had a grim, firmly set jaw. Under the lapel of his coat was a gold shield. He asked for the Mr. Horn, who had lately been living in New York. He would not come inside the drawing-room, but sat in the hall on the hair-cloth sofa, his knees apart, his cap in his hand.

"I'm the Chief of Police," he said to Oliver, "and I come because Mr. Cobb sent me. That's between ourselves, remember. You'll have to get out of here at once. They've got a yarn started that you're a government detective sent down here to spot rebel sympathizers and they'll make it warm for you. I've looked into it and I know it ain't so, but this town's in no shape to listen to anything. Besides, a while ago one of my men found your friend's uniform in the cellar where you hid it behind the barrels and the handkerchief all blood, with your name on it; and they've got you dead to rights. That'll all be out in the morning papers and make it worse for you. You needn't worry about *him*. He's all right. Mr. Cobb found him at daylight this morning just where your nigger left him and drove him over to the junction. He's with his regiment by this time. Get your things together quick as you can. I'll wait for you and see you safe aboard the owl train."

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In less than twenty minutes Oliver had turned his back on his home and all that he loved.

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CHAPTER XVIII

THE SETTLING OF THE SHADOW

THE bruised crocuses never again lifted their heads in Kennedy Square.

With the settling of the shadow—a shadow black with hate—men forgot the perfume of flowers, the rest and cool of shady nooks, the kindling touch of warm hands, and stood apart with eyes askance; women shuddered and grew pale, and sad-faced children peered out through closed blinds.

Within the Square itself, along paths that had once echoed to the tread of slippered feet, armed sentries paced, their sharp challenges breaking the stillness of the night. Outside its wrecked fences strange men in stranger uniforms strode in and out of the joyless houses; tired pickets stacked their arms on the unswept piazzas, and panting horses nibbled the bark from the tuneless trees; rank weeds choked the gardens; dishevelled vines clung to the porches, and doors that had always swung wide to the gentle tap of loving fingers were opened timidly to the blow of the sword hilt.

Kennedy Square became a tradition.

Some civilizations die slowly. This one was shattered in a day by a paving-stone in the hands of a thug.

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CHAPTER XIX

THE STONE MUGS

FREDERICK STONE, N.A., member of the Stone Mugs, late war correspondent and special artist on the spot, paused before the cheerful blaze of his studio fire, shaking the wet snow from his feet. He had tramped across Washington Square in drifts that were over his shoe-tops, mounted the three flights of steps to his cosey rooms, and was at the moment expressing his views on the weather, in terms more forcible than polite, to our very old friend, Jack Bedford, the famous marine painter. Bedford, on hearing the sound of Fred's footsteps, had strolled in from his own studio, in the same building, and had thrown himself into a big arm-chair, where he was sitting hunched up, his knees almost touching his chin, his round head covered by a skull-cap that showed above the chair-back.

"Nice weather for ducks, Jack, isn't it? Can't see how anybody can get here to-night," cried Fred, striking the mantel with his wet cap, and scattering the rain-drops over the hearth. "Just passed a Broadway stage stuck in a hole as I came by the New York Hotel. Been there an hour, they told me."

"Shouldn't wonder. Whose night is it, Fred?" asked Jack, stretching out one leg in the direction of the cheery blaze.

"Horn's."

"What's he going to do?"

"Give it up. Ask me an easy one. Said he wanted a thirty by forty. There it is on the easel," and Fred moved a chair out of his way, hung his wet coat and hat on a peg behind the door, and started to clear up a tangle of artillery harness that littered the floor.

"Thirty by forty, eh," grunted Jack, from the depths of his chair. "Thunder and Mars! Is the beggar going to paint a panorama? Thought that canvas was for a new cavalry charge of yours!" He had lowered the other leg now, making a double-barrelled gun of the pair.

"No; it's Horn's. He's going to paint one of the fellows to-night."

"In costume?" Jack's head was now so low in the chair that his eyes could draw a bead along his legs to the fire.

"Yes. As an old Burgomaster, or something with a ruff," and he kicked an army blanket into a corner as he spoke.

"There's the ruff hanging on that pair of foils. Waller sent it over." Then his gray eyes fell on Jack's sprawled-out figure, his feet almost in the grate—a favorite attitude of his neighbor's when tired out with the day's work, but especially objectionable at the moment.

"Here—get up, you old stick-in-the-

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mud. Don't sit there, doubled up like a government mule," he laughed. (The army lingo still showed itself once in a while in Fred's speech.) "Help me get this room ready or I'll whale you with this," and he waved one end of a trace over his head. "If the fellows are coming they'll be here in half an hour. Shove back that easel, and bring in that beer—it's outside the door in a box. I'll get out the tobacco and pipes."

Jack stretched both arms above his head, emitted a yawn that could be heard in his room below, and sprang to his feet.

Fred, by this time, had taken down from a closet a tin box of crackers, unwrapped a yellow cheese, and was trimming its raw edges with a palette knife. Then they both moved out a big table from the inner room to the larger one, and, while Jack placed the eatables on its bare top, Fred mounted a chair, and began lighting a circle of gas-jets that hung from the ceiling of the skylight. The war-painter was host to-night, and the task of arranging the rooms for the comfort of his fellow-members consequently devolved upon him.

The refreshments having been made ready, Fred roamed about the rooms straightening the pictures on the walls—an old fad of his when guests of any kind were expected—punching the cushions and Turkish saddle-bags that he had picked up in a flying trip abroad the year the war was over, into plumpness, and stringing them along the divan ready for the backs and legs of the club members. Next he stripped the piano of a collection of camp sketches that had littered it up for a week, dumped the pile into a closet, and, with a sudden wrench of his arms, whirled the instrument itself close against the wall. Then some fire-arms, saddles, and artillery trappings were hidden away in dark corners, and a lay figure, clothed in fatigue cap and blue overcoat, and which had done duty as "a picket" during the day, was wheeled around with its face to the wall, where it stood guard over Fred's famous picture of the last gun at Appomattox. His final touches were bestowed on the grate fire and the coal-scuttle, both of which were replenished from a big pine box in the hall.

Jack Bedford, meanwhile, had busied himself rolling another table—a long one—under the circular gas-jets so that the men could see to work the better, and loading it with palettes, china tiles, canvases, etc., to be used by the members of the club in the work during the evening. Last of all, and not by any means the least important, Jack, by the aid of a chair, gathered together, on the top shelf of the closet, the unique collection of stone beer-mugs from which the club took its name. These he handed down one by one to Fred, who arranged them in a row on one end of the long table. The mugs were to hold the contents of sundry pints of beer, now safely stowed away in a lidless, pigeon-holed box, standing in the hall, and which Fred unloaded later, placing the bottles on the window-sill outside to cool.

Before they had ended their preparations, the stamping of feet on the stairs was heard, the door was thrown back, and the several members of the club began to arrive.

The great Waller came first, brushing the snow from his shaggy coat, looking like a great bear, growling as was his wont as he rolled in. Close behind him, puffing with the run upstairs, and half hidden behind Waller's broad shoulders, trotted Simmons, the musician.

Not the tousled, ill-clad Waller, the "Walrus" of former days—no one dared to call the painter by any such names since his picture took the Gold Medal at Paris—and not the slender, smooth-faced Simmons, who in the old days was content to take his chances of filling a vacancy at Wallack's or the Winter Garden, when some one of the regular orchestra was under the weather; but the sleek, prosperous, rotund Waller, with a bit of red in his button-hole, a wide expanse of shirt-front, and a waxed mustache; and the thoughtful, slightly bald, and well-dressed Simmons, with gold eyeglasses, and his hair worn long in his neck as befitted the leader of an orchestra whose concerts crowded the academy to the doors.

These two arrivals nodded to Jack and Fred, Waller cursing the weather as he hung up his coat on a peg behind the door (unnecessary formalities of every kind, including the shaking of hands and

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asking after each other's health, were dispensed with by men who saw each other several times a day at their different haunts), and Simmons, without stopping to take off his wet coat, flung his hat on the divan, crossed the room, and seated himself at the piano.

"Went this way, Waller, didn't it?" said Simmons, striking the keys, continuing the conversation the two had evidently had on the stairs. "Never heard Parepa in better voice. She filled every corner of the house. Crug told me he was up in Africa in the back row and never missed a note. Do you remember this?" and the musician's fingers again slipped over the keys, and one of the great singer's trills rippled through the room, to which Waller nodded approvingly, mopping his wet face with his handkerchief as he listened.

The opening and shutting of the door, the stamping of feet, the general imprecations hurled at the climate, and the scattering of wet snow and rain-drops about the entrance became constant. Crug bustled in—a short, thick-set, rosy-cheeked young fellow in a black mackintosh and a red worsted muffler—a 'cellist of repute, who had spent two years at the Conservatoire, and who had once played for Eugénie at one of her musicales at the Tuiléries, a fact he never let you forget. And close behind him came Watson, the landscape painter, who had had two pictures accepted by the Royal Academy—one of them hung on the line, a great honor for an American; and after them blue-eyed, round-faced Munson, a pupil of Kaulbach, and late from Munich; as well as Harry Stedman, Post, the art critic, and one or two others.

Each man as he entered divested himself of his wet garments, warmed his hands at the blazing grate-fire, and, reaching over the long table, picked up a clay or corn-cob pipe, stuffing the bowl full of tobacco from a cracked Japanese bowl that stood on the mantel. Then striking a match he settled himself into the nearest chair, joining in the general talk or smoking quietly, listening to what was being said about him. Now and then one would walk to the window, raise the sash, uncork a bottle of beer where Fred had placed it, empty its contents into one of the mugs, and resume his seat—mug in one hand, pipe in the other.

Up to this time no work had been done. One of the courtesies of the club was that none should begin until the member whose night it was had arrived.

As the half-hour slipped away the men began to grow restless.

"If it's Horn's night why the devil doesn't he come, Fred?" asked Waller, in a querulous tone. Although the great sheep-painter had lost his sobriquet since the old days, he had never parted with his right to growl.

"He'll be here," cried Simmons, from his seat by the piano. His fingers were still rippling gently over the keys, although he had stopped once just long enough to strip off his wet overcoat. "I met him at Margaret Grant's this afternoon. She had a little tea."

"There every afternoon, isn't he, Simmons?" asked Munson, who was smoking quietly.

"Shouldn't wonder," came the response between the trills.

"How's that affair coming on?" came a voice out of the tobacco-smoke.

"Same old way," answered someone at the lower end of the table—"still waiting for the spondulics."

"Seen her last picture?" remarked Watson, knocking the ashes from his pipe. "The one she scooped the medal with?"

"Yes. Rouser, isn't it?" called out Waller. "Best thing she has done yet. She's a great woman. Hello! there he is! This is a pretty time for him to put in an appearance!"

The door opened and Oliver walked in, a wet umbrella in one hand, his coat-collar turned up, his mustache beaded with melted snow-drops.

"What's it doing outside, Ollie, raining cats and dogs?" Jack called out.

"No, going to clear up. It's stopped snowing and getting colder. Oh, what a night! I love a storm like this, it sets your blood to tingling. Sorry to keep you waiting, gentlemen, but I couldn't help it. It won't make any difference; I can't begin, any way. Bianchi won't be here for an hour. Just met him on the street—he's going to bring a guest, he says."

"Who's he going to bring?" shouted Simmons, who had risen from his seat at the piano, and was now sorting out some

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sheets of music that Fred had just laid on its top.

"He won't tell; says it's a surprise," answered Oliver, slipping off his coat.

"A surprise, is it?" grumbled Waller. "I'll bet it's some greasy foreigner." He had left Simmons's side and was now leaning over the long table, filling a pipe from the bowl. "Bianchi has always got a lot of cranks about him."

Oliver hung his wet coat among the row of garments lining the wall—he had come twice as far as the others—crowded his dripping umbrella into a broken Chinese jar that did duty as a rack, and, catching sight of the canvas, walked toward the easel holding the thirty by forty.

"Where did you get it, Freddie?" he said, putting his arms around the shoulders of his old chum and dragging him toward the easel for a closer inspection of the grain of the canvas.

"Snedecor's."

"Just right, old man. Much obliged," and he felt the grain of the cloth with his thumb. "Got a ruff?" and he glanced about him. "Oh, yes; I see. Thanks."

The men, now that Oliver had arrived, drew up around the long table. Some began setting their palettes; others picked out, from the common stock before them, the panels, canvases, china plates, or sheets of paper which, under their deft touches, were so soon to be covered with dainty bits of color.

It was in many ways a remarkable club. Most of its members had achieved the highest rank in their several professions and outside the walls of this eyrie were known as earnest, thoughtful men, envied and sought after by those who respected their aims and successes.

Inside these cosey rooms all restraint was laid aside and each man's personality and temperament expressed itself without reserve. Harry Stedman, who, perhaps, had been teaching a class of students all the morning at the New National Academy, each one of whom hung upon his words as if he had been inspired, could be found here a few hours later joining in a chorus with a voice loud enough to rattle every mug on the table.

Waller, who doubtless that same night, had been the bright particular star at some smart dinner uptown, and whose red ribbon had added such *éclat* to the occasion, and whose low voice and quiet manners and correct, conventional speeches had so charmed and captivated the lady on his right, would, when once in this room, sit astride some chair, a pipe in one hand, a mug of beer in the other. Here he would discuss with Simmons or Jack or Oliver his preference of Chopin over Beethoven, or the difference between Parepa-Rosa and Jenny Lind, or any topic which had risen out of the common talk, and all too with a grotesqueness of speech and manner that would have made his hostess of the dinner-table dumb with astonishment could she have seen him.

And so with the others. Each man was frankly himself and in undress uniform when under Fred's skylight, or when the Club was enjoying any one of its various festivals and functions.

Oliver's election into the organization had, therefore, been to him one of the greatest honors he had received since his skill as a painter had been recognized by his fellows—an honor not conferred upon him because he had been one of the earlier members of the old Union Square organization, many of whom had been left out, but entirely because he was not only the best of fellows, but among the best of painters as well.

The coming together of such a body of men in those days, representing, as they did, the choicest the city afforded in art, literature, and music, had been as natural and unavoidable as the concentration of a mass of iron filings toward a magnet. That insatiable hunger of the Bohemian, that craving of workers for men of their kind, had at last overpowered them, and the meetings in Fred's studio were the inevitable result.

Many of these devotees of the arts had landed on the barren shores of America—barren of even the slightest trace of that life they had learned to love so well in the *Quartier Latin* in Paris and in the Rathskellers of Munich and Dusseldorf—and had wandered about in the uncongenial atmosphere of conventionalities until this retreat had been opened to them. Some, like Fred Stone and Jack Bedford, who had struggled on through the war, too much occupied in the whirl of their life to miss at the time the associations of men of

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similar tastes, had eagerly grasped the opportunity when it came, and others, like Oliver, who had had all they could do to get their three meals during the day and a shelter for the night, had hardly been conscious of what they wanted until the Club had extended to them its congenial surroundings.

On the trio of painters we knew best in the old days these privations and the uncertainties and disappointments of the war had left their indelible mark. You became aware of this when you saw them among their fellow-workers. About Fred's temples many tell-tale gray hairs were mingled with the brown, and about his mouth and eyes were deeper lines than those which hard work alone would have cut. He carried a hole, too, in his right arm—or did until the army surgeon sewed it up—you could see it as a blue scar every time he rolled up his sleeve—a slight souvenir of the Battle of Five Forks. It was bored out by a bullet from the hands of a man in gray when Fred, dropping his sketch-book, had bent to drag a wounded soldier from under an overturned caisson. He carried no scar, however, in his heart. That organ beat with as keen a sympathy and as warm a spirit of *camaraderie* as it did when it first opened itself to Oliver's miseries in Union Square.

Jack Bedford, gaunt and strong of limb, looking a foot taller, had more than once been compelled to lay down his painter's palette and take up the sign-painter's brush, and these tell-tale wrinkles about his eyes and the set look about his mouth testified but too plainly to the keenness of his sufferings.

And Oliver—

Ah! what of Oliver, and of the changes in him since that fatal night in Kennedy Square when he had been driven away from his home and made an outcast because he had been brave enough to defend a helpless man?

You can see at a glance, as you watch him standing by the big easel, his coat off, to give his arm freer play, squeezing the tubes of color on his palette, that he is not the boy you knew some years ago. He is, you will admit, as strong and alert-looking as he was that morning when he cleared the space in front of Margaret's brother with a cartrung. You will concede, too, that the muscles about his chest and throat are as firmly packed, the eyes as keen, and the smile as winning, but you will acknowledge that the boy in him ends there. As you look the closer you will note that the line of the jaw is more cleanly cut than in his younger days; that the ears are set closer to the finely modelled head; that the nose is more aquiline, the eyes deeper, and that the overhanging brow is wrinkled with one or more tight knots that care has tied, and which only loosen when his face breaks into one of his old-time smiles. The mustache is still there—the one which Sue once laughed at; but it has lost its silky curl and stands straight out now from the corners of his mouth, its points reaching almost to the line of his ears. There is, too, beneath it a small imperial, giving to his face the debonair look of a cavalier, and which accentuates more than any other one thing his Southern birth and training. As you follow the subtle outlines of his body you find that he is better proportioned than he was in his early manhood; thinner around the waist, broader across the shoulders; pressed into a closer mold; more compact, more determined looking. But for the gleam that now and then flashes out of his merry eyes and the winning smile that plays about his mouth, you would, perhaps, think that the years of hardship through which he has passed have hardened his nature. But you would be wrong about the hardening process, although you would have been entirely right about the hardship.

They had, indeed, been years of intense suffering, full of privations, self-denial, and disappointments. These delicately modelled hands, with their slender fingers, white as ivory, and as sure as a pair of calipers—so like his father's—and which now work so deftly arranging the colors on his palette, adjusting the oil-cup, trying the points of the brushes on his thumb-nail, gathering them in a sheaf in his left hand as they answer his purpose, have served him in more ways than one since he took that midnight ride back from his old home in Kennedy Square. These same hands, that look so white and well kept as he stands by his easel in the full glare of the gas-jets, have been his

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sole reliance during these days of toil and suffering. They have provided all the bread that has gone into his mouth, and every stitch of clothes that has covered his back. And they have not been over-particular as to how they accomplished it nor at what hours or places. They have cleaned lithographic stones, the finger-nails stained for weeks with colored inks; they have packed hardware; they have driven a pen far into the night on space work for the daily papers; they have carried a dinner-pail to and from his lodgings to the factory two miles away where he worked—very little in this pail some of the time; they have posted ledgers, made office fires, swept out stores—anything and everything that his will compelled, and his necessities made imperative. And they have done it all forcefully and willingly, with the persistence and sureness of machines accomplishing a certain output in so many hours.

All this had strengthened him; had taught him that any kind of work, no matter how menial, is worthy of a gentleman, so long as his object was obtained—in this case his independence and his livelihood. It had been a bitter experience at first, especially for a Southerner brought up as he had been; but he had mastered it at last. His early training had helped him, especially that part which he owed to his mother, who had made him carry the market-basket as a boy, simply because she saw that he had been ashamed to do so. He was proud enough of it now. His year with Mr. Slade had helped him most of all.

But never through all these privations had these same white hands and this tired body and brain been so occupied that they could not find time during some one of the hours of the day and night to wield the brush, no matter how urgent had been the call for the week's board—wielding it, too, so lovingly and knowingly, and with such persistency, that to-night he stood recognized as a rising man by the men in the front rank of the painters of his time.

And with his mother's consent, too. Not that he had asked it in so many words and stood hesitating, fearing to take the divergent path until he could take her willing blessing with him. He had made his decision firmly and against her wishes. She had kept silent at first, and had watched his progress as she had watched his baby steps, tearfully — prayerfully at times — standing ready to catch him if he fell. But that was over now. She had begun to recognize what in her early anxiety she had ignored — that if the son whom she idolized had inherited the creative and imaginative gifts of his father (those gifts which she so dreaded and so little understood), he had also inherited from her a certain spirit of determination, together with that practical turn of mind which had given the men of her own family their eminence. In proof of this she could not but see that the instability which had characterized his earlier years had given way to a firm self-reliance. The thought of this thrilled her as nothing else in his whole career had ever done. All these things helped reconcile her to his choice of a profession. The bigness of her vision covered margins wide enough for new impressions, impressions which her broad mind — great enough and honest enough to confess its mistakes — always welcomed and understood.

Oliver, now thoroughly warm and dry, busied himself getting his brushes and paints together and scraping off one of Fred's palettes. Bianchi's bald head and fat, red, smooth-shaven face with its double chin—time had not dealt leniently with the distinguished lithographer—had inspired our hero to attempt a "Franz Hals smear," as Waller called it, and the Pole, when he arrived, was to sit for him in the costume of an old Dutch burgomaster, the big white ruff furnishing the high lights in the canvas.

By the time Oliver had arranged his palette the Club had settled itself for work, the smoke from the pipes floating in long lines toward the ceiling, befogging the big white albatross that hung from a wire in the skylight. Munson, who had rubbed in a background of bitumen over a square tile, sat next to Fred, who was picking out, with the end of a wooden match, the outlines of an army wagon sketched on a plate smeared with color.

Simmons was looking over a portfolio that Watson, a new member, had brought with him, filled with a lot of his summer sketches made on the Normandy coast.

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One view of the fish-market at Dieppe caught Oliver's eye. The slant of light burnishing the roof of the church to silver and flooding the pavement of the open square, crowded with black figures, the white-caps of the fish-women indicated by crisp pats of the brush, pleased our painter immensely.

"Charming, old man," said Oliver, turning to Watson. "How long did it take you?"

"About four hours."

"Looks like it," growled Waller, reaching over Oliver's shoulder and drawing the sketch toward him. "That is the gospel of 'smear,' Horn," and he tossed it back. "Not a figure in the group has got any drawing in it."

Waller had set his face against the new out-door school, and never lost a chance to ridicule it.

"That's not what Watson is after," exclaimed Oliver. "The figures are mere accessories. The dominating light is the thing; he's got that"—and he held the sketch close to the overhead gas-jets so that the members could see it the better.

"Dominating light be hanged! What's the use of slobbering puddles of paint over a canvas and calling it *plein air*, or impressionism, or out-of-doors, or some such rot? Get down to business and *draw*. When you have done that you can talk. It can't be done in four hours, and if some of you fellows keep on the way you're going, you'll never do it in four years."

"A four hours' sketch handled as Watson has this," said Oliver, thoughtfully, "is better than four years' work on one of your Hudson Rivery things. The sun doesn't stand still long enough for a man to get more than an expression of what he sees — that is, if he's after truth. The angle of shadow changes too quickly, and so do the reflected lights."

"What's the matter with the next day," burst out Waller. "Can't you take up your sketch where you left off? You talk as if every great picture had to be painted before luncheon."

"But there is no 'next day,'" interrupted Watson. "I entirely agree with Horn." He had been listening to the discussion with silent interest. "No next day like the one on which you began your canvas. The sky is different—gray, blue, or full of fleecy, sunny clouds. Your shadows are more purple, or blue or gray, depending on your sky overhead, and so are your reflections. If you go on and try to piece out your sketch, you make an almanac of it—not a portrait of what you saw. I can pick out the Mondays, Tuesdays, and Wednesdays on that kind of a sketch as soon as I see it. Nature is like a bird—if you want to surprise her, you must let go both barrels when she rises; if you miss her at your first shot you will never have another chance—not at that particular bird."

"Well, but suppose you do happen to have two days alike," insisted Waller. "I have seen thirty days on a stretch in Venice without a cloud. What then?" The bird simile had evidently not appealed to the great critic.

"Then ten chances to one you are not the same man you were the day before," replied Watson, calmly, laying down his pipe. "You have had bad news from home, or your liver is out of order, or worse still, you have seen some new subject which has taken hold of you and your first enthusiasm has oozed away. If you persist in going on you will either undo what you did yesterday or you will trust to your memory of what you *think* yesterday was to finish your sketch by. The first fills it full of lies and the second full of yourself; neither have anything to do with nature. Four hours, Waller, not a minute more. You'll come to it before you die."

"That depends on what you have got to paint with," snapped out Jack Bedford, who was trying to clean a dingy looking palette with a knife. "Whose dirt dump is this, anyhow?" and he held it up to view. "Might as well try to get sunlight out of powdered brick. Look at that pile of mud," and he pointed to some dry color near the thumb-hole.

"Which palette?" came a voice.

Jack held it up for the inspection of the room.

"Oh! that's Parker Ridgway's," answered Fred. "He was here the other day and made a half hour's smear of a model I had."

The announcement of Ridgway's name was greeted with shouts of laughter. He was a society painter of the day,

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pupil of Winterhalter and Meyer von Bremen, and had carried off more portraits and at higher prices than all the other men put together.

"Keep on! keep on! Laugh away," grumbled Waller, squeezing a tube of Prussian blue on his palette. "When any one of you fellows can get $4,000 for a season's work you can talk; until you do, you can keep your mouths shut as tight as Long Island clams."

"Who got it?"

"The Honorable Parker Ridgway, R.A., P.Q., and I don't know but X.Y. Z.," roared Waller.

"I'd like to know how?" asked Watson, reaching over Fred's arm for the bottle of turpentine.

"That's what he did," snapped out Waller.

"Did what?"

"Knew how."

"But he doesn't know how," cried Munson from across the table. I sat alongside of that fellow at the École for two years. He can't draw, and never could. His flesh was beastly, his modelling worse, and his technique—a smear. You can see what color he uses," and he pointed to the palette Jack was trying to clean.

"Granted, my boy," said Waller. "I didn't say he could *paint*; I said he knew how to earn $4,000 in three months painting portraits."

"He never painted a portrait worth four cents. Why, I knew——"

"Dry up, Munson!" interrupted Jack. "Go on, Waller, tell us how he did it."

"By using some horse-sense and a little tact; getting in with the procession and holding his end up," retorted Waller, in a solemn tone.

"Give him room! Give him room!" cried Oliver, with a laugh, pouring a little dryer into his oil-cup. He loved to hear Waller talk. "He flings his words about as if they were chunks of coal," he would always say.

The great man wheeled his chair around and faced the room. Oliver's words had sounded like a challenge.

"Pound away—pound away," he cried, his face reddening. "I've watched Ridgway ever since he arrived here last spring, and I will give you his recipe for success. He didn't fall overboard into a second-rate club as soon as he got here and rub his brushes on his coat-sleeve to look artistic. Not much! He had his name put up at the Union; got Croney to cut his clothes, and Leary to make his hats, played croquet with the girls he knew, drove tandem—his brother-in-law's—and dined out every night in the week. Every day or two he would haul out one of his six-foot canvases, and give it a coat of bitumen. Always did this when some club swell was around who would tell about it."

"Did it with a sponge," muttered Munson. "Old trick of his!"

"Next thing he did," continued Waller, ignoring Munson's aside, "was to refuse a thousand-dollar commission offered by a vulgar real-estate man to paint a two-hundred-pound pink-silk sofa-cushion of a wife in a tight-fitting waist. This spread like the measles. It was the talk of the Club, of dinner-tables and piazzas, and before sundown Ridgway's exclusiveness in taste and artistic instincts were established. Then he hunted up a pretty young married woman occupying the dead centre of the sanctified social circle, went into spasms over her beauty—so classic, such an exquisite outline; grew confidential with the husband at the Club, and begged permission to make just a sketch only the size of his hand—wanted it for his head of Sappho, Berlin Exhibition. Next he rented a suite of rooms, crowded in a lot of borrowed tapestries, brass, Venetian chests, lamps, and hangings; gave a tea—servants this time in livery—exhibited his Sappho; refused a big price for it from the husband; got orders instead for two half-lengths, $1,500 each, finished them in two weeks, declined more commissions on account of extreme fatigue; disappeared with the first frost and the best cottage people; booked three more full-lengths in New York—two to be painted in Paris and the other on his return in the spring; was followed to the steamer by a bevy of beauties, half smothered in flowers, and disappeared in a halo of artistic glory just $4,000 in."

Fred broke out into a roar, in which the whole room joined.

"And you call that art, do you?" cried Munson, laying down his palette. His face was flushed, his eyes snapping with indignation.

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"I do," retorted Waller. "I call it the art of making the most of your opportunities and putting your best foot foremost. That's a thing you fellows never seem to understand. You want to shuffle around in carpet slippers, live in a garret, and wait until some money-bags climbs up your crazy staircase to discover you. Ridgway puts his foot in a patent-leather pump and silk stocking, and never steps on a carpet that isn't two inches thick. Merchants, engineers, manufacturers, and even scientists, when they have anything to sell, go where there is somebody to buy; why shouldn't an artist?"

"Just like a fakir peddling cheap jewelry," said Stedman, in a low voice, sending a cloud of smoke to the ceiling.

"Or a bunco-man trading watches with a farmer," remarked Jack Bedford. "What do you say, My Lord Tom-Noddy"—and he slapped Oliver on the back. The sobriquet was one of Jack's pet names for Oliver—all the Kennedy Square people were more or less aristocrats to Jack Bedford, the sign painter—all except Oliver.

"I think Waller's about half right, Jack. As far as Ridgway's work goes, you know and I know that there isn't one man or woman out of a hundred among his brother-in-law's friends who knows whether it's good or bad—that's the pity of it. If it's bad and they buy it, that's their fault for not knowing any better, not Ridgway's fault for doing the best he knows how. By silk stockings and pumps I suppose Waller means that Ridgway dressed himself like a gentleman, had his hair cut, and paid some attention to his finger-nails. That's why they were glad to see him. The day has gone by when a painter must affect a bob-tailed velveteen jacket, long hair, and a slouch hat to help him paint, just as the day has gone by when an artist is not an honored guest in any gentleman's house in town.

"Bravo! for Tom Noddy!" shouted Jack and Fred in a breath. "Drink, you dear old pressed brick. Put your nose into this!" and Fred held a mug of beer to Oliver's lips.

Oliver laid down his sheaf of brushes—buried his nose in the cool rim of the stone mug, the only beverage the Club permitted, and was about to continue his talk, when his eye rested on Bianchi, who was standing in the open door, his hand upraised so as to bespeak silence.

"Here—you beautiful, bald-headed old burgomaster!" shouted Oliver. "Get into your ruff right away. Been waiting half an hour for you and——"

Bianchi put his fingers to his lips with a whispered hush, knit his brow, and pointed significantly behind him. Every eye turned, and a breathless silence fell upon the group, followed by a scraping of chairs on the floor as each man sprang to his feet.

Bianchi's surprise had arrived!

(To be continued.)

A BIRD'S ELEGY

By Frank Dempster Sherman

He was the first to welcome Spring;
Adventurous, he came
To wake the dreaming buds and sing
The crocus into flame.

He loved the morning and the dew;
He loved the sun and rain;
He fashioned lyrics as he flew
With love for their refrain.

Poet of vines and blossoms, he;
Beloved of them all;
The timid leaves upon the tree
Grew bold at his glad call.

He sang the rapture of the hills,
And from the starry height
He brought the melody that fills
The meadows with delight.

And now, behold him dead, alas!
Where he made joy so long:
A bit of blue amid the grass,—
A tiny, broken song.

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THE POINT OF VIEW

The Russian Sociology.

THE appearance of a new work by a Russian writer of any power brings up, with an inevitableness now expected by the public, the accustomed Slavic problem. The case of Maxim Gorky is an illustration. This writer conceives, as have so many of his Russian confrères, that there is no use in writing at all unless you write with the intention of getting as nearly as may be at the secret of why one happens to be alive. It is, of course, the freshness, the ingenuousness, of this view of the prime function of literature, that has made the great success of the Russian writers. Other generic literary qualifications might certainly be claimed for them, but this is their signal title to consideration.

The special and particular interest of this whole question belongs to the domain of the sociologist. Nothing is truer, although we are far from recognizing it in the general run of life, than that advanced civilization makes against the peculiar intensity of speculation on the fundamental mysteries of existence which characterizes the Slavic mind. We have been taught, as Walt Whitman once said, that we know all about life and death and the mysteries of the grave. That we should be so taught, and that we should accept such teaching, might be expected, to a nature such as Whitman's, to seem both inexplicable and indefensible. As a matter of plain fact, however, the modern man of scientific training understands only too well that to take many vital conditions for granted, and without personal investigation of them, is an absolute necessity in the state of contemporary thought. Extreme specialization in the sciences and arts demands that the premises of all allied sciences and arts be assumed as proven, merely on the affirmation of the students who have devoted their labors to them. Every department of science rests on underlying departments; but the man who wishes to make headway along his own line knows that he will have no time to concern himself with other lines to any serious purpose, and therefore leaves them practically alone.

The same thing takes place in sociological fields. The arcana of human life are less and less a matter of abstract metaphysical speculation. Why we happen to be alive is not the question at issue for such writers as Marshall, Tarde, or Giddings; but, rather, what occurs among men and women who are alive as they pass from a low to a high state of social organization; what occurs among them, and how they can best work out their various destinies without superfluous friction, economic or other. There is no emotion in our present-day sociological interest—at least, not in contemporary sociology considered as a science. Quite the contrary.

Indeed, it may be affirmed that the amazing facts of life and death become conventionalized in large measure to the typically "cultivated" man. He can think about them more clearly than the more primitive nature, and he often faces them more solemnly; but when they are brought in upon him personally their impact does not awaken such bewildered emotional echoes. Those echoes do not always resound most deeply, on the other hand, in natures that have received none at all of the moulding touches of civilization. Poets, mystics, reformers, all enthusiasts, belong to a middle stratum between the two extremes. They have the sensitized nervous system of the highly organized social man; but they have also retained the emotional vigor, therefore the childlike wonder and active imagination, of the barbarian.

Among nations this is the position of the Russians. They are a people civilized by a rapid process of forcing, not by orderly, successive stages of development. The interest in the vexed problem of the present and future state of man viewed as a social animal, in that problem which most engrosses thinking minds to-day, takes on with them, therefore, a warmth of emotional coloring that is not to be looked for elsewhere. It is a troubled passion with them, where, with us, it is a cerebral preoccupation.

And it is precisely this distinction that makes their writers unique. It wins forgiveness for very serious literary faults on their part that would otherwise not be overlooked. It brings forcibly forward once more this central truth—that it is, after all, only emotion that is contagious, that has supreme power to move and to convince. To which must always be added that other fact, that the cerebralization—if the word may pass—of society leads surely, though of course never entirely, to the suppression of emotion.

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THE FIELD OF ART

"Leopards." By Eli Harvey.
Nine inches high.

AMERICAN BRONZES

THERE are now to be seen in New York a collection of bronzes by American sculptors; and there are reasons why this is an important exhibition—"important to *us*," as Arnold says Sainte-Beuve said about Lamartine. Not half of the thirty-five pieces exhibited are of that artistic value which puts them into an enduring rank among the art products of the day, and yet even that inferior class has this attractiveness, that each piece is the work of a living artist who has seen it prepared, who approves it as it is, of its present size and color, and treated as he, the artist, would have it. And let the reader note that this is by no means uniformly the case with bronzes brought from Paris and from Vienna. They may be—they probably are—reduced by that infernal machine whose name never transpires, a kind of pantograph or, perhaps one might say, pantoplast, by which a big statue modelled as for a big statue is reduced mechanically to a statuette. Moreover, those works thus reduced are so colored, and may even be so modified in form or in some detail, as to suit a supposed popular demand. In fact they are and must be commercial ventures, and therefore may be or may not be what the artist would like to have them. The pieces before us have passed the ordeal of the artist's own inspection, and may be presumed to have his *imprimatur* somewhere about them.

Another reason why they are important is that these bronzes are the small works of men who are more or less celebrated for their work on a large scale, and that in this way the public has an opportunity of learning what are those differences in modelling which belong to bolder and to more minute execution. If any member of that public finds that this question of the modelling is a very subtle one indeed, and if he is far from being certain that he distinguishes the ways in which the *méplats* are put in, with the small and with

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the larger work, let him not be discouraged. It is one of the charms of art study that one is never sure of his point. These columns have contained the statement, and rather many times than once, that there is no such thing as "authority" in art criticism. While that is more obviously true of matters of opinion than of matters of perhaps ascertainable fact, yet, with a foot-high statuette in the concentrated light of the second-story hall and the life-size statue in the freer illumination of out-of-doors, that student must have an admirable memory for form who can be sure of the resemblance or of the points of difference. If, therefore, one who loves sculpture and is interested in our nascent school will look at the larger statues and groups, or even photographs of them, and will then come to examine these bronzes, and then return to his larger originals, he will be advanced in his studies.

"General Grant." By William O. Partridge. Nineteen inches high.

There is still another interesting point in connection with these bronzes, and that is the comparative unimportance of the nude—the comparative value of the draped work when seen on this small scale. For the heroic in size, for the statue and the group of life size, there is, after all, nothing like the nude. Unless, indeed, the piece of sculpture be immediately connected with a building, when the folds of drapery may be studied as architectural masses, as indeed they should be, nothing but the nude or nearly nude can be considered of first-rate importance in sculpture in the round. The conditions of bas-relief are somewhat different. Even with the strictest sculpturesque treatment a bas-relief approaches the pictorial side of art; it must be more or less treated as the painter treats the square of canvas or of plaster. In the round, however, a very little work in the nude is worth, in sculpturesque value, many pieces of clothed figure work; whereas in the statuette the conditions are reversed in an extraordinary way, and one looks with a lack of interest at the two or three nude statuettes which are in this collection, feeling that they are not as attractive as the studies of cloaks and breech-clouts, of feather head-dresses, and of broad hats—which the pieces here offer for comparison.

Let this not be taken as a hasty remark, either. The charm of the carved ivory of Dieppe and of the Clodion terra-cotta is not to be denied here; and it is the nude which forms the principal subject in those works. In like manner the handle of a Greek bronze mirror, or in our own time the pieces which German art is turning out, in which the human figure alone is used decoratively, all other natural forms being eschewed as carefully as by the Greeks—in these the nude on a very small scale is used with perfect success. These, however, are all decorative in an absolute sense. The sculpture is nowhere used as sculpture; whereas, in the bronze which assumes a dignity one step higher than the bibelot, the costumed figure is essentially in its place and requires no apology such as it seems to require when treated heroically. Let every important monumental work of the time answer the question for us; and let Saint-Gaudens's reliefs on the Farragut pedestal, Du-

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"Primitive Chant to the Great Spirit."
By H. A. McNeil.
Twenty-five inches high.

bois's statues on the Lamoricière monument, French's figures on the O'Reilly monument in Boston, show us how, when the really nude is out of place, the clothing becomes an abstraction. Let these figures with the fashion of their clothing be considered. Are they not as nearly nude as the chosen type will admit? But in the "Pilgrim" by Saint-Gaudens among these bronzes, in Boyle's "Primitive Woman" who stands on her guard against the expected she-bear who means to avenge her slain offspring, in Partridge's "General Grant," in Mrs. Bessie Potter Vonnoh's bust of a baby, the drapery is obviously an important thing, ranking in value with the head, hands, feet, and general pose as it could never do in work on a large scale. Even the "Primitive Chant" by McNeil is clothed in a way —is clothed for a red Indian: as are Remington's vigorous Indian warriors, not represented in our illustrations merely because already so familiar. The point seems to be that clothes, even modern fashionable clothes, are supportable in small-scale sculpture, whereas in pieces of monumental importance the comparative value of the nude constantly

"Protection." By J. Boyle.
Twenty-nine and a half inches high.

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increases, in rather a rapid ratio as the dignity of the piece grows more decided, and paraphernalia of all sorts becomes objectionable. Niehaus's "Cæstus" is one of his very noble classic figures, and Keyser's "The Duette" (what language is that?) is a spirited group of a faun and a jaybird: but they do not convince! The rule holds, in despite of them.

Or is it a rule? Is it not rather a refinement which appeals less to the realist, to him who wants facts and allusions to facts—more to the lover of the work of art? In the General Grant there is heavy cloth and heavier felt and still heavier and stiffer leather. In the Puritan there is woven and knitted fabric such as would endure for generations. These are not pretty things in sculpture—full size, they are destructive; but in the twenty-inch figure they are in place.

R. S.

"The Puritan." By Augustus Saint-Gaudens.
Thirty-one inches high.

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